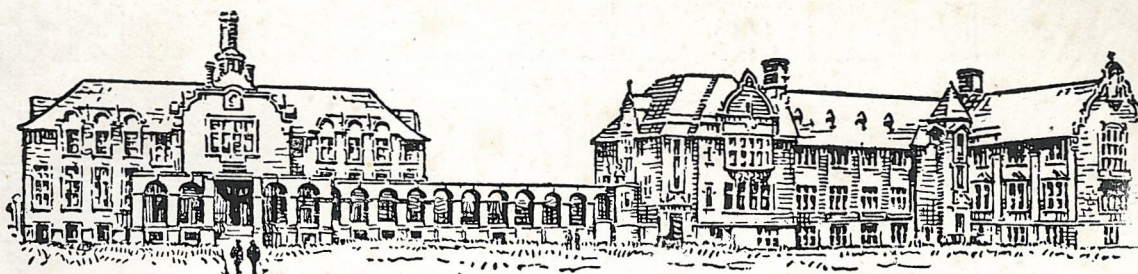


Loyola College Review



1922



Loyola

College

Montreal Canada

UNDER THE DIRECTION of the JESUIT FATHERS

Location



Situated on Sherbrooke St. West, in one of the choicest suburban sections of Montreal—combines the healthfulness of the open country with the advantages of proximity to a great city. Electric cars passing the door every few minutes make the College easy of access from all parts of the city.

Buildings



The new Buildings are beautiful architecturally, being types of English Collegiate Gothic. Dormitories, Refectories, Class Rooms, Recreation Halls, are large and airy, hygienically arranged, and equipped with the most approved ventilating systems.

Grounds



The immense College Campus—nearly a half mile in circumference—affords facilities for Baseball, Lacrosse, Football, Field Games, and Track Events—Five Tennis and Basket-Ball Courts—in winter, Skating, Hockey, Snow-shoeing. Twice a week there are classes in Physical Training and Boxing. Military Drill in the College Cadet Corps and in the Officers' Training Corps.

Courses



- 1.—THE COLLEGE COURSE is of four years' duration and leads to B.A., B.L. and B.Sc. degrees.
- 2.—THE HIGH SCHOOL COURSE. This Course, while embracing the subjects essential to a general education, prepares the student to enter the College Course proper, and, in general, for Matriculation into the Arts, Law, Medical, Engineering, or such courses of other Colleges or Universities.
- 3.—THE PREPARATORY COURSE, for young boys.

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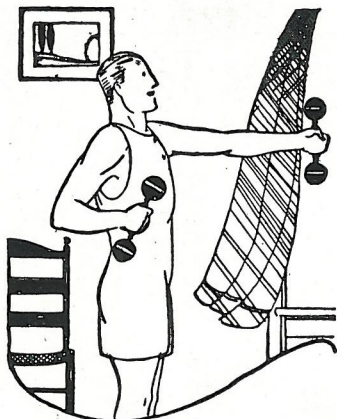
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LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW

1922

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 8



Contents

	Page		Page
List of Illustrations.....	5	History of Loyola College.....	52
O Alma Mater (poem).....	7	Alumni.....	64-72
Rector's Message.....	8	W. J. Kaine, M.D.	
Past, Present and Future.....	9	T. C. Wolff, M.D.	
The Prince's Bounty (poem)....	11	T. J. Galligan	
Gethsemane (sonnet).....	13	F. Shortall	
Diamond Cut Diamond.....	14	News Jottings	
Spring (poem).....	17	College Activities:	
Kant's Idealism.....	18	Faculty, 1921-1922.....	73
The Shepherd is Dead (poem)...	21	Diary.....	74
Milo in Action.....	22	Sodalities B.V.M.....	85
Star of Evening (poem).....	24	Berchmans' Tercentenary.....	88
Saint John Berchmans.....	25	The College Club.....	89
Arts '25 (verse).....	26	Debates.....	90
Objectivity of Ideas.....	27	Dramatics.....	96
Unto Seven Times? (sonnet)....	30	Fr. Drummond.....	98
Selfishness.....	30	Sir Bertram Windle.....	102
Vers Libre.....	32	Our War Record.....	105
Rocks Ahead!.....	33	Our Roll of Honor.....	106
The Rider (sonnet).....	34	C.O.T.C.....	107
Kidnapped.....	35	Cadet Corps.....	109
Brother on Earth (sonnet).....	36	In Alien Lands (poem).....	109
General Store of Rossville.....	37	Irish Canadian Rangers.....	109
Crazy Pete (poem).....	38	School of Sociology.....	114
Saint John Chrysostom.....	39	Seniors, by the Juniors.....	116
Editorial.....	43	Juniors, by the Seniors.....	119
Obituary.....	46	Class Chronicles.....	122
Mary Immaculate (poem).....	50	Athletics.....	127
Loyola at McGill.....	50		



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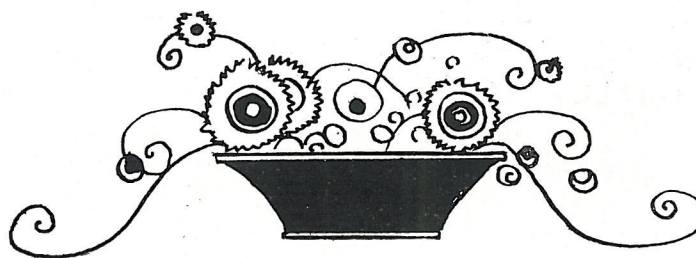
He isn't loud, but he's there!

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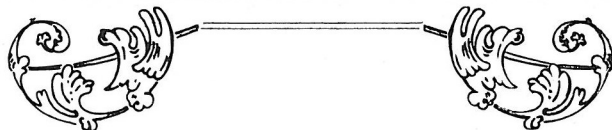
Illustrations

▼ ▼

	Page		Page
Alibi, The.....	66	Irish Canadian Rangers—	
Anglin, F. W.....	50	Colors—facing page.....	110
Berchmans, Saint John.....	88	L.C.A.A.A. Executive.....	131, 133
Boys' Parlor.....	18	Grave of "Roddie" Lemieux.....	21
Rev. A. Bradley, S.J.....	80	Rev. M. Malone, S.J.....	48
C.O.T.C. Banquet.....	82, 107	Grave of Capt. Arthur McGovern	35
" Officers.....	108	Major McCrory.....	108
" Inspecting Officers....	106	Nicotine Follies.....	97
Chemical Laboratory.....	20	Old Loyola, Drummond St.....	52
Class Groups, Old, 24, 58, 60, 61,		Rev. A. J. Primeau, S.J.....	70
.....62, 63, 69, 80		Former Professors 16, 26, 64, 76,	
Cloister.....	2783, 125	
Cloudy Afternoon.....	65	Former Rectors.....	54, 55
College Buildings.....	9, 36	"Review" Staff.....	29, 37, 38
Debating Teams.....	92, 94	Lord Shaughnessy.....	104
Dr. Donnelly.....	78	J. J. Shea.....	97
Rev. D. Donovan, S.J.....	47	W. Sherring.....	67
Prof. Jean Drouin.....	96	Donald Smith.....	79
Faculty, 1906.....	56	Sodalities.....	40, 84, 86
Faculty, 1921.....	10, 11, 13, 14	Sports, Old Groups—15, 17, 35, 51,	
Football...23, 77, 79, 133, 135, 139		72, 73, 74, 75, 78, 81, 95, 121,	
Guelph Novitiate, Chapel of....	91126, 145, 149, 151	
Rev. W. H. Hingston, S.J.....	8	Snow-shoers.....	77
Hockey.....	127, 137, 141, 143	Student Body, facing page.....	102
		Study Hall.....	32
		C. Whitton.....	87



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MONTREAL

Alma Mater

In this thy year of Jubilee
'Tis well that we should honor thee
And sing thy praises joyfully,
O Alma Mater.

For five and twenty years thy light
Has blazed, to guide us in the fight
We are proudly waging in thy sight
O Faithful Mother.

These busy years have not been vain,
Full many a youthful mind and brain
Thou hast made firm to stand life's strain,
O Fondest Mother.

From out the richness of thy store
Of wisdom and of pleasure's lore
Thou givest freely more and more,
O Noble Mother.

Thy wealth of knowledge is thy might,
And is to all a beacon light
By guiding men from doubt to right,
O Constant Mother.

And so we thank thee gratefully
For all thy kind fidelity
And pray thou liv'st on happily,
O Kindest Mother.

Thus do we hope that future years
Will bring thee joy unmixed with tears,
And make thee happy without fears,
O Alma Mater.

H. P. PHELAN, '25.

A Message From The Rector



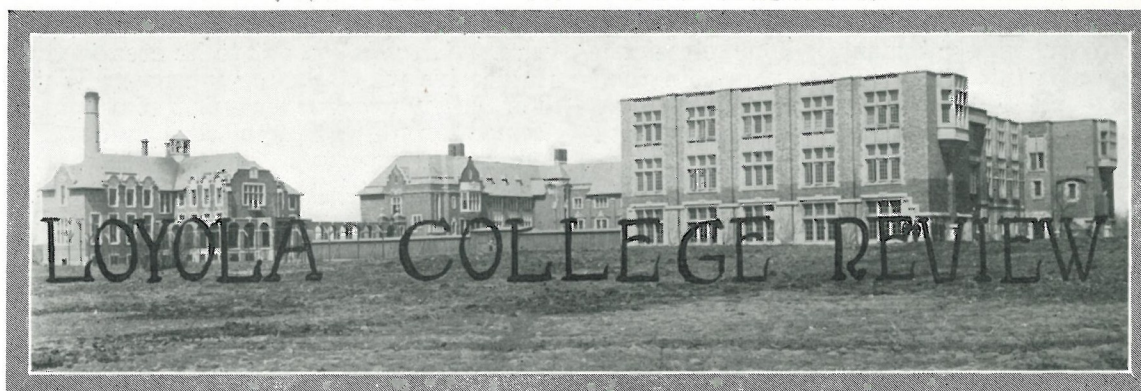
HAVE been requested by the Editors to address a few words to all the Boys, past and present, who hail Loyola as their Alma Mater.

The Rector speaks in the name of the Faculty, as well as in his own, and on an occasion like this he speaks not merely for the present but also for the past. All but one of the six who preceded me in this office, and in whose name I speak, have passed to eternity.

To the Old Boys I would say: "Hold fast to the lessons you have learned at Loyola, be loyal to one another and to your Alma Mater. Years bring their changes to a Faculty, but not to the spirit of the College, which remains the same. Keep in touch with the College and remember that a warm welcome awaits you there."

To the Present Boys I must repeat what I so often tell them in my monthly talks: "You are the College; not bricks and stones, not playgrounds, not books and apparatus, not even the staff, but you—the student body—with your esprit de corps and your traditions, make up the College. To the Boys of past generations I can truthfully say that you are worthy of them."

Wm H. Thurgerton, S.J.



The Past—The Present—The Future

THE problem of supply and demand is discussed with keen wit by Canon Sheehan in the introduction to one of his novels. He finds that, in his case, the demand for more of his exquisite literary craftsmanship sets his well-stored mind a-working and awakens to life his powers of tender and forceful expression. Would that I had some of the Canon's gifts to answer the call that has come to me for a bit of writing!

Shall I try to recall the days that are gone and to live once more in the hallowed halls of Old Loyola? As reminiscence tugs at the strings of memory, strong, kindly faces come before me. From Father Gregory O'Bryan who greeted me on the threshold of my college course to Father Isidor Kavanagh, who bade me Godspeed on its completion, there is not a member of the Faculty that I knew who does not claim from me a tribute of affectionate gratitude. They all crowd in upon me now and call insistently for the recognition they deserve. I cannot do them justice—I am utterly unequal to the task. I can only bless their memory, cherish their ideals, and hold them as my friends.

You would not ask me to speak of the students who sat on the benches beside me. Many of them are gone, cut off in the flower of manhood. But just as crushed roses fill the air with delicate perfume, their heroic deaths breathe into our souls a spirit of nobility and unselfishness. The other boyish faces are a blur, faintly descried through a mist of blood. Wherever they may be, scattered through the wide world, I hope that they too are faithful to the sacred traditions of their Alma Mater.

Memory, veiled and silent, warns me away from the past. I turn to the present.

What is this miniature army stretching out before me—line upon line of clean-

limbed youths, their faces beaming with the joy of life, their eyes alight with the holy fires of sincerity and goodness? It is the new generation, the New Loyola. What an inspiration to the world are those happy countenances, untarnished mirrors of unspoiled souls!

Young Gentlemen, do you realize your privileges? Let me be frank with you. I know that you do not. I wonder if any words of mine could help you to appreciate them more. Will you bear with me? I will not be didactic—just simple and straight-forward.

You are blessed in your professors—men dedicated and consecrated to the sublime work of fashioning and moulding human souls to the likeness of Christ, men with a tradition behind them of over three centuries of successful teaching in every land, men filled with sympathy and understanding for the new age with its new problems.

You are blessed in the atmosphere in which you live. There is Catholicity in the air you breathe. You know what that implies. It means that your mind ranges in wide spaces, unfolds its powers untrammelled by any but salutary restraints, fraternizes with the greatest thinkers and dreamers of all time.

Try to appreciate the advantages you enjoy. Make the most of the golden opportunity offered you. Is it not a pity that on account of youthful thoughtlessness particularly, man should come to be defined as a "creature of regrets"? My first thought then is: Prize highly the truly liberal education you are receiving. That, I am sure, is sane advice and sound philosophy. Because love or appreciation is the real driving-power of all human endeavor.

Philosophy tells us, too, that the end we have in view influences every step we take

towards its attainment. Your classical course is intended to make yours, in the words of the old Loyola Prospectus, a "well rounded character." You may not become a scholar, a savant, an eminent scientist, a famed litterateur—in fact your name may never be mentioned among the *illuminati*—but you can and you must become a Catholic gentleman. You must leave the college halls with a love for the better things of life, a taste refined and free from grossness. Your thoughts must be elevated and serene.—Still you must not forget that the intelligence that soars on high in proud aloofness from the interests of human kind is like the aviator who finds the chill of death in the rarefied atmosphere of the clouds. Your heart, unselfish and pure, must lend its warmth to the workings of your mind. You must, in a word, be practical idealists. Unswerving in your principles, straightforward and unafraid in their application, genuinely sympathetic in all your dealings, you will be, in truth, a Catholic gentleman. My speech is ended.

I yearned for a glimpse into the future. Imagination, her countenance wreathed in smiles, offered to draw aside the veil that hid it from my view. I declined her ser-

vice. Fancy is too apt to be creative and to deceive with alluring mirages. Whilst I spoke my refusal, the spirit of prophecy, heaven-sent, stepped forward and spread out before me a scene of enchantment. It looked like a fairy city, built around a cluster of stately structures. From every side came young men with eager step, who fell into groups as they neared the centre of the city. I followed them. I heard the sound of strange tongues. I caught snatches of conversation about law, medicine, science, and theology. I could not be back in mediaeval days, in a seat of international learning—the setting was too modern. I looked in bewilderment at my guide. He spoke no word but hurried me along. Soon the vast, artistic buildings, the mecca of those student crowds, broke full upon our view. I could sense the appeal of their wide-flung arms. Here was truly the home of knowledge, the sanctuary of truth. I raised my eyes to the huge lettering over the central gate. These are the words I read:

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

and I whispered fervently: Amen.

GERALD C. MURRAY, C.S.S.R.
Loyola, B.A. '04.



Rev. E. DE LA PEZA, S.J.



Rev. G. BRADLEY, S.J.

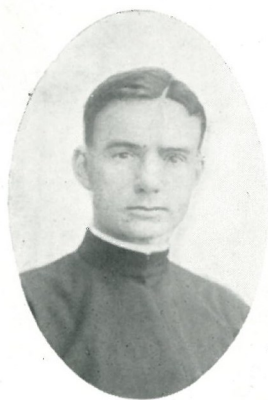
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The Prince's Bounty

I know not if she dreamt; it well may be
 It happens thus, and each revolving year—
 (So seeming long because replete with joy)—
 High festival resounds o'er Heaven's hills
 On Christmas midnight. For the Christ is seen
 A Babe in Mary's arms, and in her eyes
 The rapture of that hour in Bethlehem
 When at her breast lay first in smiling sleep
 Our GOD,—made Man to win for us delight
 Unending, fathomless.—Then every Saint
 Comes to the Babe in turn, and mercy asks
 On some poor toiler of the earth, near-lost
 In sinful quicksands. As His tender Heart
 Each wish fulfils, a song of victory
 Re-echoes through the courts,—and mightier grows
 Hurl'd back from golden turrets and jasper walls.

(This Agnes saw, and lately told to me—
 Agnes a lowly maiden on whom lies
 The weary care of a pauper home, bereft
 Of mother's help or mother's comforting.)

She sang the while with the Seraphim. At length
 Her turn had come to whisper to the Child
 Her wishes. Stepping from out the shining host,

Encouraged by Our Lady's beckoning hand,
 She knelt;—but ere "Dear Saviour!" passed her lips,
 Suddenly changed the scene.—A garret, chill,
 Low-ceilinged, bare, had hemmed her in, while snow
 Had drifted through the ill-stuffed window-frame
 Upon her cot. She shivered, blessed herself
 And, sighing, swiftly moved her soul to prayer
 For her father, who (she feared) in noisy hall
 His slender purse was emptying for wine.

Turning her gaze to where a wooden Cross
 Gloomed on the white-washed wall—surprised, she thought
 It larger grew, and brighter—till at last
 In boundless glory it blazed above the throne
 Where Jesus lay in Mary's lap.—

Now wings

Of angels flutter not, nor chant is heard
 While hushed Heaven hearkeneth to her prayer:—

"I ask what I have begged for every day,
 "Dear Saviour, in Communion.—Grant it me!
 "By heavenly joy enraptured, yonder kneels
 "My mother, pleading my cause, unwearied as
 "When first she saw Thy Face ten months ago.
 "She told me ere she died, 'Soon, Aggie, soon
 "'Thy father's heart will bitterly deplore
 "'The wrong he has done us in this year of dull
 "'Carousing.' But another year is passed,—
 "And, Jesus, Hope is withered in my heart
 "Unless Thou aid.—

Last night, he struck my face

"Refusing, though I begged, to feed on Thee
 "This Christmas morn.—Repenting, hurried words
 "He spoke, and kissed me; quickly quit our home
 "And has not yet returned.—But, Lord, he's good
 "And loves Thee! Shrivel the luring, lying face
 "Of wine! Oh, shield him lest the dark abyss
 "Close o'er him.—Mary, Mother, plead for—"

Strange!—

Her soul yet thrilling, Agnes wanly smiled,
 Wiping away the tears that burned her cheek.
 Strange!—Yet again she heard the sound of one
 Who, moaning, wept in bitter woe. Alarmed,
 She quickly rose and saw beside the bed
 Her father kneeling.—When he knew she waked:—

"My daughter, Aggie, ill I have treated thee,
 "My gentle, faithful daughter. . . . But this night
 "Has burst my brutish bonds. . . I left thee, fit
 "For Heaven or for Hell,—and Heaven won. . .
 "My soul is healed and shriven."

Joy, no tongue

Of flesh could utter, drenched her heart.—The moon
 Burst through the storm-clouds; and its soothing beams
 Revealed the maid and him, won back from death,
 Mingling their tears and soundless words.

But hark!

While night is fleeing at dawn's first assault,
 O'er snowy mountain-side and sparkling plain
 The chimes awake the world to Christmas Mass.

D. MICHAEL, '22



J. C. WICKHAM, M.D.

Rev. F. BRESLIN, S.J.

Rev. C. KEATING, S.J.

Rev. R. KENNEDY, S.J.

Rev. W. X. BRYAN, S.J.



Gethsemane

From ancient hills (that ancient were of old—
 When David o'er their rounded crests would lead
 His fleecy care and, down the sloping mead
 At even, pipe them bleating to their fold)
 To-night soft winds, in faintest music rolled,
 Enchant swift Cedron's valley.—O hearts that bleed
 And souls, of sin enamoured!—come and heed
 Your Shepherd's call, in silent suffering told.

Look! on the slope beneath yon olive tree
 'Mid shattered rays of moonlight, fallen lies
 In purpled robes the Watchman of your soul:
 Fear not those eyes that, for *you* pleading, see
 Omnipotence! Nay, bless the Wounds, the sighs
 That take from grief its pain, from sin its toll.

A. McW.



LEWIS F. McLEAN, M.Sc.

Rev. BRO. FRANCIS, B.C.I.

Rev. BRO. CUTHERT, B.C.I.

Mr. A. E. BREUIL

Mr. JAMES P. LOONEY



Diamond Cut Diamond

"N O, sir—you could never convince me that any but a blamed fool could have his pocket picked without being aware of it."

Jerry relieved his feelings by aiming a banana-peel with great accuracy at the protruding head of a bald man on the lower deck. But it fell into the water, many feet away from the unsuspecting victim.—That, however, was just the run of luck that Jerry had had for a week now. Here it was the fifth day of the races, and not even once had he succeeded in leading some innocent citizen into a game of chance. And it was only yesterday that a quick get-away had saved him from arrest for an attempted pocket-picking.

The best thing for him now was to keep away from the Jockey Club for a few days, especially since he rather suspected that the over-innocent-looking stranger at the track had been a detective. So here he is, enjoying the soft breezes on the three-hour sail to his home town and conversing with a distinguished looking stranger who

first addressed him with great affability ten minutes ago. The oldish gentleman is so interesting, so candid, so untainted with the wiles of the business world, and withal so rich, so evidently an old-world student immersed in his books that Jerry, with a grin, begins to think of a proverb that assures us "It is an ill wind that blows nobody some good."

"Ah, Mister—" ("Brown," anticipated Jerry with ready wit)—"Mr. Brown, you must not judge other men too hurriedly in that respect. You are young and nothing escapes your keen eyes. But I have lived a while and can unfortunately prove the contrary by my own experience." Here Mr. Henry Fullerton (for so he had introduced himself) pulled from an inner pocket a thick wallet. "This very wallet I was carrying ten years ago when boarding a crowded street-car, and,—well, the fact of the matter is, the wallet came back to me a few days later by mail; but in place of the six thousand dollars I found a card on which was printed, "You

old fool!"—Ha, Ha! By the way, there's a coincidence. That pick-pocket seemed to have the same opinion as you of one who would let himself be robbed."

Jerry joined in the old man's hearty laughter, while his fingers itched to grasp the extraordinarily fat wallet which had already been carefully replaced in the inner pocket of Mr. Fullerton's coat.—"Well, I admit that's one on me, Mr. Fullerton. But I suppose there is some moment when even the most cautious man is so busy about one thing that he doesn't notice what goes on. But I don't need to worry; it'll be a long day before I have a pocket worth the picking! A school-teacher's salary isn't worth it!"

At this instant a whirring sound fell on Jerry's ear, and he noticed the passengers straining their eyes heavenwards. Soon they could see a monster bi-plane sailing towards them. Mr. Fullerton was all excitement; it was the first aeroplane he had ever seen, he alleged. So there he stood, —his weak eyes peering fixedly through the thick glasses he wore. He asked Jerry many questions on the working of the machine, and in his excitement jumped up onto a chair the better to follow its flight.

What luck! While he gazed, the wallet tumbled out of his pocket and fell noiselessly at Jerry's feet, nor did the old fellow perceive his loss. While Jerry stooped to pick it up, his keen mind saw the futility of pocketing it, for on the boat he was as safe as if he were in jail. When he returned it, Mr. Fullerton was full of gratitude.—"I can never thank you enough. It would take a long time to explain it; but I happen to have in that wallet \$15,000 in hundred-dollar bills. Its loss would be irreparable.—But look at that bi-plane!"

Huge streamers were being sent off

through the air, on which were the words, "Fry Fowler's Fritters and Feel Fine."; "Did you say Potts'?" The old man was delighted, as one by one he deciphered the advertisements; but when he saw one, "Races at 2.30 to-day", he was disgusted, and quite agreed with Jerry's remark, "These race-tracks should be forbidden, even if it needed a twentieth amendment to our Constitution."—"I like that in you, young man; there are not enough of your stamp growing up to-day."

After the stir caused by the passing of the aeroplane had died down they became uncomfortably aware of the intense heat of the afternoon sun, and decided to seek a sheltered spot, taking a cool lemonade on the way. They found a secluded and shady place at the rear of the boat at the water's



OLD LOYOLA, 1907

edge, which fortunately was deserted. They had not chatted there ten minutes when old Mr. Fullerton began to doze. He apologetically explained that he had been unwell the preceding night. Soon he seemed sound asleep, the coat fell open; and, under Jerry's greedy eyes, gently rose and fell the wallet in unison with the stertorous breathing of the owner. Once again he would have made it his own, had not two young boys run noisily past them, one of them treading on Mr. Fullerton's toes. He awoke very suddenly and was al-

most unaccountably angry for one who had seemed so gentle. And then along came two other boys to sit near them and annoy them with their chatter, so that neither could the old man snooze nor the young man pilfer.

They returned to the upper deck and could see Trenton, half an hour's sail up the bay. Fate had again been so cruel to him to-day that Jerry gave up in despair. It was useless wooing so cruel a Dame!—So intent was he in lamenting his hard lot that he did not hear Mr. Fullerton's remark, and it had to be repeated.—“I think I have just time to get my hair cut, before we get there; it will save me that much time.” And he was going off jauntily, when he suddenly hesitated, stopped and then returned to Jerry.

“Once bitten, twice shy. I am afraid to leave my wallet in my coat when I take it off down there. Would you mind keeping it for me?”

Jerry couldn't believe his ears. Here he had been for an hour ransacking his brain for some trick of the trade by which to lay his fingers on the wallet; with all his experience he had failed. And now it is tossed into his hands as carelessly as a copper into a blind man's tin cup. But one look into the candid, unsophisticated face of the old man convinced him.—“I sure will; thanks for trusting me.”

So here he is with the wallet, and twenty minutes at least to spare.—But he cursed softly; as he said before, the boat was as good as a jail.—Never say die! could he fill the wallet with paper and fool the old fellow? No; it was too risky; and if Fullerton opened it before dis-embarking, there was Jerry like a fox in a trap. But how could he get away?

Looking over the water towards Trenton, Jerry saw many motor-boats flitting hither and thither. One very speedy craft was heading straight for the Elmeric and only two hundred yards away. Jerry decided quickly. He shouted cheerily at the small boat, leaned over the rail to see it pass, lost his balance and fell into the water. At the shout of horror from his fellow-passengers, the motor-boat quickly turned and soon Jerry was picked up; but he was dazed and they feared some internal injury. So he was hurried off to town at fifty miles an hour, reaching the dock seventeen minutes ahead of the Elmeric,—alert and smiling, having recovered with extreme rapidity.

News of the accident quickly spread, even to the barber-shop; from the description of the man fallen overboard, Mr. Fullerton

was pained to recognize his young friend. But at least he had not been drowned! Mr. Fullerton was soon in the best of spirits, joking with the barber, and seemingly very well pleased with himself. So absent-minded was he that the wallet had apparently gone completely from his thoughts.

It was only when they were a few boat-lengths from the quay and all was bustle aboard, that he suddenly attracted the attention of all by great clamor and outcry. “My money! I have been robbed!”—They pointed out that the young man was probably then drying out in the offices; but the old fellow was now as suspicious as be-



Rev. JOHN COFFEE, S.J.
1857-1916

fore he had been credulous, and shouted out that it had all been planned, and that Jerry was a thief.

And he was right! No Jerry was at the wharf, nor could any trace of him be found. He had smilingly refused all assistance, leaped into a taxi, and must have stepped out when the car slowed down at a busy corner; his wrinkled clothes had been hidden under the rain-coat somebody had thrust into his hands at the dock.—Mr. Fullerton was inconsolable; he gave the reporters minute details of the rob-

bery and of all his past career,—only to them he said his name was Oliver Lynd. And within half an hour extras were issued with the glaring head-lines: — “Amazing Coup! A Fall Into \$15,000! Theft Aboard Elmeric! Reward \$2,000.” Below was told how “Oliver Lynd, of the D’Aubigny Stock Co., (which opens at the Majestic to-night for a three weeks run) was robbed of \$15,000 while coming from Dundas to Trenton by a fellow who gave the name of Brown, though it is practically certain this is not his name. Furthermore, Mr. Lynd is confined to his room, suffering from a nervous shock, and his doctors consider it altogether unlikely that he will be able to appear on the first night; but his clever under-study is fully capable of giving a finished personification of ‘Traddles.’”

After a good supper that night, Jerry sent a young brother out to buy a paper. No one had been at home when he arrived; and he had changed his clothes, and carefully hidden the wallet in a hole he had prepared with great skill in the wall, behind a cheap print of Man-o’-War.—So

now he sits and builds his castles in the air. He will buy two horses of the Wellington stables, and set up as an owner of race-horses. He will . . . Just then his brother came back with the paper and its heavy-typed news. When he had read the paper, and saw related of a Mr. Lynd, young and alert, what he knew was true only of an aged and clumsy Mr. Fullerton, he began to fear. Going to his room, he drew the blinds, lit the gas and then in mingled hope and fear opened the wallet. Then he knew why he had never felt quite at his ease with the glib-speaking old fellow; why he had been always rather suspicious as to the extent of “Fullerton’s” gullibility. Then—as he held the bills in his hands—he could easily imagine Lynd sitting in his room at the hotel, hugging himself in delight at his easily-won notoriety, his inexpensive advertising scheme. For the hundred-dollar bills in Jerry’s hands were stage-money.—Then he turned out the light and crept back to his hard bed. Oh, what had he done to fickle Dame Fortune?

FRANCIS VILLELA, '24.

R. Ryan
G. d'Ivry
E. Amos
W. Dowling



Maurice Versailles
Tom Toddings
Roddie Lemieux
Adair Price
Cecil Carpenter

OLD LOYOLA SNOW-SHOEING ON MOUNT
ROYAL, WITH FATHER QUIRK

Spring

Spring! the sweet time of joy and bliss,—
Flowers spring up the dew to kiss.
Warm winds blow and grass sprouts
green,—
Buttercups glisten with silver sheen.

The crow is Herald, the robin the Pet,—
Nests have lodgers that long were to let;
The sun grows warm, the winds are
soft,—
And doves are cooing up in the loft.

Sir Robin soon for worms will seek
Where violets from the green grass peek;
All the world will laugh and shout
And lambkins leap in joyous rout.

School boys tire, are drowsy and dull,—
Trickling streams to sleep would lull;
Themes are a burden, oft go undone
For marbles and baseball give much more
fun.

Oh, why to class should we mortals plod
While around us frolic the friends of God.
So, stay in your class-room, heartless
churl!

I'll to the meadows where brooklets purl.
PAUL CASEY, '24.



Transcendental Idealism of Kant

FROM the time when the first links in the Scholastic chain of thought (the most logical, convincing and coherent the world has known), were forged by Aristotle, through the era of St. Augustine and St. Thomas even to the present day, myriads of radical doctrines and dissenting systems have sprung up; and, as the sun rises pallid against a blue sky, blazes forth triumphantly at noon and then sinks, so they have waged their little wars against Scholasticism, have celebrated their ephemeral triumphs and then faded into obscurity, the deadly oblivion that is the world's last mocking gift to its fallen idols.

Of these dissenting systems by far the greatest was the idealism of Immanuel Kant. Subtle and yet coherent in thought, clear and yet forceful in expression, and, what is of far greater import, a real, consistent system, not a mere collection of objections nor a study of a single phase of philosophy, the work of Kant towers above that of the others like a giant above pigmies. His tenets were hidden behind a veil of seeming truths; his doctrines are plausible and appealing, and, after Kant, spread to Hegel, Fichte and Schelling, who

helped to cherish and nurture this menace to science. A menace it is and a dangerous one, too, for if we admitted its principles cosmology, theology, metaphysics and rational psychology would lose all value to us as sciences.

When Kant first began to think on this question it was with the view of refuting scepticism, and so, naturally enough, three questions rose uppermost in his mind. Can we know? Can we know truly and certainly? And if so, what do we know truly and certainly? He immediately saw that the surest and most practical way to find the answer to these questions was to make a criticism, an analysis of the cognitive faculty. To find out how we know and what we know, the only thing to do is to examine the instrument by which we know. So when he asks "Can we know," Kant answers yes, we can know but we know only the *phenomena*, that is, these things which can be known to us by sensuous intuition; but we can never know the *noumena*, or those things over which sensuous knowledge cannot extend its domain. By *noumena* he understands the things as they are in themselves; what we know is those things, not

as they are in themselves, but as they appear to us.

Pursuing this question along logical lines, the question comes "How is it that we know only the phenomenon and cannot know the noumenon?" The solution readily appears when we make a survey of the cognitive faculty. The cognitive faculty is three-fold, namely, sensibility, intellect and reason. With the sensual perception we see material objects; but true science can never consist of judgments of the sensibility. The two are radically opposed. They are as different as day and night, as opposed as spirituality is to what is material and corporeal. Science is necessary and universal, whereas empirical knowledge is contingent and particular. Only judgments that are necessary and universal can find a place in science, because science concerns itself, not with the fact that such a thing happened, but asks why it happened; it deals with the laws that govern phenomena, not with instances or particular happenings. Now empirical knowledge is not necessary but contingent, since experience tells us what *is*, but not that it must necessarily be *so* and not otherwise; it is not universal but particular, because what we perceive is not *house* nor *horse*, but such a house, such a horse. When we visit a big city we do not visit *city* in general, but we visit this particular city. So, science can never be found in the perception of the sensibility.

Kant now shows us that we do not perceive the phenomena wholly as they really are. We partly do, in as far as something of what we know exists in the world of reality; and we partly do not, in as far as not all of what we know of them exists in reality. What the sensibility adds is *space* and *time*; two forms which the sensibility imposes on whatever enters it. Space and time do not really exist, but nevertheless, every sensuous intuition is stamped as it were with these "*a priori*" forms, space and time. When the mind sees an object it sees it not as it is but sees it in *space*. And when man has a subjective modification, when, for instance, he feels that he is sleepy, he has that modification in *time*. He feels he is not only sleepy, but sleepy *now*, and not in ten minutes. Now there are no such things in the objective world as space and time; because if there were, we would have seen them, felt them or at least noticed them at some time or other. But we cannot see time nor space. When we see an object,

we cannot see the space. And yet we affirm that the object *exists in space*.

Why do we do this? Why do we say there is such a thing as space, when we cannot know it? It is because that is the way we are made. Space and time are forms of our sensibility; our minds are so constituted that they cannot see things except in space and time. Therefore, sensual perceptions include two elements, *matter* and *form*. The matter is the phenomenon, the form the way in which it is perceived.

Science, we have seen, does not consist in perceptions of the sensibility. It remains then to see whether it can be found in judgments of the intellect. Kant answers that it can, but not in all judgments of the intellect. Let us first explain that a judgment is nothing more than the affirming of the identity or non-identity of two objective concepts. Now judgments may be either analytic or synthetic. An *analytic* judgment is one in which the predicate is already found in the subject, e. g., when I say "A circle is round," the very idea of circle tells me it must be round. I do not add to the idea of circle something which I did not know of it before. It follows then that this kind is a judgment in name only and does not contribute to science, because I do not compare two concepts. I really know one and the same thing. A *synthetic* judgment on the other hand is one in which the predicate is not found in the subject, e. g., "The earth attracts bodies to it by the force of gravitation." A synthetic judgment may be "*a posteriori*" or "*a priori*." It is "*a posteriori*" when it is taken from experience, and it has already been seen that judgments taken from experience are not valid, considered scientifically, because they lack two elements requisite to scientific knowledge, namely necessity and strict universality. An "*a priori*" judgment is one that is *not* taken from experience. Only the synthetic "*a priori*" judgment then has scientific value.

Now we have just said that the relation existing between the subject and the predicate in an "*a priori*" judgment cannot come from experience. Where then does it come from? It comes from the pure understanding, the intellect, which places every judgment in a sort of pigeon-hole of the mind called categories. These categories are twelve in number, corresponding to the twelve forms of judgment the mind may make and, in nature, are strictly "*a priori*." They have no corresponding ob-



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ject in the objective world. For instance when we make the judgment "Fire is the cause of burning" we speak of something which we do not know and which we cannot know. We cannot know causality because we have never experienced it and yet we are made in such a way that we *must* understand things in the relation of cause and effect. When we say fire causes burning, all we see is first the fire, and afterwards the burning, but we do not know the causality. So with the other categories of quantity, quality, modality, etc. We cannot see the *quantity* of a thing, we cannot see its *one-ness*; and yet we say *this* thing is one and *this* other is many. They are merely "*a priori*" forms; we are made in such a way that when we see first the fire and then the burning, we say the fire causes the burning. So when we speak of causality or of other non-empirical concepts, we speak of something which can never be found in the objective world.

Now science does not consist in an unrelated collection of judgments, but in a systematic grouping and classification of these judgments. This the reason does. The reason is the third phase of the cognitive faculty, and its particular duty is to systematize these judgments of the intellect. It places these judgments in a few branches; reduces them to a few headings. So there must be some headings in the reason under which to put them. Thus it is that there are forms of the reason, not known by experience, under which every

judgment of the intellect can be placed. These forms are called ideas, and are three in number, the Ego, God, and the universe. These ideas exist.

But are they *objective*? We do not know. We know that there is a tendency of our reason to group all judgments under these ideas. We are made in such a way that in considering things, the mind takes the existence of God, for instance, for granted. "But," we might object, "the existence of God is not a mere form, a mere shadowy idea which we cannot substantiate; we have proof positive of the existence of God." Kant takes each argument and tries to refute it, to convince himself at any rate; he shows thus that by the power of our reason we cannot attain to the existence of God. The reason we cannot do this, he says, is simply because we cannot have a true and certain knowledge of the noumena. In like manner he shows how everything pertaining to the universe can be reduced to four antinomies, which are propositions in opposition to each other, but each of which can be affirmed with equal truth. Whatever is said in psychology, the science of the Ego or the soul, is a paralogism, contains a fallacy, the fallacy of giving objectivity to what is only a tendency on the part of the intellect.

Now Kant has shown us that science must consist in synthetic "*a priori*" judgments; he has shown us how these "*a priori*" forms of the intellect have no objectivity in the world of things; so he con-

cludes with perfect consistence that *no* judgments of the pure reason are valid and that the sciences built upon them are worthless.

With these sweeping assertions, Kant closes his criticism of the pure reason and leaves us with the ruin and wreckage of our intellectual structures strewn about our heels. If the ideas we have of God, the soul and the universe are not objective, that fact should sound the death-knell of morality. Religion should be shovelled off as useless, and decency and self-respect should be dragged off after it.

But he hastens to mend the damage he has done and shows us how, face to face with these new conceptions of things, still the moral order remains unbroken. However, our purpose in this essay is to expose merely Kant's doctrine without entering into the discussion of his moral system.

Summing up therefore what has preceded we conclude that, considered coldly and impartially, subjected to a close and careful scrutiny, Kant's system stands out as it really is, a clever and ingenious fabrication, a wonderful display of the powers of the human mind, but never a system of philosophy verified by a true conformity to fact. The very principles

which he took for granted and yet on which his whole system is based, are false. The principle of gravitation, which is strictly universal in its truth, and yet, as Kant admits, is derived from experience, is alone enough to refute him.

It is not on these grounds, however, that we wish to question him, but there is a greater flaw in his system, which becomes apparent upon closer examination. It is nothing else but that the system which he so carefully built up is one monstrous, unpalatable contradiction. His aim was to find out how far our intellects could attain truth, but he did this by means of his own reason, whose veracity he doubted. Surely it is a contradiction to announce a fact as certain; and then to state that the means by which he proves this are themselves not to be trusted. Surely it is a blatant and appalling contradiction to say that our reason cannot be trusted; and then to deliberately prove this fact by that same human reason. If (as he asserts), we cannot trust our reason, then we most certainly cannot attempt to use it to prove its own worthlessness. If our mind cannot attain truth, then surely it is the most glaring folly to prove an abstract truth by it, and "*a fortiori*" to attempt to build up a system upon it.

GERALD BRAY, '22.

* * *

The Shepherd is Dead

Another shepherd called to rest,
His weary watching o'er!
His work is done, and with the blest
He lives for evermore.

His flock he tended faithfully
Through stormy days of war,
And in their troubles willingly
With them their sorrows bore.

And when the dove returned to land,
Not less he watched his fold;
But guided it with steady hand
And prudent words, yet bold.

Seen will he be no more on earth,
True Father to the weak—
True counsellor, whose golden worth
Our mourning hearts shall seek.

Rest to thy soul, Father and Pope,
Upon the eternal shore!
Pray for thine orphaned sons, who hope
To be with thee evermore.

H. P. PHELAN, '25.



GRAVE OF LIEUT. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX, M.C.,
LEGION OF HONOR, LIGNY-SAINT-FLOCHEL

Milo in Action or Alice-out-Aliced

"Nisi oculis videritis insidias Miloni a Clodio factas." . . . 6. "Si haec non gesta audiretis, sed picta videretis, tamen appareret uter esset insidiator. . . . 54.

"A brilliant instance of enargeia," exclaimed the Professor. "Let us see its purpose in Oratory, its peculiar fitness for the end aimed at."—Dennis fell asleep! Suddenly there spread out before him a dusty Italian road, dazzling in the sunlight. Dennis was a-dreaming.

* * * * *

There advanced rapidly down the road from a slight elevation one of the smallest creatures Dennis had ever seen,—a Roman without a doubt, but—"Am I awake?" said Dennis. Pinching himself, he admitted reluctantly that it was no dream. The traveller perceived a wisp of straw blocking the road. "Can I make it?" he muttered anxiously. Then, gathering his strength he ran swiftly over the intervening six feet and leaped safely over the obstruction.

But fresh perils awaited him. Six inches from where he came to earth, lay what Dennis thought to be a wheel-barrow turned on its side. From behind it sixteen heavily-armed gladiators jumped forth. ("Hoplites!" cried Dennis, proud of his technical knowledge, "for they are all wearing the oratorical precautions.")

Meanwhile, ("interim" cooed Dennis in delight) the gladiators had seized the traveller—"Thtop!" cried the leader, "and thtate the counterthign!"

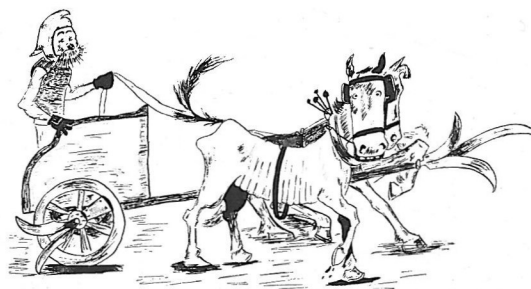
"Milo delendus", pompously said the other. "I know thee, Sextus. I bring fleet news to Clodius that his friend, Cyrus the architect, is dead."

"Hurrah!" began Sextus,—"I mean boo-hoo, alack and alath! the weary world!"—While he spoke thus, he had been eagerly leading the messenger around the far end of the wisp of straw; and now they were out of hearing of all but the alert, nid-nodding Dennis. "I really mean hurrah; for your methage ith in code and tellth uth that Milo ith at hand." Then he shouted to his men, "Back, minionth! to your lair. Let the danthe prothede."

Ten minutes after the ambush had been re-set, sounds came on the summer breeze of sweet children's voices singing that popular marching song of Imperial Rome, "Colonel Bogey." It was Milo's "troublesome ladysmaids and pampered pages" advancing, with laughter in their voices,

towards a terrible doom. Soon they appeared over the ridge, tripping lightly and waving small Union Jacks. In the midst of that young band, Dennis marvelled to see a bald-headed midget with long purple moustache. This personage was to play a most important part in the sequel.

It chanced that this was the spot chosen for the mid-day lunch. Each went about his appointed task eagerly; and all was ready when, with bells merrily jingling, up drove Milo and Fausta. They were seated in the usual raeda, whose only true replica (found at last by Dennis in a dream) we are delighted to disclose to an ignorant world.



Milo, already munching a sandwich, was about to step out of this regal equipage when his wary eye sensed danger. He turned carelessly to his wife.

"Keep smiling; look behind me, for me-thinks

"A spear-point gleamed from yonder battering-ram."

Fulvia, with a bright laugh, impulsively embraced him.—"You're just a dear when you fall into blank verse."

Then hysterically, "Is there danger? Let me gather my children to my bosom! Oh, why was I ever born? And you *would* insist on my coming."

"Courage, dear one! Cicero will save us. He is here!"

"Here? Mais non! He is asleep at Rome."

"No dear. See yon sage, with the purple moustache, spreading the caviare on the asparagus? See, he stealthily samples it and wipes his approving lips? That is he, disguised as a freedman."

In her joy, she cast discretion to the winds. "Hoo, hoo! Tully!"

Annoyed and disgusted at her folly in this moment of danger, the greatest ora-

tor the world has ever seen (as the Americans say of anything) pulled so violently at his moustache that it came loose. Then was the cat out of the bag, and the sauce in the fire, had he not with great presence of mind hidden his head in a wine-jug. He came out, again fully disguised, but those near him heard him snap out heated words about "... feminae ... esse videantur."

This soliloquy was interrupted by an ominous occurrence. From behind the wheel-barrow ("battering-ram, forsooth!" sneered Dennis) suddenly leaped the gladiators and rushed towards the carriage. Others, as stoutly prepared, appeared from the rear of the happy cavalcade and with shouts of "Etsi vereor!" attacked the water-carriers, who were just entering the camp, weary and hungry.

In the latter band of footpads, Milo blanched to see Clodius. "The die is cast," he called up to his wife. "He or I must die. Pass me my aposiopesis. Take it from its sheath for me."

Then disaster swooped down upon them like thunder-clouds upon the Caspian.—"O Milo, I left it at Rome. I had to find room for that roll of silk, so I threw the aposiopesis into the garage."

Milo's rage was Titanic, but he nobly restrained it because of a woman's presence, even though it was only his wife. "Very well, then; you can do the fighting." And he stepped into the carriage, unrolled the offending silk and curled up beneath its protecting rustle.

"You brute!" was all she said, in unimpassioned tones. She gathered her failing strength. Her vigorous mind fully grasped the danger of the situation.—Would Cicero save this cowardly husband?—and, if he would, could he? Alas! she caught a

glimpse of him vanishing at a swift trot among the trees.

She counted the assailants—39; she counted those who stood faithful—6. Then with a harsh laugh, she cried out, "Not for nothing have I passed my vacations with Cleopatra! Come on, Macduff!" Her plans were lightning-fast in conception and execution. She forced her sulking husband to give up his cloak and sandals; then put them on one of her faithful henchmen, and sent him fleeing through the woods. Thirty-eight lusty Roman voices took up the hue and cry; the thirty-ninth—Clodius—had sprained his ankle and was directing operations from a boulder on which was written, "26 miles to Rome. Use Pears'".

When the last gladiator had vanished into the forest, Fulvia took up a large toasting-fork (to which—gruesome detail—still clung a turkey's gizzard) and with cautious tread advanced upon her crippled foe. And soon she had done that—we speak not as praising her, but merely for the sake of historical accuracy—soon she had done—neither with the assistance nor under the eyes nor with the knowledge of her master—that which every man worthy of the name would wish his own wife to do in like circumstances. Then she returned to the carriage, calmly gathered up the reins, and with a non-committal "Gid-up!" moved West.

Dennis gasped—in admiration, yes; but in horror, too. He looked again; but all was dark. He could see nothing. He could hear nothing but the melancholy voice of one who was saying:—"Once again, you have no imagination. Whenever I try to develop in you that atrophied faculty, you fall asleep. One hour in jug!"

LEO SKELLY, '24.



THANKSGIVING DAY—LOYOLA 7—BISHOP'S 4



FIRST COMMUNION CLASS, JUNE 1st. 1905

MGR. RACICOT

Left to Right: W. Harrison, J. Hughes, C. Cassidy, J. Hearn, N. Murphy, N. Collins, D. Langlen, Mr C. Regan, L. Wilkins, E. Coughlin, A. Reed, C. Merry, M. Johnson, R. Martin, R. Dolan, J. Vanier

To Mary, Star of Evening

'Mid stress of wind and blanched wave
My sail has parted, and the mast
Has snapped. I, groaning, see my grave
Yawn—and the storm screams past.

But the black, swift clouds an instant
show

A Star;—the chill winds softer blow;
My barque is raised by ghostly hands
And lo! the sheltering lands.

To serve God's law my soul had vowed.—
Straightway, like lurid lightnings, fell
Satanic shocks 'mid thunders loud.
I shuddered, fearing Hell.

In pale dismay, I cried to Thee,—
And quiet came on troubled sea
And air!—my soul beheld the Star
That sought me from afar.

O Star! sweet harbinger of night,
When battle wanes and toil is done;
When weary sailors find delight
In thought of victory won;

When Angel bands rejoice, while
crushed

Lies Satan, and forever hushed
Temptation.—Then, on tranquil bays
Shine Thy benignant rays.

As sordid misers, bent on gain,
Ne'er taste sweet nature's evening haze,
With Venus hovering o'er the main
And cloudlets all ablaze;—

So, heated by the nearer glow
Of lust, blind wordlings never know
The rays of whitest love that part,
Kind Star, from Thy pure heart.

O Mary! guide us to that Night
Whose issuing Day so golden gleams
When on us bursts eternal Light
And we rest by purling streams,—
Where the Lamb will come, and eager
throng
Of Just, white-robed, adore;—while
song
Begun of Angels swells and fills
The everlasting hills.

FILIUS, '22.

Saint John Berchmans, Patron of Youth

The aim of this brief sketch is as the title indicates, a desire to review the life and virtues of this holy patron of youth.

JOHAN CHARLES BERCHMANS was born March 13th, 1599, at Diest, a small town in the diocese of Brabant, of profoundly Christian parents. His mother, Elizabeth Vanden Hove, was held in high esteem for her ideal Catholic spirit. John Berchmans, her husband, was equally faithful in the observance of the laws of Holy Mother Church. Full of energy and imbued with a natural cleverness, he was an adept worker in the occupations of tanner and shoe-maker.

Little John Charles at an early age conceived a great devotion to his heavenly Mother, as also to Saints Stanislaus and Aloysius. Advancing in age, his greatest joy was to make frequent pilgrimages to the nearby shrine of "Our Lady of Montaigu."

Stricken with a grave illness which confined her to a bed of suffering, his devoted mother had to rely on the care and attention of her young son. Yet our heroic saint knew how to combine the active with the contemplative, and though he found ample opportunity for sacrifice and self-denial, no retrenching in his spiritual progress ensued. A special love for assisting at Holy Mass drew him to the foot of the altar each morning, where, with a seraph-like devotion, he often served two or three masses.

Inspired with the Divine Call, he surmounted every obstacle that stood in the way of his vocation. Constantly opposed by his father who desired the service of his son at his own trade, John Charles but renewed his ardent appeals to Mary, confiding to her maternal care the success of his cherished enterprise.

Entering the home of Canon Emerick at Diest, where, in consideration for his services he received lessons in Latin, John Charles prepared for the reception of his first Holy Communion. Can we not imagine the sacredness with which that moment was clothed! The respect, love, and adoration of those priceless heart-to-heart communings with his Royal Guest!

Frequent communion was not prevalent in the time of our young saint, yet, each

Sunday and Feast found him at the Altar Rail, eating of the "Bread of Life," the "Food of Angels."

It was at this period of his life, and probably at the shrine of Montaigu that he took the vow of Holy Chastity. To Mary he consecrated all his actions, and the maternal protection she accorded him proved his trust had not been misplaced.

When finally securing the permission of his parents to enter the Jesuit Seminary at Malines, his happiness knew no limits. Cheerful of manner, constant in his obedience he prepared for the Divine Call that he felt came direct from God. The sad news of his beloved mother's death added another trial to the many he had hitherto suffered, yet, in perfect resignation he bowed to the Divine decree. It was that perfect submission to God in all things that found for John Charles the key to the mysteries of Divine Love.

We may think it hardly credible that a simple human heart would dare aim at reaching those spheres in which all is mysterious for man's futile understanding. Yet, in Holy Communion, was engendered the strength that enabled him to ascend ever higher the heights of Spirituality.

Prudence and fortitude in a remarkable degree were evident in the character of John. Fidelity to rule, even the smallest, became in him the very principle of thought, word and action. A perfect model of religious perfection he was in the eyes of all who beheld him,—an angel of innocence, modesty and constancy.

In the village rectory at Diest, as later on at Malines, so also at Rome, that staunch will, which aided him to undertake the life of a religious as soon as God had revealed his calling, now shines forth once more, as clear as crystal, in the courage and determination to perform all things simply, yet with exactitude. A noble generosity, a readiness to sacrifice everything for love of his Creator,—this was the sole aim and ambition of Saint John Berchmans.

Whatever the duties he had to accomplish, whether at home, Father Emerick's or at the novitiate, he was ever the same,—a pillar of duty, without weakness, without discouragement, always prompt in doing good, ready to follow whereso-

ever God's designs and the will of his Superiors led him.

Such perfection of life, such unflagging fidelity surely reveals a soul filled with the energy of the saints, a soul destined for higher things, if not in this world then in the life to come. God endowed His faithful servant with an extraordinary tenacity of purpose, and this led to an unalterable peace, perfect calmness of soul, which exterior contradictions could never shake,—undisturbed by opposition, amiable and smiling under humiliations, kind and charitable when attacked by slander, calumny, or detraction.

What did it matter to him to be poor in the fleeting goods of this world—he so rich in the wealth of the Kingdom of Heaven, whose treasures time or eternity could never rob him of.

A reputation of sanctity clung to him, nor could he escape from it. His childhood companions, his fellow students at the seminary—all venerated him as a saint. Another Saint Aloysius, he had a power for good over all with whom he came in contact, his sanctity and purity



Rev. PETER HAMEL, S.J.
1832-1905

radiating from his person, as perfume from choice blossoms.

Stricken with a fever in the middle of the summer of 1621, he rapidly grew worse. God wished to cull from the garden of souls, this beautiful flower, that it might bloom in His Heavenly Kingdom. John Charles had a presentiment of his approaching end. A strange coincidence permitted the maxim drawn by him for the month of August to read, "Watch and pray, for you know not the day or hour." In his condition the pious religious saw a warning from on high.

On August 11th, with the Community of the Roman College around his bedside, this holy student received Holy Viaticum, dressed in his cassock, his hands joined in prayer and, by his own wish, lying on a mattress on the floor.

Yet the final summons came but two days later, on August 13th, 1621. Clasp- ing his crucifix and Rosary in his hands, he delivered back to its Maker, the soul which he had kept untarnished and uncor- rupted by taint of sin.

The glory of Saint John Berchmans has never waned. His tender youth, his spot- less purity, and heroism of virtues have given him a place in the courts of Heaven, and proclaimed him, like Saint Aloysius and Saint Stanislaus Kostka, the Patron of Catholic Youth. . . . May he watch over them, guide them, and procure from God, the grace that they, too, may follow in the path of innocence and sanctity. . . .

DOUGLAS ARCHIE MACDONALD,
Fourth Year High,

* *

Arts '25

First and foremost in adventure,
Rising high in every sport;
Every escapade or venture
Sees a Freshman in support.
Holding always all together
Many storms have we come through;
And in future stormy weather
Never shall we prove untrue!

Yearning for the light of knowledge,
Eager for the daily drive.
All through life, as well as college,
Raise the flag of '25.

BASIL G. PLUNKETT, '25.

Objectivity of Ideas

THE nature of this essay, from its title, may appear to some at first sight to be necessarily clothed in a shroud of fine philosophical distinctions and abstract mental intricacies. But those who will patiently suffer with us to its conclusion will, we hope, have these sinister misgivings dispelled; and will agree with us that the secret of exposing a philosophical question lies, not in the use of formidable-looking words, but rather in the simplicity of one's language. With this in mind, kind readers, let us proceed to the unravelling of the question at hand; after a thorough understanding of exactly what we mean by it, we will go on to the proofs which substantiate our stand; and then our task, we hope, is done.

The question we have proposed to ourselves to solve is: Are our ideas merely fabrications of the mind without any correspondence to objects in the world of reality? Or, on the other hand, do they possess this correspondence, that is, are they replicas of objects which exist in the physical world which surrounds us?

According to Kant, the great exponent of idealism, our ideas *originate* in the objects, but when received in the mind they suffer modifications; so, to our question he answers, "Our ideas are neither perfect replicas nor complete fabrications, but rather a composition of the two." If our question be proposed to the Sceptics, they make answer, that being unable to have certainty with regard to anything, our question is beyond the sphere of possible

solution. Finally, if it be from the scholastic philosophers that we seek a solution to our query, they answer us in this manner: "Our ideas really and truly express or correspond to objects which *exist* in the world of reality, but they do not correspond to them or express them *as* they exist." Now this, the scholastic answer,



is the doctrine or theory of the objectivity of ideas.

When speaking of ideas, if we are not careful, we are apt to confuse ideas with phantasms—so, let us, at the outset, clearly state the distinction between them. A phantasm is *material* and *particular*; it is material, for it is the result or product of a material or organic faculty, which faculty is the imagination; and it is particular, for when we conjure up anything in our imagination, it is always the picture of some determinate and particular individual—thus, if we imagine a triangle, it is always some determinate and particular triangle with such and such dimensions.

This is a phantasm, and as, in this essay, we do not concern ourselves with phantasms, we here lay it aside.

An idea, on the other hand, is *immaterial* and *universal*. It is immaterial, for it is not the product of any organic faculty; it is something spiritual (meaning by spiritual, that which is opposed to material). And it is universal, for our ideas as they exist, that is, our ideas *as such*, do not represent any determinate or particular individual—as was the case of the phantasm—but rather they represent one *essence* which, in the world of reality, is multiplied in all individuals of a class. Thus, our idea of a triangle—to make use of the same illustration—is not a representation of some particular triangle which exists in the world of reality, but rather it represents that which is common to all triangles of any shape, form or dimension; it represents the essence, or that which makes a triangle a triangle; in a word, it represents the very nature of a triangle.

It is with these, then, that we here concern ourselves, with ideas properly so-called. And, as we have shown you, since all ideas are of a universal nature, the question at issue may be said to concern the objectivity or non-objectivity of the universals; that is, do universal ideas represent objects which exist in the world which surrounds us? Are all the universal ideas replicas of objects, which, independently of our minds, exist in the world of reality?

As we have seen, to this question the scholastics answer: "Yes, the universals do express that which exists in the world of reality; but they do not represent them *as they exist*." Although this is our stand, nevertheless, it must not be thought that we are exaggerated Realists; that is, we do not belong to that ancient school of philosophers, who held that to our universal ideas correspond in the world of reality, objects which existed *as* universals. The chief exponent of this doctrine was Plato.

With the above explanations, I think we have a sufficiently clear understanding of the problem in question. We have explained exactly what we mean by the theory of the objectivity of ideas; we have enunciated the two characteristic tenets of the followers of this theory. Now let us proceed to an examination of the reasons because of which they hold this particular view. It is evident from the enunciation of the question, our problem con-

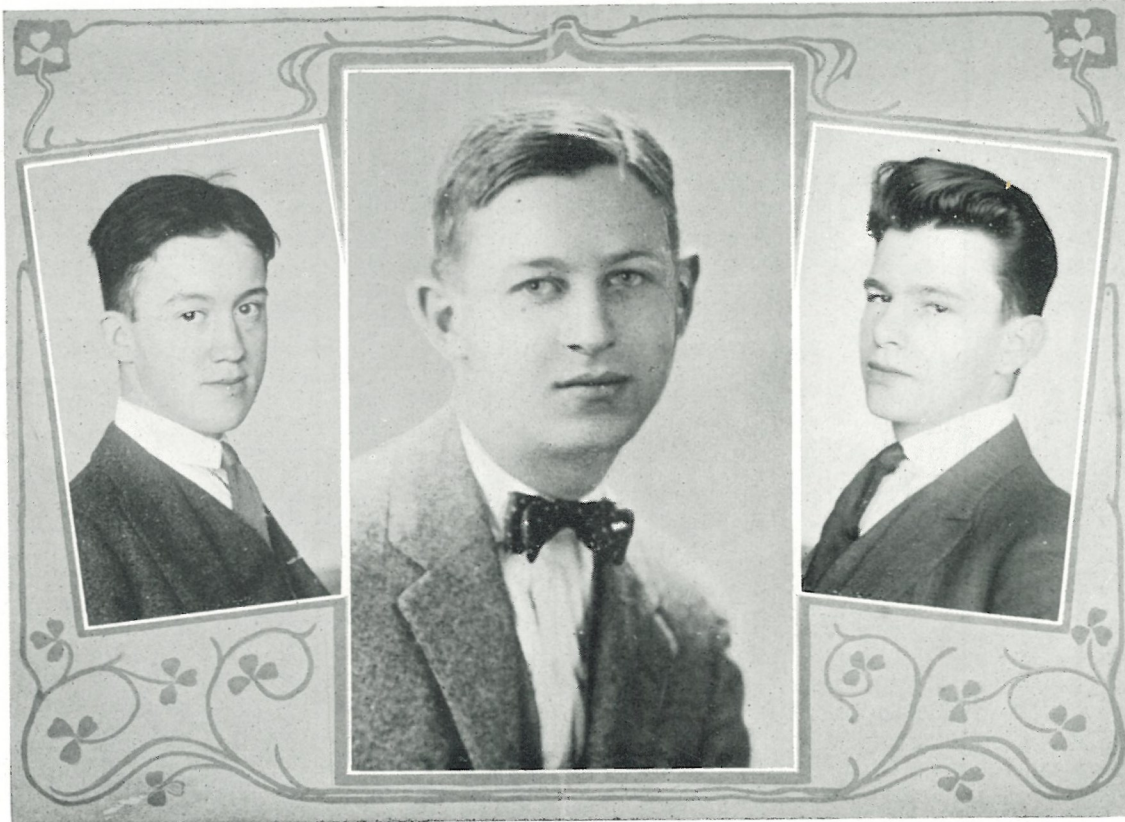
sists of two parts: First, do our ideas express objects which exist in the world of reality? And secondly, such being the case, do our ideas represent these objects in the manner in which they exist or not?

Before we can proceed to an examination of the arguments which the scholastics claim substantiate their stand, we must first concern ourselves with an objection put forth by the Nominalists—principal amongst whom are Hobbes, Condillac, Comte and Hume—who deny that a universal idea can exist, and consequently claim that the words, which *we* hold are the outward expression of these universal ideas, are hollow-sounding and meaningless. So, before we can prove to them that our universal ideas have objectivity, we must first establish the fact that universal ideas exist.

If, for instance, I say "man", who is there amongst you, kind readers, who will deny that this word conveys some determinate meaning, conveys some idea, in which idea is contained something common to Peter, Paul and John—so that this idea, while it is one in entity, represents that which is common to many; but this is exactly what universal means, *one* applicable to *many*. So we see that we can have universal ideas, i.e., that universal ideas *exist*.

Now, having I hope, established to your satisfaction, the fact that universal ideas not only can, but do actually exist, let us proceed to our real task, namely, to the proving that these universal ideas have objectivity; in other words, that they represent objects which exist in the world of reality. Here again we have our adversaries, principally Occam and Kant, who, although they admit that universal ideas exist, say they are mere fabrications of the mind, and that they do not represent, i.e., that they have no foundation in, objects in the world of reality.

Against them we argue as follows: When I give expression to the universal idea of "man", if that one idea is applicable to many in the world of reality, as we have shown it is, it is because there exists in each one of those individuals some one thing in common. Otherwise, the idea would not be applicable to all of them; consequently, the idea must designate or express that thing which exists equally in all of the individuals. But such being the case, the universal idea represents that which exists; therefore, we must conclude that, as our universal ideas represent objects which really exist, they have objec-



Editors, L. C. Review

Paul Casey, '24

Gerald Bray, '22

Horatio Phelan, '25



tivity, that is, there are objects in the world of reality which correspond to them.

But here again our adversaries are close upon our heels, and they deny to us the legitimacy of drawing this conclusion; "for," they argue, "these ideas being universal, must represent that which exists as universal; but how is this possible, as all things existing in the world of reality exist as determinate and particular objects?" This pseudo-objection, for that in reality is all it is, is due solely to a misunderstanding of the scholastic theory, for we never claimed that our universal ideas

represented objects *as* they existed; on the contrary, we explicitly stated that they do *not* represent them *as* they exist, but merely represent that which exists.

Already our task is completed, and those of you who have followed me through the foregoing paragraphs may now, I hope, be numbered amongst those who, seeing the sound philosophical basis on which the scholastic doctrine is built, give their firm assent to the theory of the objectivity of ideas.

JAMES HEARN, '22.

Unto Seven Times?

I had said, "I cannot pardon!"—But, in sleep,
Before me came the glib-tongued, sinuous friend
Who had sold my friendship. Him I would not lend
Help, as he struggled in the sea, nor weep
When he sank.—Appeared then, walking o'er the deep,
A thorn-crowned Man Who, sighing, down did bend
To raise my traitor-brother. . . . Now, to end
My hate, He speaks while to His feet I creep;

"When Herod wrapped Me in the fool's white cloak
I bent My patient head, caressed the shame
Nor spake. The soldier's spittle, the buffet's smart
Found My cheek passionless as winter oak
Storm-whipped.—And, on My blood-red Cross, not blame
But mercy gushed out when they pierced My Heart.

D. MICHAEL, '22



Selfishness

When the burning mass had cooled down, and the firemen had begun to clear away the ruins, they found two human bodies. One was easily recognized as the huge frame of Dick Sage, political "Boss": all were amazed when forced to admit that the other corpse must be that of the man whom Dick had fought tooth and nail for ten years, and who had fought back bravely,—Father Gray, the parish priest.

* * * * *

He was still dictating in his loud, harsh voice when five o'clock struck, and he continued for some twenty minutes more. Then, "That's all," he snarled. The little stenographer quickly, but timidly, cleared away her papers and departed. He was left alone, impatiently awaiting a friend.

Dick Sage appeared to be prospering. Everything in the office glittered—from the pendant chandeliers to the fire-tongs, from the rows of studs on the leather-covered chairs to the queerly-shaped paper-knife in his hand, whose edge, as he tested it carefully, seemed unusually keen. Everything seemed the hugest and brightest money could buy,—even the flaming ruby in his cravat and the diamond on his left hand.

But all these trappings could not disguise the man,—a blustering bully who frightened cowards. Could his mother have come down from Heaven into this hole, she would easily have recognized the worthless son who had left her so long

ago. The poor widow had drudged many years, by daylight and dim candle, to send him to college and to make a man of him. But he was always lazy and heartless, and, after causing her many a heartache, had at last run away from home, taking with him the small sum she had saved. Never after did he seek news of her, nor did he know that she had died soon after his flight, wasted away by a mother's love for a thief.

Twenty years later he appeared suddenly in this western city, boasting that he was a self-made man. Sad was the tale,—and skilfully he told it—of the penniless orphan thrown on the cold world. How he had become wealthy was not told; but he spoke vaguely of lucky chances and daring ventures,—an inspiring example of how the sturdy and true ever climb! And now he is a man of power, a ward-leader of a political party.

But he appears far from happy. As minute after minute passes without an arrival, the scowl darkens and the malevolent eyes almost disappear between bushy eyebrows and flabby cheeks. The scar that cuts the under-lip and disappears beneath the chin is now livid, now flaring red. At length he throws the paper-knife upon the desk with a curse, and begins to pace the room with long strides, noiselessly on the thick carpet. There is something uncanny in the swift, silent movement in the darkened room—for he has turned off all

but the light at his desk—something that reminds one with a thrill of a wolf stealing upon its prey.—Then he turned about swiftly, as a knock sounded upon the door. Triumph was in his voice, as he cried:—"Come in!"

Then he cursed in deep disappointment. It was not the foe he had expected to do away with. It was his own lieutenant, Pete Trilby, and on Pete's sallow face sat disaster. The enemy had escaped!—Dick raged, and poured his anger upon Pete. Every instant he became more violent.

Suddenly the disease that had crept on so slowly through years of debauchery clutched the "Boss" in its unbreakable bonds; he cringed as Death's chilly fingers touched his bloated body.—In the clear consciousness of that horrible hour, all the teaching and warnings of his boyhood came back to buffet him. And, in his fear of death and hell, he clamored for the priest.

Pete at first refused,—“He'll not keep secret what you tell, and then the gang is done for.”—“In God's name, Pete, did I ever do you dirt? You'll be dying yourself some day; don't go back on me now.”—With a sneer, Pete went to the 'phone and told Father Gray that Dick Sage was dying and was calling for the priest.

For a full minute after pulling down the hook, Father Gray stood there. He still, mechanically, held the receiver in his

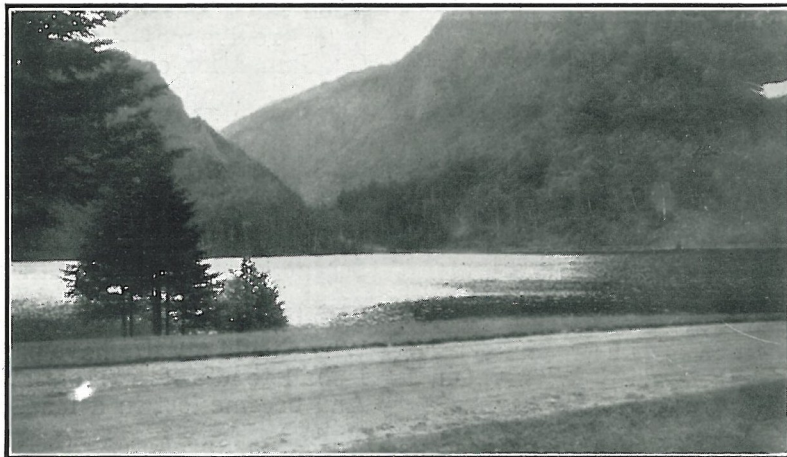
hand, thinking, puzzled. Was it a trap?—But it might really be that this soul, about to appear before an angry God, was calling to him for priestly comforting. His duty was clear.

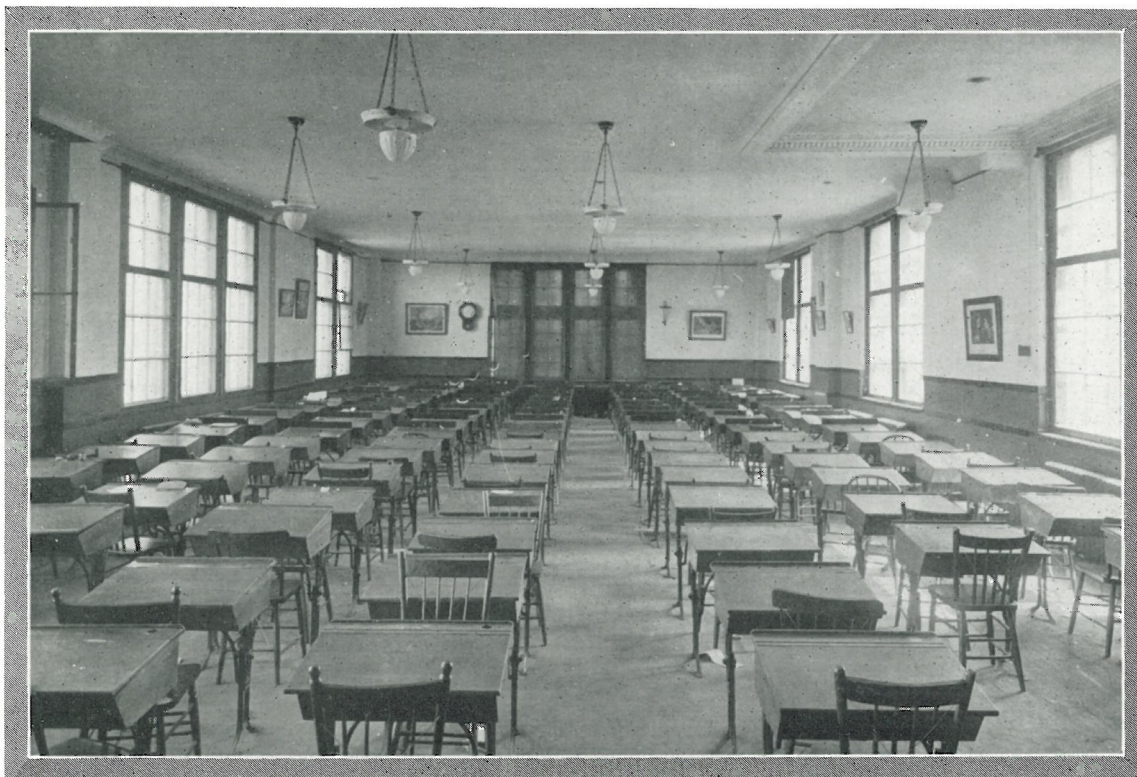
Pete was waiting for him in the outer office of the deserted building.—“You're as good as dead if you go in there. He has about ten minutes at most to live; but if he talks into your dirty ear for even ten seconds, I'll kill you dead. You'll learn too much about us; you know too much already. So take your choice.”

Father Gray was very pale. But he answered nothing to Pete's threats, except to look at him scornfully, went in to the dying man and closed the door behind him.—When the terrible burden of sin had been declared, and he had closed the eyes of the dead man—those eyes whose last gaze fell on the Crucifix in the confessor's hands—Father Gray knelt a few moments longer in prayer; then stood erect and walked slowly to the door. After all, it was just a threat, and he had never been afraid of a bully. As he opened the door and stood in the full glare of the electric light, a shot rang out and he fell.

Then Pete set fire to the house and, with his pockets filled with much that he valued, walked away to assume the reins of government.

CECIL McNAUGHTON, '25.





STUDY HALL

Jaunts Into Vers Libre

"Thought is the bane of Poetry." Futurists.

Regret

A withering rose, with langour-laden head,
Close by the grave of red
Miranda, sent my blood like frenzied fire
In current dire
Along my rusty veins,—like molten shot
Swift-hurled from Hiram Maxim's maxim
guns.

Then bellowed Thought:—
"My ox-eyed Mandy shuns
"Her Willie?—What?
"My trembling fawn, with fear-impelled
tread,
"To darkness ran?—O sot!
"Is Mandy dead?"

The rose—oh, strange reply—upon the
sward
Let fall a single petal.
This—Mandy's gift!—I'll hoard
In grandma's iron, spoutless kettle
Upon the top shelf in my dusty den.—
O me! O Rose! O Mandy! When? Oh,
When?

Despair

I thought a voice called me to work
On the cloud-hills of the sky;
But now there's weariness and a grey
mist;
With a half-stifled cry I swoon.—
Perhaps,—in my madness—
"Twas only a noise that I heard.
Then all the waters of earth will never
revive me,—
Oh, damnation on the thought.

Disappointment

One day I walked into my garden,
But of flowers there were none!
Then a numbness settled on my heart
And a fever in my brain.
I beat on my brain with mad clenched
fist,—
The perfume had gone from my garden!—
Why should my life have perfume?
I shall fondle its carrots and parsnips
And become lost in a maze of regrets.

*For obvious reasons, the author prefers
to hide his identity beneath the ample folds
of his modesty.*

Rocks Ahead!

THEN the crash came, that in an instant changed Tom Smith, a care-free college student, into a man who would have to earn, by the sweat of his brow and the muscles of his arms, a slender living for himself and his widowed mother. And Tom wasn't ready for that; a good lad, it is true, but (like most "only sons") over-petted, spoiled, even by the father he had just lost.

There was absolutely no hope of his reaching the goal of his ambition, a brass door-plate

DR. THOMAS SMITH

Eye, Ear and Nose

10-12

2-4

His mother had to be kept from starvation; he himself had to be fed and clothed. His one relative, an uncle, was poorer than they. Neither he nor anybody had rich friends now; the days of the "boom" were past, and each man looked twice at a penny before buying the "Daily Leader" of Mosong, Alta.

As the door of the parlor in the private house of Professor Peter Bentz, M.A., opened, and the Professor appeared, Tom rose awkwardly.

"How are you, Tom? All ready for next Monday?"

"No, Mr. Bentz; I have to quit College."

"Why, that's madness! You can't do a thing like that. You're in Junior year, are you not?"

"Yes, but I have to quit."

"There's something wrong here, Tom. I'm sorry to see you so cut up; cheer up, we'll not let you slip away that easily."

But when he heard Tom's story and discussed it with him, he was as hopeless as Tom about it all.

"I'd never have believed it possible; the tuition could easily be arranged, but the support of two people for two years—there's the rub."

So, all that this old friend of his father could offer was—sympathy. Tom was desperate; he *would* not yield to such a rotten fate. Money he needed and money he would—Here a vision of ten \$500 Victory Bonds rose in his memory. He gasped, grew pale and halted in the dark street under the violence of the temptation. When its fierceness had diminished,

a shiver ran through him; as he started on again, the temptation was conquered for the moment, but oh! the vision was rosy-hued.

"Hello, Tom!"—He was so absorbed with troubled thoughts that he had not noticed her at all, though they had met under the corner arc-light. Mary Bronson—his greatest friend since childhood, had become something still closer to him now. And, dearly as he yearned for the brass-plate mentioned above, yet he felt that, unless Mary were enshrined in the home behind that brass-plate, his sweetest dream would be half spoiled.

"Tom, you're getting to be too gloomy lately. I'm just running over to see Maggie Dooley a minute. Won't you be over after? I've made some dandy cakes."

It was an effort for him to answer her. "I have to serve Benediction; you know it's the May devotions. But I'll come right after."

Now that was one good thing about Tom. He had become an altar-boy years ago; and he still, despite his nineteen years, found great pleasure in assisting Father Murphy. Tom's word was law among the boys in Church.—And yet this Tom, in his revolt against fate, could dally with temptation, when the lying counselor dangled before his eyes the ten \$500 bonds in the safe he knew so well in the sacristy! Father Murphy told him just this afternoon that the hard-earned money of the poor parish was placed in that safe to-day to pay the first instalment on the parish school to-morrow.

He was there at seven o'clock. The sacristy was in darkness except for a ray of light from the chancel. Tip-toeing to the door, he cautiously surveyed the church. Under an electric light in the corner, knelt the priest, his grey head bent over the breviary, over which passed and re-passed the thick reading glass without which his weak, old eyes were useless. He had heard nothing.

Then Tom stealthily moved to the corner where the safe stood. It was open; Father Murphy must have opened it to take out the monstrance. And the bonds? His deft fingers touched a long envelope; that was the one.

But he didn't take it at once. The temptation was strong; but the devil must knead his soul still longer to make it wholly pliant. With a shake of his head, Tom stole back to the door. The old priest

was still laboring over the small text. Tom stood watching him. . . .

At seven-thirty, a small procession left the sacristy; four altar boys preceded Tom, and Father Murphy followed. Now they kneel to honor Our Lady, whose statue to the right there is surrounded with flowers and burning candles. The bonds still lie in the open safe; after the Benediction he will still have plenty of opportunity.

The statue of Mary Immaculate was beautiful. The first time he had been brought by his mother to the church, Tom had marvelled at what he later found was common to many pictures—the eyes seemed to follow him wherever he moved. And as he had never yet done anything dishonorable, and had always loved this statue, so he had fallen into the habit of looking straight at Our Lady when he prayed.

To-night he could not look up. Even while the young voices in the organ loft sang:

"Look down, O Mother Mary
From thy bright throne above;
Cast down on us thy children
One only glance of love." . . .

His heart was heavy, his eyes fixed on the ground. He could not look into those eyes to-night; he felt like one dishonored. Later at Benediction, when Our Saviour Jesus looked down from His earthly throne, the tumult in his heart grew maddening. Suddenly he raised his head, gazed sadly at

the Host, turned to Our Lady, and as suddenly looked down again. He had been willing to throw all this away for a sum of money—his Mother's love, his Saviour's mercy! A sob burst from him, but he covered it over with a cough when Father Murphy peered at him in surprise. No, No! with Jesus and Mary all would turn out well; without them—he shuddered. Then the Litanies began, and he was saved.

"Can you take a walk with me, Tom?" Father Murphy asked him after the service. "Oh, I forgot; this is Tuesday," he added with a laugh. "Well, come over to the house; I'll keep you ten minutes, then you can run off to Mary."

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Father Murphy took a letter from a large envelope.

"As your father's executor, I had to examine his papers. Among them I found a note signed 'W. P. Waters' acknowledging a debt of one thousand dollars to your father, and dated twenty-seven years ago. Two weeks ago I noticed the name of 'W. P. Waters' in connection with a sensational find of gold in the North West. He was a farmer and sold his holdings for a quarter of a million. I wrote at once to him, and found that he considered himself under the most sacred obligations to your father. He sends ten thousand dollars to pay the debt with 'interest,' and sends this letter, inviting you to go West with your mother and live with him."

EDMUND McCAFFREY, '25.



The Rider

"He rides pleasantly enough who is carried by the grace of God."—à Kempis.

When carried by Mine all-consoling grace,
Thou boastful child! no perils daunt thee.—Ride
Thou wilt to earth's end, let what may betide,
If I no heavenly comforting efface.
But let Me send thee suffering, disgrace,—
Conceal My love in thorns,—Ah, then subside
Thy boasts; thy courage chills; with feeble stride
Thou movest, while terror blanches o'er thy face.

Wilt thou too leave Me?—as they turned away
Who first heard I must die, and be up-raised
Upon the Cross—a mockery to mankind!
Through Calvary's gloom, they could not see the day
Of triumph bursting, when Creation praised
My conquering Name. . . And thou?—wilt thou be blind?

D. MICHAEL, '22

Kidnapped



GEORDIE had certainly disappeared. Ten minutes before his mother had been scolding him for coming so late to breakfast. She left him and went to the fruit-cellar to examine some pears the fruiterer had just sent. Returning almost instantly, she heard loud voices at the side entrance—it was the maid angrily telling some one to go at once, and a harsh-voiced man answering. Mrs. Chomedy hurried to the scene and found a huge, dark-skinned man with a basketful of gaudy silks, strings of coral, queerly-shaped buttons, etc. At sight of Mrs. C., he lowers his voice and tries to sell her some oddity. At her cold refusal to inspect, he tips his hat and shambles off. Warning the maid never to open the door to such scowling foreigners, she returns to hasten Geordie's preparations for school. But he has disappeared; his breakfast untouched; his cap, jacket and school-bag still there. His mother, still unsuspecting of the dreadful issue, calls through the house, and then seeks for him in the garden. He is not to be found, and the first fear grips her heart when she finds that he has not yet changed his slippers. Where is he? The maid runs among the children playing in the street, and pulls frantically at the bells on neighbors' doors. But no trace.

One little boy remembers the gipsy with the heavily-laden basket; his love of the gruesome vividly images the lost boy in that basket. The police are at once sent for; but a precious half-hour is wasted when at length two of them arrive. They are confident of soon bagging the kidnapper.

Mr. Chomedy is called home from his office to find his wife hysterical. "Our boy is among the gipsies and will never more be seen. How harsh I have always been to him! Only yesterday, when I caught him in the fruit-cellar, I punished him,—oh, how cruelly! and then had the Yale lock put on the door. If he were here now I would refuse him nothing. I'll take the horrid lock off at once."

But just then the phone rang. A small boy, answering to Mrs. Chomedy's lengthy but vague description, was found asleep in the garden of a vacant house. His clothes are ragged and much too large. Had the tramp robbed and then drugged him? Full of relief, they rush to headquarters—only to be disappointed. The mother faints at sight of the strange ragamuffin; while they revive her, the inspector entertains the father with an account of a boy stolen by gipsies 20 years before and not yet found. On the way home, the mother again bursts into tears when she hears a newsboy crying out:—"All about the kidnapping."

Then things move quickly. The police learn that the gipsy took the stage-coach for Lone Hill, twelve miles distant; he is arrested as he steps down from the stage. He brazenly denies all knowledge of the boy; but stammers and looks frightened when from his basket they produce a muffler marked "G. C." Finally, he sullenly mutters that he found the muffler near the side entrance to the home; he admits the theft, but nothing else. He is therefore brought back to gaol, cringing in the bottom of the waggon as the thronging citizens shout angry threats.



GRAVE OF CAPT. ARTHUR McGOVERN, D.S.O.
RENNINGHELEST, BELGIUM

It is now mid-day. Mrs. Chomedy for the fifth time is recounting the events preceding the disappearance. "Coming back after chasing the peddler, I remembered having left the door of the fruit-cellar open. In my cruel, unjust suspicion of Geordie, I hastened to close it. When I got there, it was already closed and fastened by the new lock—doubtless a draught had slammed it to."

What noise was that—a dull hammering or pounding on a stone wall! Mr. Chomedy rushes to the cellar, throws open the door of the fruit-cellar and out comes Geordie, weeping and repentant. Following his mother to the cellar, he had rushed in as she left the door open; the door slammed to, and he was afraid to call out.

EARL LESAGE, '24.

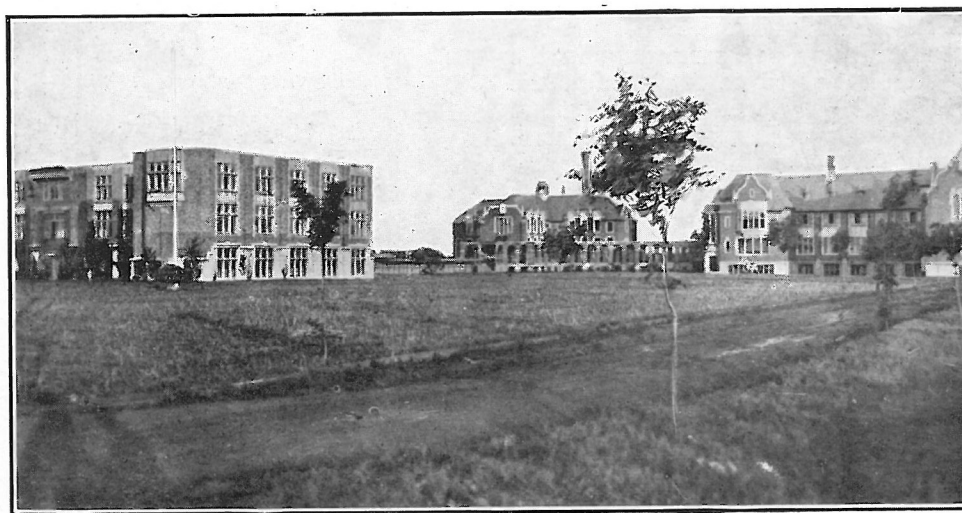


To a Brother on Earth

Brother, when at my death I heard the call
Of that one Voice I had dreamed on all my days;
When Jesus spoke, reproachful, of my ways
Of sin, and banished me hither, where a pall
Of flame enshrouds me, and a taste of gall
Sickens my soul,—ah! *then* I longed to gaze
On Him; but might not till this chastening blaze
Has stilled the memory of my every fall.

Oh emptiness of all that is not He!
O idle hours and years I sought Him not! . . .
Be merciful, my brother, let *thy* voice
Plead for me. . . . When I gain felicity
Remembering thy prayer, with pious plot
I'll haste the day when thou too wilt rejoice.

D. MICHAEL, '22





ASSISTANT ADVERTISING MANAGERS

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The General Store of Rossville

OLD SI PERKINS leaned over the counter of his general store, puffing at his old corn-cob pipe, while he engaged in an argument with the widow Burke, regarding the correct price of Muller's rye bread. The widow, asserting all the time that only ten cents would she pay "for that stale old bread of your'n", soon found that talking wouldn't do any good, for the "old skinflint" was determined to extract the highest price that he could from his customers. "Yez 'ull have to pay me twelve cents ar yez won't git no bread o' mine; en ez I hev tuh only store arown' these parts, ef yez don't take ut, yez will hev toh go tuh Graasmare tuh git it." So despite all her protests she was forced to take two more pennies out of her pocket. While Mrs. Burke slowly backed out of the store and started across the road, Si with a contented smile on his sun-burned face slapped the money into the drawer exclaiming at the same time, "Gee, that ole maid shure does get me goat."

The little village of Rossville was located by the side of the Raritan River in Bergen County in up-state New York. The town boasted of a population of nearly 1,000 inhabitants, about 400 houses and a railway spur connecting it with Grasmere some ten miles off. The general store was also used as a post office and a meeting place and was the biggest structure in the town, with the exception of the Episcopal Church. The building was three stories high, the bottom being occupied by the genial Si, while upstairs were located the offices of the sheriff, the doctor and the lawyer. However we have but to deal with the property of Mr. Perkins.

Near the door of the store was the grocery section, while the space just opposite

was occupied by the meat counter. Further up was the dry-goods department, with bottles of drugs gleaming on the shelves opposite. In the very back was the miscellaneous department consisting of nails, belts, saddles, horse-shoes, etc. Outside hung a sign, declaring to the public that this was a store. On it was painted in large letters—"Cyrus Perkins—Groceries, Meat, Horse-Shoes, Liniment and Lady's Dresses. First in Price—Last in Quality."

All along the walls is stacked a great quantity of odds and ends. A rusty horse-shoe hangs on a nail right above a pair of shoes, and in a box of macaroni is to be seen a couple of pairs of knitting needles and a bottle of cough syrup. Every thing is in disorder. But what did Si care as long as he got enough coin to keep him comfortable?

The proprietor of this so-called general store was subject to much abuse on account of the prices he charged. He looked every inch the skinflint he was. His nose more resembled a beak than the ordinary man's, but he reasoned, "A nose can't make any money for you; so why does any one care whether it looks nice or not?" So much for the store and owner. Now to go on with the story.

While Si was reflecting on the price he should ask for cabbage, in came a little girl who asked for a pound of crackers and a gallon of kerosene. He weighed the crackers and finding that they didn't balance exactly, broke one in half. When the girl asked for a potato to put on the spout of the kerosene-can to keep the oil from spilling, he answered "Begone, begone, I can't be givin' purtytoes away like thet."

As it was Saturday the store soon had quite a few customers in it. Here was a boy dragging a waggon, after procuring the articles his mother needed. Who is that coming down the road in a buggy? another customer? sure. In bustled a stout lady with a baby carriage. There is an old farmer full of hay-seed; and a big lady with a small husband accompanying her. An old man with a young wife now bustles in. A few discontented customers,

after arguing for a round half hour with Perkins got no satisfaction.

Si and Johnny Green, the hired boy, had their hands full till 10 o'clock. As the last customer departed, the receipts of the day were totalled up; and Si with a sunshiny countenance handed Johnny his weekly \$1.50. Both went to sleep that night with a happy spirit, blessing the general store of Rossville.

H. TYMON, H.S., '25.



Crazy Pete

My turn for a tale of heroic deed!
I'm 'most ashamed to start.
You've told of death in the trenches,—
Those things go right to the heart.

I didn't go to the war myself,—
At fifty they think you're old.
But my big boy Ben was a hero,—
Doc here his tale has told.

So don't feel hurt if my hero
Is dirty and down and out.
He did his best with a mighty heart,—
His soul didn't show without.

They used to call him Dirty Pete,
And well he earned the name,
His face was always black as soot,
His calloused hands the same.

We all thought him a real bad cuss
Till Pete showed us one night
That, though his ways were very wrong,
His heart was very right.

It was a bitter winter's night,
The mercury ten below,
Old Pete was on his way from town,
Not minding cold or snow.

With staggering step, and singing loud,
He slowly jogged along
'Till, hearing cries of pain and fear,
He quickly stopped his song.

Beside the road and dying fast,
Half-covered with the snow,
Aghast he saw a poor lost child
In misery and woe.

Old Pete had on a big fur coat;
Beneath was but a vest;
He was drunk, alas! but his soul rang
true,—
He couldn't but do his best.

He wrapped the boy in his big fur coat,
To town he turned once more
Eight miles away through snow and wind
Seeking the mother's door.

Two hours and more he plodded on
Till somehow he reached the town,—
Brought the child to home and friends
And gently laid him down.

Oh, they laughed at Pete for his sodden
wits,—
He had been but a mile from his farm!
And he walked eight miles that bitter
night
Keeping the youngster warm.

And he smiled back; but reeled and fell
At the feet of the rescued lad.
And there died poor old crazy Pete;
He had done his best,—was it bad?

J. QUINLAN, '25.

* * *



E. McCAFFREY, '25
Advertising Manager, L. C. Review

Saint John Chrysostom

I. The Coming to Constantinople

WE are at Constantinople, the seat of Empire, in the closing years of the fourth Century of the Christian era. The resistless onslaught of hordes of Huns and Goths lamentably revealed the decadence and fast-approaching disintegration of the Roman Empire, whose rulers had for four centuries been hailed as gods. But now, the young giants of the North time after time swooped down upon the effete, pleasure-mad South, spreading terror and desolation until bought off by ever heavier tributes of gold. And yet, as soon as the trophy-laden victors had returned to their lair in the gloomy forests, the fickle Southerners forgot the peril and returned to their days and nights of pleasures—drunken carousals, gladiatorial butchery and the licentious performances of the theatre—pleasures all the more welcome as they demanded less personal effort of the spectators.

High in favor among these gay spectacles was the annual departure of the boy-Emperor Arcadius for his summer palace. The unending columns of gaily-caparisoned soldiery, dazzling in gold and silver-dight armor, the waving plumes, the Court officials in motley silks, the train of gilded carriages, ending in the glorious triumphal car where sat a figure deeply incrustated in diamonds and pearls—ah! here was a sight to rival Heaven! What could man desire more?

We have said a figure sat in the golden car; and truly, were it only a waxen image, it could not have excited less interest in itself. For it was but Arcadius, the feeble-minded, passion-bound, puppet king whom Eutropius ruled. Eutropius had been a slave who, falling on evil times, refused to yield to Fate. Entering the service of a petty Court official, he slowly forged his way to the front, until he had insinuated his way into the confidence of the Emperor; and pandering to his evil appetites, he finally won complete mastery over the weak monarch and was intrusted with the government of the Empire of the great Augustus. Unscrupulous, ambitious, cowardly, incapable—such is the one-time slave who would rule a nation. But he knew one sure way to please both King and subject—satisfy their lust for amusement. He squandered the royal treasures—and all went madly merry as a Bacchic dance; he pulled the strings of his

puppets, Emperor and people revelled, and loved him more.

The Bishop, Nectarius, was a too easy tempered prelate, whom no dissension among orthodox, schismatic and heretic could alarm, no excess of popular carnival could ruffle. Thus did Christian Constantinople dance along hilariously to Hell, and no man said them nay.

In the year 397, Nectarius died. Eutropius, who would keep all under his thumb, began casting about for a successor who would be subservient to him as the dead prelate had been. But he favored none of the candidates who thronged the city; he must have some novelty wherewith to tickle the popular fancy and bind them the more firmly to himself. He had heard a preacher at Antioch, brilliant, persuasive and popular. Such a one would prove invaluable at Constantinople, to sound the praises of the favorite, extol his virtues, prove the wisdom of his folly. So he had the preacher carried off from Antioch and elected Bishop of Constantinople.

At once he begins to pull the strings of his new puppet, but it does not respond! Eutropius has made a sorry blunder. He sought a slave and finds a master; he sought a fawning courtier, and he finds a dauntless champion of Truth, a fire-brand, a scourge of God, a John Chrysostom.

Of the early life of St. John we shall say little. He had passed six years in the desert, a solitary. When his health had been almost destroyed by austerities, he returned to Antioch, fitted indeed to guide generous souls to God, but not sufficiently prudent to overcome evil and lead it back to the path of righteousness. And thus, while simple priest at Antioch, for twelve years he toiled ceaselessly in exhorting and comforting the people.

But when he became Bishop and was able, not only to exhort, but to command and punish, his zeal could not brook the opposition it encountered from the corrupt Court. Inevitably, he made enemies—among the rich, among the powerful; even among the clergy, as a whole degenerate. Even some good people found him at times untactful, for one of his impetuous nature must do some things only too open to evil interpretation. So, at first silently, then more openly as their numbers and strength increased, the enemies of the unyielding Apostle prepared to hurl him from his throne.

OFFICERS OF OUR LADY'S SODALITIES



II. The Struggle

JUST as Eutropius had been the human agent responsible for the coming of Chrysostom to Constantinople, so too, had his machinations placed Eudoxia, the daughter of an obscure Gaulish chieftain upon the imperial throne, spouse of Arcadius, degenerate son of Theodosius the Great. This woman, whose ambition was thus satisfied, turned all her thoughts to pleasure, and inevitably became the leader of the profligate court against whose wickedness John thundered.

But Eudoxia soon spurned the man by whose means she had risen; Eutropius found her as "ungrateful" as St. John—though the Bishop's "ingratitude" rose from his justice, while that of the Empress was the fruit of her ambition. And thus one day when Eutropius was stung over-deeply by her haughtiness and cried to the woman "Beware! the hand that led thee hither is still potent enough to chase thee hence!" she rushed in fury to the Emperor. Eutropius' doom was fixed!

Fleeing by a secret gate, and scattering dust from the road on his head and consular robe as he ran, he came to the only refuge left him—the Church; tore aside the veil that, in Eastern churches, sep-

arates the nave from the sanctuary, and clung in despair to one of the marble columns of the altar. What hope could he have? Unhappy man! in his war upon the church two years before he had signed his own death-warrant; for by an Imperial decree, he had forbidden any priest or Bishop, under pain of death, to invoke in favor of a criminal the right of sanctuary.

The tramp of soldiery is heard; a tribune enters the Church, sees the cowering fugitive and demands his surrender. The Bishop advances, refuses; and when the soldiers enter with lowered lances, he quietly says, "Only over the dead body of your Bishop will you enter this sanctuary!"

Meanwhile, news of the favorite's downfall spread to the Amphitheatre where a pleasure-mad people had come for their daily amusement. Instantly they desert the place and rush in delirious joy through the streets, shouting, "Death to Eutropius!" The legions of soldiers join them and all run to the palace. The Emperor, who had in the meantime failed to move St. John from his resolve, had no answer for them; in his weakness he wept: and the soldiers seeing his tear-reddened, foolish face, and remembering the love they

had borne his father, spared him and retired. The mob, however, went off unsatisfied, raging against Eutropius and against John. "Why does he protect the wretch? Because it is the eunuch made him Bishop. Our shepherd has betrayed us!"

The following morning, Sunday, the church was thronged with a hostile mob when the Bishop appeared, as if to preach one of those marvellous homilies which still win the admiration of the world. He raises his hand, and the immense veil is drawn aside. There all can see the insolent Consul of yesterday, in his abasement cringing and pleading to be spared, while he touches the altar. But their hearts are inflamed with hatred. No words of this Bishop who seems to have betrayed them can reach through to the softness of their hearts.

But here is St. John, not pleading for Eutropius, but painting his vanished riotous glory and calling it "vanity of vanity." By slow degrees, their rage subsides in the thought of the downfall of the tyrannous favorite, and joy surges in their breasts. Then the Bishop speaks of the Church that once Eutropius stormed against and would have enchained; now she bears no anger and seeks to protect even this monster, leaving to God and his own conscience his punishment. Oh, what an unhappy wretch he is, fearing at each instant the sword, the rack or the sickening thrust from the edge of a precipice. "Look at him, and see if I speak Truth!"

The Saint's master-hand continues to play upon their heart-strings, and after showing how God pardons, he awakens in them the noblest Christian emotions. This marvellous sermon surely deserves longer treatment than the purpose of this sketch allows. Eutropius was safe but only for a time; the Empress had him seized secretly and put to death.

Eudoxia never forgave Chrysostom for his successful efforts to save Eutropius. Nor did he leave her free to forget him. While she and the court became each day more unbridled in their conduct, he became more outspoken in his denunciation, fearing the effect upon his dear flock of this licentiousness in high places. And one day, in a sermon, he uttered the words, "Herodias is again furious; Herodias again dances; she once more demands the head of John." She could stand no more of such flouting. Decree of banishment was signed, and the Bishop was led away to the land of exile, from which he was never to return.

PAUL CUDDIHY, '24.

III. Victory in Defeat

TO Chrysostom in exile it was given to suffer long and patiently the trials of separation—separation, not from devoted friends alone and dear companions, but from the people of Constantinople, who incessantly called aloud for his gentle spiritual direction. Between him and this labor which he loved so passionately there stretched a vast and aching gulf which no man, however faithful to him, dared to bridge; for that could only be done in defiance of the Imperial decrees; and the Imperial name, even in those days of decadence, struck terror in the heart of the bravest.

So here in Cucusus, the exiled Confessor has laid on him the task, not of leading souls into the paths of righteousness by that eloquence which earned for him the name of "Golden-mouthed"; not of upbraiding an Emperor and his sinful court and calling down wrath upon them; not bringing the good ever closer to the Redeemer's feet by the tender loveliness of his example, but of patiently enduring loneliness and bodily pain while awaiting the death that was so surely approaching. He turned now ceaselessly to the Fountain of Strength for deep draughts that would enable him to bear the struggle between the Faith that is of Heaven and the despair that is of Hell. And in this struggle we find depths in his soul that we might never have found in those stirring days at the Imperial city, when he was thundering against a profligate court and a corrupt people.

Here in the wildest part of Western Asia, enduring all the hardships tyranny can invent, finding courage only in the thought that "they also serve who only stand and wait," he seems to us even greater than when he rose in the pulpit of his cathedral church amid the plaudits of his flock. In those vast, silent wastes, when the scorching flame of suffering tested him, he was not found wanting. But in his love, he cried out in the darkness for still more loneliness and suffering that his cup of sorrow might be filled to the brim and he himself be deemed worthy of the love of Christ. We find here few traces of that buoyancy of spirit that was his at Constantinople, and that so endeared him to the faithful friends who were joined to him by bonds that the might of Empire raged against in vain. Saint John is marvellously human, and his heart at Cucusus yearned for human sympathy; but the love of God ruled him here as potently as in the beautiful cathedral

of Constantinople. The Sun of Heaven still shone in his soul, and by its myriad rays his last days were lighted, and he rejoiced in the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

This attitude of John, this sublime resignation, we find traced in the letters he wrote to the dear ones in the capital. We get glimpses of the horror of his prison, where ills of body and soul pressed him down; he was keenly sensitive to any pain. His quiet dignity and his eagerness to conceal his sorrows lest he cause his friends pain, thrill us as we never were thrilled by the grandeur of his triumph over the powers of darkness in visible form. His fear lest they learn of his sorrows and weep at their inability to help him makes us yearn to know more of this Chrysostom, this man of sorrows, this voice pleading in the wilderness, not for himself but for that which alone he loved—God, the Church, his ravaged flock at Constantinople.

Meanwhile the severe Armenian winter was wasting his strength; his enemies in the Capital rejoiced to learn that his days were soon to cease. It was his death they had sought, in exiling him whose life had been a constant reproach to their profligacy and mis-rule. He was not dying soon enough to please them; and from time to time they were reminded of his existence by the ringing tones of some fresh letter wherein he exhorted and comforted the friends on whose shoulders the imperial arm fell so heavily, when they tried to save the Church from the ruin that faced the Empire. His mighty word rushed over the snowy wastes of Asia, reaching to the length and breadth of Christendom, echoing through the Imperial palace, along the naves of the basilicas and in the hermit's silent hut, as well as in the ear of the thronged cities, bearing to all a message

of strong faith and zeal for the cause of Christ. Thus, though buried in this far-off land, his enemies still heard his protest against sin and injustice.

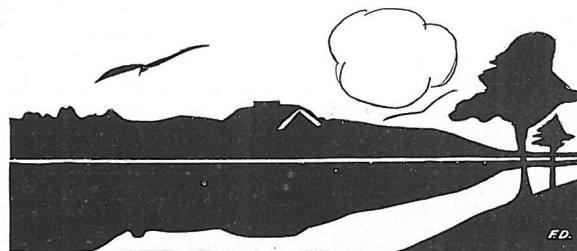
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The hour of the holy man's death is come. His enemies brooked ill his trumpet-call to action; he must be quickly removed. A new decree ordered his removal to distant Pityus. From the day he quitted Cucusus we know nothing of him; his great voice is stilled. There on the verge of Empire, amid a savage race, he passed the last few months; and then his soul went out to the God he had yearned after so passionately and so long.

Little of the manner of that passing do we know. But he who had faced so calmly the greater pains of life must have been at least as tranquil before the assaults of death; his last prayer must have been for his foes, as his last care was the Church he had served so well. His passing must have been as that of a little child going to meet a long absent father.

An insecure tradition, preserved by Palladius, tells us that "he asked for white vestments, suitable to the tenor of his past life; and, taking off his clothes of travel, he clad himself in them from head to foot, and then gave away his old ones to those about him. Then having communicated in the symbols of the Lord, he made the closing prayer, 'On present needs.' He said his customary words, 'Glory be to God for all things,' and having concluded with his last Amen, he stretched forth those feet of his which had been so beautiful in their running, whether to convey salvation to the penitent or reproof to the hardened in sin. And being gathered to his fathers, and shaking off this mortal dust, he passed to Christ." (Translation by Cardinal Newman.)

C. DOWNING, '25.



A Wish

I wish that I might be a star,
A jewel in the crown of God,—
Remote from sin, whereby we mar

This wondrous world through which we
plod
To other worlds of better sod.

BASIL G. PLUNKETT, '25.

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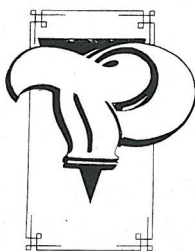
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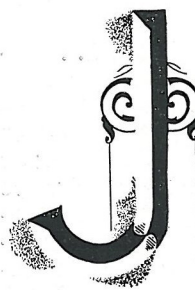
COLLEGE:—HORATIO PHELAN, '25

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POPE PIUS XI—Our first duty is eagerly to join the Catholics of the world in their rejoicings over the election of the Supreme Pontiff. Three months are scarcely ended since our Holy Father was enthroned on the Chair of Peter; and already our sorrow in the death of Benedict XV changes to new hope and joy as we see the firm hand of Pius XI guiding the Church of Christ. Humbly do we beg His Holiness to bless our work, assuring him of our filial love and devotion.

* * * *



JUBILEE YEAR—Twenty-five years—a small stretch of time in the world's history—may yet be big with import when they have witnessed the conception, beginning and realization of some noble plan whereby one or numerous groups of men have been bettered. Such has been the past quarter of a century in the small but ever-widening educational circle at whose centre stands

Loyola College. Unheralded, almost unnoticed, a small band under the guidance of Father Gregory O'Bryan began, in this home of English-speaking Catholics in Quebec, to lay the foundations of a solid educational edifice; to-day, after twenty-five years of ceaseless progress, we see their goal, if not attained, yet safely within our grasp. For no one, examining our labors however superficially, can fail to see that we live—and that we live the full-blooded life of young Canada, holding high the torch of Catholic education.

What our founders hoped has been realized—and sooner perhaps and better than they hoped. To-day Loyola stands in a secure position; and yet the life that is in her yearns for a greater field, an ever-expanding sphere of activity. We shall strive in the future as in the past to be worthy of the high calling to which Divine Providence has so surely led us. Thus only can we fulfil our trust; thus only can we prepare ourselves for greater things; thus only can we repay the loyalty of the countless friends and benefactors, who have watched and toiled and now rejoice with us.

The early generations of Loyola Boys have risen high in every profession; later generations are following in their foot-

steps. Scattered in many parts of the world, they reflect glory on the founders of Loyola and on the high ideals that inspired their work. They have made men better, by their unwavering loyalty to their country and to their God. And so we proudly call on them to join in this our Jubilee—proudly and joyfully, for we are proud of them and are strengthened in the thought of their gratitude to their Alma Mater.

* * * *



CLOSED RETREATS —

"The Fathers would send forth to the world, not men who have acquired subjects, but educated on a great variety of subjects, but educated men, men of sound judgment, of keen and vigorous intellect, of upright and manly conscience." (Loyola Prospectus.) — The closer our Professors attain to this, the ideal of Jesuit Colleges the world over, the greater should be the number of Old Boys who make themselves remarkable for a certain powerful combination of intellectual and moral qualities. Is it unfair to take as a criterion of that number the success of the Closed Retreats for Catholic laymen, held at the College during the summer months? If not, then we may greatly rejoice in the five Retreats given this past summer to a total number of ninety-nine men. Among these were a larger number of Old Boys than in any preceding year. It was especially gratifying to find among them several young men who are still in different Universities. That they should make the sacrifice of much-loved vacation-time for the toil of a Retreat is a proof of the deep foundations of their faith. The lesson has not been lost upon us, the growing generation of Catholics. We are pleased to hear that five Retreats are to be given this year.

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U.D.L.—Since the formation of the first Literary Society at Loyola in the Fall of 1896, the standard maintained in our College debates has been consistently high. The subjects chosen usually demanded careful preparatory reading and deep reflexion, and often called for impassioned appeal to the emotions. The students were ever remarkable for their manly bearing, winning equal

praise in defeat and victory. And when they left their Alma Mater, whether to enter political life or to continue their studies in a University, they soon showed the fruits of their training in L. C. Debating Society.

It is therefore gratifying to see our efforts and successes acknowledged by other Debating Societies. The invitation, cordially extended to Loyola by the Inter-University Debating League to join that body, was as gladly accepted. We are confident that this annual contest with debaters from the great universities will work most beneficial effects in our College debates. The success of our men in the first contest was most encouraging; we only regret that press of time prevented the more experienced debaters of Queen's University giving our men the opportunity to test their mettle.

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LOYOLA SPORTSMANSHIP—

In an editorial on "Reform in College Athletics," *America* (April 1, 1922), says that as a result of certain inherent evils in the American system "Teams were formed, not to play the game, primarily, nor to afford the largest possible number of students an opportunity for health-giving exercise, but to WIN. . . . The old days, in which practically every student took part in inter-class contests soon passed; . . . the fields were required for the 'varsity teams'; and in general every activity was subordinated to the one great purpose of acquiring a winning assemblage of athletes. . . . The 'tramp' athlete made his appearance, along with the student (gifted with brawn rather than brain) who specialized in 'snap courses', and his brother who for imperative reasons of health annually withdrew at the close of the athletic season. . . . College games soon became comparable with the travelling circus or caravan, 'intended to entertain the crowds', as Chief Justice Taft has recently observed, 'but not for the real good of the school.' Nor were these conditions calculated to foster a relish for truth and honor among the students." After noting that the tide is turning, the *Catholic Weekly* continues, "The hope for a return to sanity in the management and control of collegiate athletics is therefore bright."

We have quoted this article at length, because it shows most clearly what Athletics at Loyola are *NOT*. To accept this statement, a visitor would have merely to see our playing fields in the different seasons. In winter, two rinks are covered with boys of every age throughout the recreation periods. Twenty-seven intramural teams, grouped in six leagues (from midget to senior) have each their hour assigned; often ten games have been played in a holiday afternoon. In football, two full-sized gridirons are in constant use; while, any spring afternoon, the visitor will find three and four games of baseball in progress.—And in *EVERY* sport is manifested the traditional gentlemanliness, for whose preservation the Seniors give us such a fine example of zealous watchfulness.

But, since athletics in other colleges have been brought to such a sorry state, we should learn our lesson and never permit conditions to develop which are not "calculated to foster a relish for truth and honor among the students." We ought to be ever ready to applaud a fine play by an opposing team; we should not condemn a referee merely because his decision is unfavorable; we should make our ultimate aim, not victory, but honor. For we *DO* win

*quotiens bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum praetulit utili.*

This spirit will always bring us victory, even in defeat. This has our spirit always been. For, often a lapse from this high ideal might have brought us victory; but our men have never forgotten that they were gentlemen. And such must our spirit always be, for that is Loyola Sportsmanship.

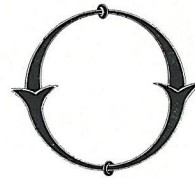
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IMPROVED CURRICULUM.—Because of the increasing number of graduates, it was decided to take this year a step that had become necessary—i.e., to give elective courses in Junior and Senior years. Philosophy and other fundamental studies are, of course, obligatory for all students, but arrangements have been made for pre-Law, pre-Science and pre-Medicine classes. These give our students all the advantages of a classical course and at the same time shorten their university term; for example, a Bachelor of Arts or Science from Loyola is now admitted without further examination to

Third Year Medicine at McGill. It is evident how great an advantage is thus secured. To draw full profit from these changes, the equipment of the different laboratories has been greatly increased, and still greater improvements will be made next year.

* * * *



UR REVIEW.—We note with proud delight the increasing number of articles in Loyola College Review that are commented on and even copied with acknowledgments by other College Journals. This is a gratifying tribute to the training given at Loyola in effective English. Thanks!

* * * *



SCHOLARSHIPS.—Owing to the long delay in issuing the 1921 Review, we were able to publish in that number the results of the Scholarship Examinations held last June. There are now registered at the College forty holders of Scholarships, following the courses in the different classes of High School and College, with distinction to themselves and to the College. This means that slightly less than one-ninth of the total number of students owe their education to the generosity of Old Boys or to the College authorities. No more useful or meritorious way of expending a sum of money could be imagined than this of founding a Scholarship and thus providing an eight-year classical course for deserving and intelligent boys. And yet, through lack of funds, the College may soon be unable to grant any new Scholarships—a most regrettable contingency, that we hope may never eventualize.

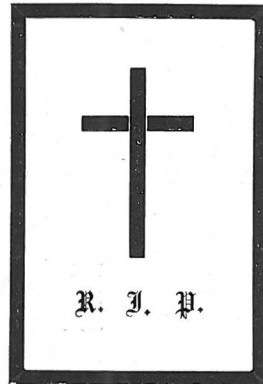
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ADVERTISING STAFF.—Congratulations! The Review *HAD* to be much larger in this Jubilee Year. But, alas! that meant that we had to find so much more money to pay for it. At the first conference about means of obtaining the needed sum, the Advertising Staff cheered us by gallantly offering to

obtain a much larger sum in advertisements than in former years. And they succeeded! No difficulty daunted them, no rebuff cooled their eagerness. Where many a trained business man would have turned back discouraged, they prevailed.

This loyalty through difficulties was a great encouragement to the other departments.—And loyalty was their one motive, for no part of the amount paid was claimed by them as commission. Again, hearty congratulations, and thanks!



Deceased Members of Staff and Student Body of Loyola College

Rev. Peter Cassidy, S.J.	Jan. 19, 1902	Rev. Victor Hudon, S.J.	Oct. 4, 1913
Rev. John Coffee, S.J.	Sept. 26, 1916	Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J.	Jan. 19, 1918
Rev. John Connolly, S.J.	Nov. 16, 1911	Rev. Isidor Kavanagh, S.J.	June 5, 1920
Rev. O. Bernard Devlin, S.J.	June 4, 1915	Rev. George Kenny, S.J.	Sept. 26, 1912
Rev. Wm. Doherty, S.J.	March 3, 1907	Rev. Rod. Lachapelle, S.J.	Feb. 19, 1901
Rev. Daniel Donovan, S.J.	Nov. 25, 1921	Rev. Moses Malone, S.J.	Jan. 14, 1922
Rev. Denis Dumesnil, S.J.	May 5, 1918	Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J.	June 6, 1907
Rev. John Forhan, S.J.	Aug. 11, 1916	Rev. Eugene Schmidt, S.J.	May 21, 1904
Rev. Martin Fox, S.J.	July 27, 1915	Rev. Lactance Sigouin, S.J.	March 29, 1898
Rev. Alex. Gagnieur, S.J.	Feb. 10, 1921	Rev. Adrien Turgeon, S.J.	Sept. 8, 1912
Rev. Auguste Girard, S.J.	Jan. 20, 1916	Mr. Francis Coll, S.J.	Jan. 12, 1900
Rev. Joseph Grenier, S.J.	May 4, 1913	Bro. George Brown, S.J.	Dec. 7, 1901
Rev. Peter Hamel, S.J.	June 6, 1905	Mr. Cuthbert Udall	July 5, 1911
Rev. Benjamin Hazelton, S.J.	Sept. 1, 1908		

Acton, William
Anglin, Francis
Armstrong, Lawrence
Barbeau, Lawrence
Barnston, Stuart
Baxter, Quigg
Bergeron, Patrick
Blanchard, George
Bonin, René
Brady, Terence
Brown, Henry
Browne, William
Burke, Jack L.
Butler, Herbert
Cagney, Clarence
Carbray, Edward
Carrier, Charles
Caveny, Martin
Chevalier, Jacques
Cloran, Edward
Cloran, Glendyn
Collins, Nulsen
Condon, Leo
Conroy, Emmett
Conroy, Paul
Cooke, Benedict

Coughlan, Patrick
Daly, George
Dandurand, Hervé
Delisle, Alexander
Dissette, Arthur
Dissette, Francis
Domville, J. deBeaujeu
Doody, Francis
Doran, Francis
Dwyer, Edward
Farley, Howard
Farrell, Edward
Finch, Gerald
French, Francis
Grant, Frederick
Grant, James
Hingston, Basil
Hooper, James
Howe, John
Hudson, Stanton
Johnson, Melvin
Johnston, John
Kavanagh, Joseph
Kearns, Raymond
Keyes, Michael
Lafontaine, Paul

LeBoutillier, Leo
Lelièvre, Roger
Lemieux, Rodolphe
Macdonald, Fraser
Magann, Edward
Maguire, Francis
Marson, Robert
Marson, Walter
McArthur, Donald
McGee, Francis
McGee, James
McGoldrick, John
McGovern, Arthur
McKenna, Adrian
McKenna, Francis
McNamee, Francis
Milloy, Francis
Monk, Henry
Morgan, Henry
Nagle, Gregory
O'Boyle, Desmond
O'Brien, Donald
O'Brien, Richard
O'Connor, James
O'Gorman, George

O'Leary, John
Owens, Sargent
Pagé, Séverin
Palardy, Guy
Pearson, Chisholm
Pearson, William A.
Pérodeau, Charles
Plunkett, Edward
Poupore, Leo
Power, J. Rockett
Rolland, Wilfrid
Rousseau, Henry
Ryan, Francis
Shallow, Arthur
Shallow, John
Shortall, Leo
Smith, Arthur
Smith, Charles F.
Stafford, Joseph
Tate, Louis
Varenes (de), Henri
Viau, Wilfrid
Vidal, Maurice
Walsh, John P.
Wilkins, John

"Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord."

Obituary

Rev. Father Donovan, S.J.

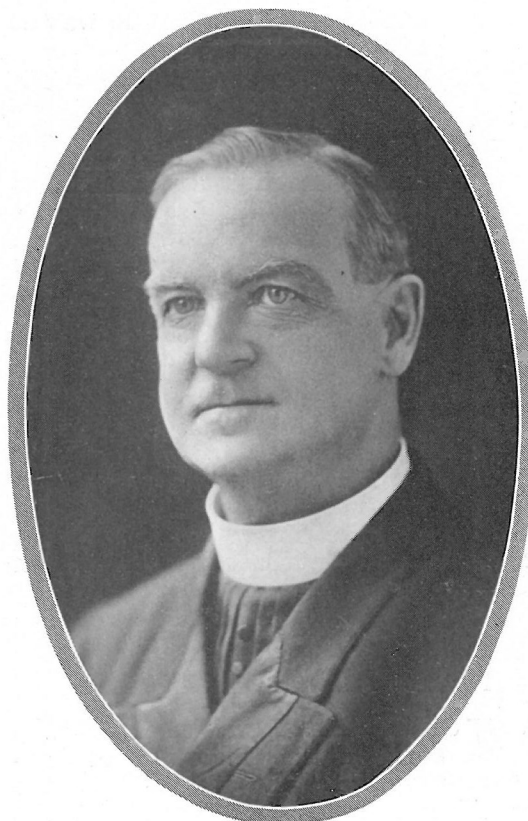
THE late Father Donovan was attached to Loyola in 1898, being one of the College Staff that opened the Drummond Street building. At other times he came to the College whether for an occasional sermon or to preach the annual retreat. A short account of his life will, therefore, recall pleasant memories to his friends and offer to all the inspiring spectacle of a zealous priest.

Daniel Donovan was born at Wakefield, Mass., in November, 1855; but his family moved six years later to Montreal, and he received his early education from the able and pious Christian Brothers, among his teachers being the great Br. Servillian. At fifteen years of age he was entered as a boarder at St. Mary's College, having among his fellow-students Rt. Hon. C. J. Doherty, Rt. Rev. D. J. Feehan, Bishop of Fall River, His Honor Justice Purcell, the late Rev. Isidor Kavanagh, S.J., and Dr. Frank Devlin, the distinguished alienist.

On July 30, 1877, young Donovan entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet. On the completion of his two years' probation, he, along with Father Kavanagh, was sent to England to complete his philosophical and theological studies.

When the Jesuits were driven from France in 1883, they found refuge in Mold, a small town in North Wales, near St. Winifred's Well. Mr. Donovan was sent to act as interpreter and teacher of English, while still studying theology. And here, on the feast of our Lady's Nativity, 1885, he was raised to the priesthood. His aged father went over from Montreal to serve his son's first Mass; such is the faith of the Irish, for whom there is "no reward like hearing Mass."

When the young priest returned to Canada, an important work awaited him. The C.P.R. was just stretching out over the Great West, and towns rose quickly around the construction camps. Father Donovan was assigned a parish several hundreds of miles long, centered at Sudbury and confined to a few miles on either side of the railway tracks.



The daily routine included saying Mass in a shanty or on the open prairie at four o'clock in the morning, riding long hours on a pony midst heat or snow, sleeping in the open. Such outings were gloriously lonely, but surely more enjoyable than having to sleep in a half-breed's best bed, or being regaled with an Indian wedding-breakfast, of which each guest chose the dainties from the great family boiling-pot!

Father Donovan and his fellow-missionaries were often in the saddle ten long days, just to visit a dying man—track-layer, pioneer or Indian. When finally trains began to run and Sudbury, the Soo, Port Arthur and Fort William grew from hamlets into towns, Father Donovan settled down to regular parish work in one or other of these cities.

After nearly twenty-five years of this work, he was recalled to Montreal in 1911, to organize the English-speaking families of Immaculate Conception parish into what is now St. Dominic's parish. In

March, 1913, he returned to Port Arthur as Superior; after three years he was sent to Sudbury, and later to Guelph. He was getting up in years now and his body called for rest. But in December, 1919, sudden need arose of a parish priest in Fort William. Without a murmur, Father Donovan undertook the task. He was at his new post little over a year when God, satisfied with the long life of sacrifice, called him to eternal repose. He died, fortified with the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, on November 25, 1921.

To the last he was the messenger of the Gospel, ever spending his energy for the good of his flock. In the few months at Fort William, he had already organized a Sodality and an Altar Society, and had the church re-painted, carpeted and adorned with a magnificent Way of the Cross. He was ever a prudent, zealous priest, a self-denying, humble religious.

The remains were brought to Montreal and buried in the cemetery of the Jesuit Novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet, where so many generations of Jesuit workers lie. Writ large on the Cross at the end of the graveyard are the consoling words, "In spem resurrectionis."

* * *

Father M. C. Malone, S.J.

Moses Charles Malone was born on the thirteenth of January, 1875, at Montreal, of the late Alderman Moses Malone and his wife, Margaret Meany, both natives of County Wexford, Ireland. Having received his early education at the hands of the Christian Brothers in St. Ann's School, the boy went to St. Laurent College; and having completed his classical course in 1897, he entered the Jesuit novitiate in September of that year. Fellow-novices of his were Reverend Fathers Hingston and Primeau.

In 1899, he was sent to Florissant, Missouri, to make the rapid two-year review of the classics that is customary in the Society of Jesus, and in 1901 returned to Montreal to study philosophy in the College of the Immaculate Conception.

The first three years of his teaching period were spent at St. Mary's College, and it was not until 1906 that he became a member of the staff of Loyola. For three years he was Prefect of Recreation, and was as capable as he was well-liked.

After his ordination in 1912, he returned to Loyola and was named Professor of Third Grammar (Second High). He was very successful with his large



class of nearly forty boys, if we may judge by the affectionate and enthusiastic manner in which they recall his memory. The following year, when he laid aside the Doctor's gown for the Marshal's baton (for a Prefect of Discipline is, in the boys' eyes, a stern Field-Marshal), a good understanding was easily effected with the student body. For he knew and was known.

Naturally kind-hearted and jovial, he could at need be prompt and severe. He viséed with ready grace the excuses of late-comers and of absentees; yet inveterate laziness or insubordination he chastised unsparingly. Many recall with a laugh how, on a holiday afternoon, when the line of petitioners for leave to go into the city seemed unending, he would saunter forth from his Sanctum; the left hand was poised in his girdle as if at a sword-hilt; he would scrutinize the line of waiting boys in feigned amazement; then, solemnly pointing with his right hand to the playgrounds, remark that they must surely have all lost their way that day.

Father Malone was still in charge during the migration from Drummond Street, and he was in addition appointed Minister. In this latter capacity, he had to oversee the meals prepared for the students. A graduate of this year of 1922 boldly asserts that Father Malone used daily to visit the refectory and ask the boys what they liked best—yes, and, greater wonder

still, the menus were drawn up and the platters filled accordingly. "*O tempora, O mores.*" We are reduced to scientific repasts. Everything is now made to conform to an exactly balanced, iron-bound menu decreed by a prim, white-gowned dietician. Culinary chemistry is not a *social science*, and the way of Father Malone is a lost art!

In February, 1918, an attack of heart-weakness obliged Father Malone to give over his onerous duties; he was suffering from some heart-trouble, of which a specialist had warned him eleven years before. His physicians ordered his removal to some warmer climate, and as a result we find Father Malone Assistant Pastor in the Jesuit Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Los Angeles. Here his health, though much improved, was still precarious; and at the beginning of the last year of his life the attacks of heart-failure became so frequent as to cause serious alarm. His brother James, who went to visit him about that time, remained near at hand, not knowing when the end would come.

We now quote from the "Catholic Monthly" of Los Angeles: "The final call for our universally beloved Father Malone came with startling suddenness. On the day of his death, Saturday, January 14th, he had offered the Holy Sacrifice and was in the best of spirits. Before noon he had gone to the bedside of a dying man to administer the last sacraments, little thinking that his own hour was so soon to strike. At the mid-day luncheon he was spirited and cheerful, and at four o'clock in the afternoon set out to call at the home of one of his parishioners. On the way friends complimented him on his looking so well. They had never seen him looking better. He told them he felt well. Some ten minutes later, while seated in the home of this parishioner, his over-tired heart, which he had made sustain him so long amidst great difficulties, ceased to beat. It was the end.

"Such a man and such a priest as Father Malone was, could not have other than a sympathetic nature; that is why he was sought by those in trouble. He was for the same reason sought as a confessor and spiritual director. He spoke French as fluently as his native tongue, and his fine Irish blood gave him a keen sense of humor. Rarely free from suffering, he preserved through it, for the sake of those about him, his cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit. His powers of imitation were marked and afforded much amusement for his friends. He could mimic the in-

tonations and idioms of a dozen nationalities, and speaking over the 'phone, in one of his assumed characters, he could completely deceive the closest of his friends; as a Canadian "*habitant*" he was perfect.

"What a combination of lovely traits met here! And he is gone. The frail body, worn out in the service of his Master, was taken, at the request of his family, away north to Canada, to be buried in the cemetery of the Jesuit Novitiate near his native city. He leaves a sister, Miss Johanna Malone, President of St. Anthony's Villa, and two brothers, Messrs. John E. and James H. Malone. To them goes the sympathy of thousands of his Los Angeles friends."

The Montreal requiem service was held in our College Chapel. During the vigil and service, all who approached the open coffin were impressed with the repose and dignity of his countenance. He was chilled and whitened by death, yet as he lay, robed in sacerdotal vestments of purple color, his mute appeal to be ever cheerful and prayerful, to be ever patient and zealous, even amidst sufferings, was well understood by all. It struck home in a special manner in the hearts of the many loyal and grateful Old Boys, who came in numbers from all parts of the island.

* * *

THE EDITORS OF LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW, speaking in the name of the entire Student Body, wish to express their deep sympathy with Hugh Clarke, H.S. '24, and William Sheridan, H.S. '24, both of whom lost their mother during the year, and with William Fennell, H.S. '24, whose sister was called to her heavenly home.

* * *

FRANCIS W. F. ANGLIN was at Loyola in 1914 and 1915, winning the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. After two years, he left us to continue his studies at St. Francis Xavier, and was still at that University when he heard the call of his country for defenders in the war. He served with the Royal Naval Air Service, and shortly after the armistice met with an accident while flying. Later he returned to St. Francis Xavier's and in June, 1921, received the degree of B.A.

And now, just as he was about to take up the study of law, in which a bright future was assured him, death came with startling suddenness. While travelling in an automobile outside his native Ottawa, the car swerved into a ditch and crashed against the fence. Suffering greatly from internal injuries, Mr. Anglin was hurried



to the hospital, but the doctors soon were forced to give up hope. Fortified by the last Sacraments, he expired on Thursday, July 28, 1921.

To the bereaved family and especially to our fellow-student, Eddie, we respectfully offer our heart-felt sympathy.

* * *

Mary Immaculate

"Quod Deus imperio, tu prece, Virgo potes."

Virgin, pure of heart and mind,
Mary, blest of womankind,
Thou from every sin exempt,
Holding all sin in contempt,—
Virgin Mother, for us pray;
Macula non est in te!

Lead us from the haunts of sin,
From the world's Satanic din,—
Thou who art so pure and fair!
Lead us up to Heaven, where
Thou dost shine so bright, we pray.
Macula non est in te.

BASIL CUDDIHY, '25.



Loyola at McGill

WITH the publication of this Review is associated the celebration of Loyola's Silver Jubilee; what then could be more fitting than that she should make her first inventory of the accomplishments and benefits derived from her twenty-five years existence? And as she carefully surveys the various avocations of life, classifying into several groups the hundreds who have passed through her careful training and moulding, as she nods her head in silent satisfaction and justifiable pride at the success realized by those for whom she toiled, there is one group which attracts her attention. In this group are placed those who are still continuing their studies, that later on, as leaders of their chosen professions, they may the more eagerly point to Loyola not only as the stepping stone but also as the true foundation of their achievements.

A few years ago, an article entitled "Loyola at McGill" would have required but a few lines; but not so to-day, for not only have the numbers of Loyola students

proceeding to McGill materially increased, but also in like proportion, has their fame and reputation.

Of those students let it be said that notwithstanding the new associations they may join, the new friendships they may acquire, they still remain true sons of Loyola. I have yet to meet a Loyola Old Boy at McGill who does not readily inquire and eagerly listen to news about Loyola. I have yet to attend a meeting of Loyola Old Boys which did not number several actual McGill students.

Of this year's graduates at McGill the faculty of Law claims two former Loyola students, W. Roy Dillon, and Harold Kavanagh, both of whom have been very prominent in undergraduate affairs at McGill. The former as Vice-President of the Debating Society, represented McGill upon several occasions in the inter-collegiate debates, and was also leader of the opposition at the Mock Parliaments; the latter gained favor by his several contributions to the McGill Daily—short notes of advice and wisdom mingled with a par-

ticular delicate humor. A short perusal of the records of these students, assures us that brilliant careers await these two new young lawyers. In the same faculty, in second year is the popular Jacques Sénécal, who not only is found among the leaders of his class but also in all activities connected with the faculty.

The faculty of Applied Science though not numbering among this year's graduates any former Loyola students, contains several able men who will doubtless do honor to their former Alma Mater.

James Quinlan graduates next year in the department of Civil Engineering. In second year is Leo Timmins, who not only finds time to win honors in examinations but also to distinguish himself on the campus. In the same year is M. P. Malone who is also meeting with considerable success. Our first year representatives are A. J. Chabot, who at once proceeded to lead his class, and Paul Massé. All of these are making steady progress and in a few years will prove valuable additions to the "Plumbing" trade. In the same faculty is Fernand Terroux, one of last year's graduates, who aspires to lofty heights in taking the honor course.

If we are to judge by superior numbers, we must admit that the study of Medicine appeals most to Loyola's sons. Undismayed by the present apparent surplus of M.D.'s, these embryo medcs. are steadily plodding ahead with one goal in view, their being future leaders in the medical domain.

Of those who have recently graduated from Loyola, and are now occupied in the study and improvement of the human structure, are Wilfrid Noonan, F. V. Hudon and Joseph Ryan. While at Loyola these students enjoyed universal popularity, being engaged in various college activities, and to them is due in no small measure the steady growth and success of the Loyola College Review. Now at McGill their organizing ability is a very valuable asset to the Columbian Club. Norman Peterson, is one of the most prominent students at McGill, having filled practically every position on the McGill Daily from cub reporter to President. Another med. is Edward Amos. The health of Lachine will be entrusted to worthy hands when Eddie graduates. There is also Norman Massé, Edwin and Albert Galipeau and Walter Charland.

Such is a brief outline of those who, whilst among kind friends at Collège, contemplated with awe the day on which they should enter upon under-graduate work in McGill, only to find themselves received most warm-heartedly by the thousands who annually attend the greatest university in the Dominion.

Great as has been the success gained, in the past, by our men attending the university, may we not look forward with eager anticipation to the near future when McGill will look upon Loyola as the source from which much of her best talent can be drawn.

McLOYGILL.



OLD-TIME
FOOTBALL
GROUP





OLD LOYOLA, 68 DRUMMOND STREET (1898 1915)

History of Loyola College

IT is unfortunate that one of the Old Guard could not have found the time to write this story of Loyola's steady advance from an idea to the proud reality of to-day. There are still living several of those who in those distant days of 1896 (days so far off in the past of our young nation that they witnessed Sir Wilfrid Laurier's first accession to the Premiership of Canada) threw themselves with their full strength of youth into the task of founding this English-speaking Quebec Catholic College. Their narrative of those days would have been complete and authoritative; ours cannot but be disproportionate and inadequate. But since the imperative call of more important duties prevents their undertaking this task, we enter upon it under their guidance and encouragement.

We are still, of course, too close to the stir of those pioneer days to hope for a definitive history of Loyola. That can only come when, in the perspective of time, we can judge of the means the found-

ers took to carry out their high idea, and how completely they succeeded. This, therefore, can be no more than a "brief chronicle of the time." And yet we hope that, on this very account, it will prove more enjoyable to Loyola's Old Boys. For we shall endeavor to follow our Alma Mater up the hill of success, culling here and there some incident, relatively unimportant perhaps, and yet rich in its power to awaken pleasant memories, in the hearts even more than in the heads of our predecessors on the benches of Loyola. And if, by our feeble efforts, we shall have succeeded in reviving vividly within them the joys—and sorrows!—of their boyhood days, we shall think we have succeeded in our difficult task.

Nominally, the English course at St. Mary's College was begun in 1888; it had in reality existed for many years previous to that date. To give a single instance. Rhetoric was taught for some time by Father Doherty, S.J. and Humanities by Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J. If Eng-

lish-speaking Jesuits were thus teaching the highest classes in Letters, we may conclude that the numerous English boys at the College were receiving an adequate education in their mother-tongue. In fact, for some years when an Essay had to be written, the English boys wrote in English, the French in French on the one subject.

But the idea was slowly growing more distinct and clear that a wholly English education and atmosphere was a possibility, as it was a necessity. At length in 1896, the former convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart (South-East corner of Bleury and St. Catherine streets) was leased and preparations were made for the opening of the long-prayed-for College in September. On August the fifteenth, Father Gregory O'Bryan and (the then) Mr. F. Wafer Doyle, S.J., took up residence in the new building; on September the second, Loyola became an institution. From this point, we shall summarize events year by year and very briefly, in accordance with the plan laid down above.

Scholastic Year 1896-1897.

September 2—College opens with 28 boarders (later 42) and a total registration of 151. Three classes were taught, Preparatory, Rudiments (First High) and Third Grammar (Second High). The Staff consisted of Father O'Bryan, Rector; Fathers Cotter, Devine, Kavanagh, and Sigouin, with the Jesuit Scholastics, Messrs. Doyle, Gagnieur, Hazelton, Kunkel and T. Malone. Brothers Brown and Morrison were in charge of the dormitories, etc.

October—The first Retreat was preached by Father O'Bryan. Within a month after the resumption of classes each year, the students are obliged to make a retreat. The results of this spiritual labor are incalculable; without it, the development of character would be seriously impeded. And many an Old Boy looks back thankfully on one or other of these retreats when, guided by a holy confessor, he laid solidly the foundations of a Christian life. We gratefully place here a list of the Jesuit Fathers who have thus helped us since the beginning: 1896, Father O'Bryan; 1897, Father Rigby, of Demerara, British Guiana; 1898, no retreat, because of the building operations which continued until late November; 1899, Father Turgeon, later Rector of Loyola; 1900, Father Kavanagh; 1901, Father David Plante; 1902, Father Dev-

lin; 1903, Father Eugene Carré; 1904, Father Kiefer; 1905, Father Kenny; 1906, Father David Plante; 1907, Father Gagnieur; 1909, Father Naish; 1910, Father Drummond; 1911, Father Donovan; 1912, Father Mulry; 1913, Father Cox; 1914, Father F. Wafer Doyle; 1915, Father Ennis, Rector of Loyola, Baltimore; 1916, Father Gorman; 1917, Father Filion, present Provincial of the Jesuits in Canada; 1918, Father Casey; 1919, Father Morgan; 1920, Father Stanton; 1921, Father O'Rourke.

November—In the autumn of this first year, the Loyola Literary Society was formed by Father Gagnieur. Later, membership was restricted to the students of the Arts' Course.

December—First Class Specimen at Loyola. We note the names: Brady, Kernan, Gleeson, Ryan, Hoyt.

June—Msgr. (now Cardinal) Merry del Val, Papal Ablegate, dines at the College.

1897-1898.

September 2—Classes resumed with total registration of 186; 54 boarders. A second house on Bleury street was leased and prepared for three class-rooms.

January 12—Fire discovered at six in the morning; three thousand dollars damage. That night the boys were gladly sheltered in St. Mary's College.—No luck! Next morning classes resume at Loyola!!

February 9—"Tucker School," 68 Drummond street, leased and occupied today.

April 10—His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi comes to bless the College. An address of welcome is read by a student; dinner with the Faculty.

May 19—Several students make their First Communion in the College Chapel.

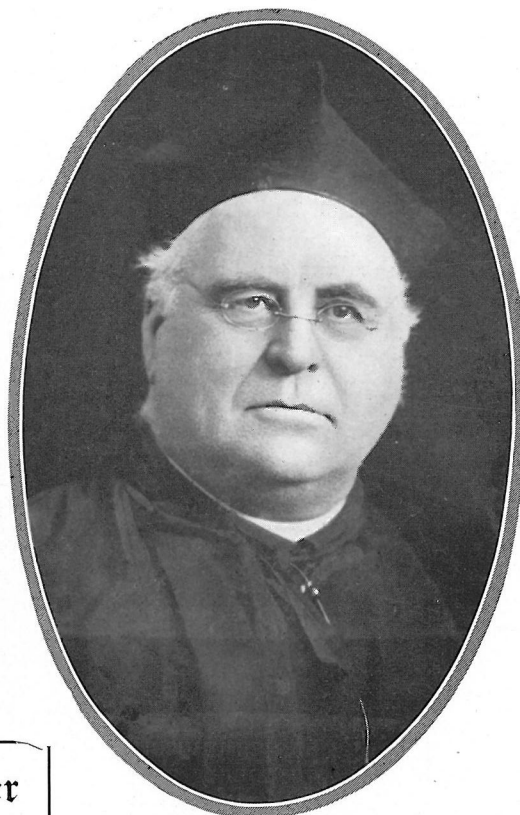
June 28—Commencement in Karn Hall. Many a heart will beat faster at mention of this hall, as each recalls how he proudly walked to the platform to receive the prize for prowess in class or on the field. For several years, it was used by us for Commencement Exercises, Class Specimens, and for the distribution of Field Day Prizes.

1898-1899.

September 14—Opening. During the summer a wing, 144 by 32 feet, at right

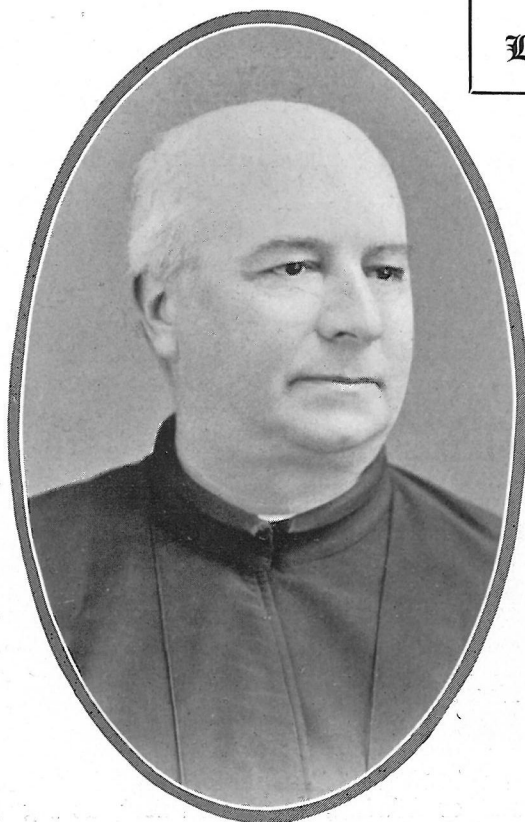


Rev. GREGORY O'BRYAN, S.J.

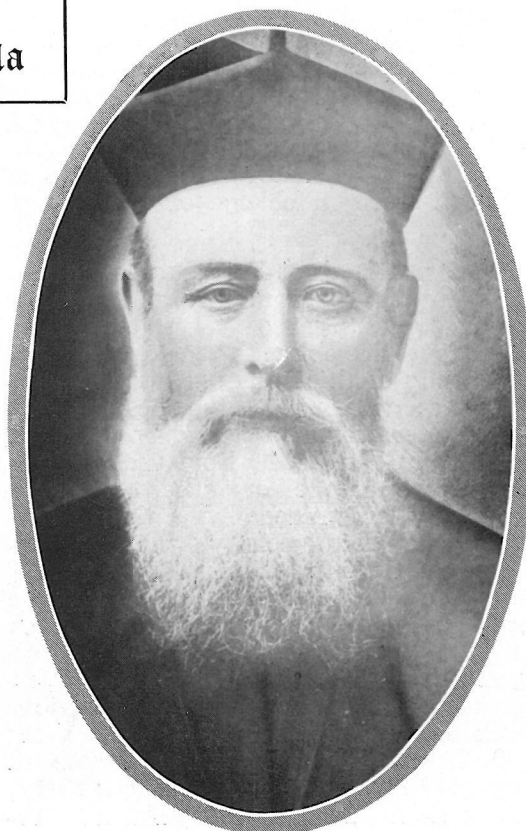


Rev. ARTHUR JONES, S.J.

Former
Rectors
of
Loyola



Rev. A. D. TURGEON, S.J.



Rev. WM. DOHERTY, S.J.



Rev. ALEX. GAGNIEUR, S.J.

angles to the old building, was begun; but could not be occupied until November.

October 25—Loyola's First Field Day, at M.A.A.A. grounds, morning and afternoon. Our first college colors—old gold and dark blue—waved everywhere. Large crowd and perfect weather conditions.

November 14—Distribution of prizes in Karn Hall. Speeches by Sir William Hingston, Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P. and Father O'Bryan.

December 1—Conversazione held in the College from eight to ten-thirty in the evening to help defray the expenses of furnishing the new Chapel.

April—In the spring of this year, by an Act of the Provincial Government, Loyola College was incorporated; and by an extension of the Papal Constitution "Jamdudum" of February 2, 1889, students after passing satisfactory examinations at Loyola, are granted by Laval University the degrees for which they have qualified.

May 8—A Class Specimen by First Grammar (not the first in time but the first of which so numerous details remain) was given in Karn Hall under the direction of Fathers Cotter and Fox and Mr. Gaume, S.J. The program follows: Introductory remarks, Terence Brady; LATIN: Catilinarian conspiracy, Arthur Sullivan; Appreciation of Cicero, Edwin

Cummings; Latin Quantity, Peter Donovan; Concertation, T. Tansey, J. Downes, R. Hart, F. McKenna, A. Lortie, R. McIlhone, J. Murphy. ALGEBRA: J. Downes; FRENCH: H. Monk and E. Cummings; ("purity of idiom and accent that we do not expect of boys trained in English colleges!" Montreal True Witness.) GREEK: Concertation.

June—Two life-sized statues, of the Sacred Heart and of Saint Aloysius, were donated by the students, the names of the donors being enclosed in a gold ex-voto heart in the hand of Our Lord. The statue of Saint Aloysius is now to be seen at the entrance to the "cubicle" dormitory, while that of the Sacred Heart is at the entrance to the Chapel.

July 4—Father William Doherty is named President, to succeed Father O'Bryan; but ill-health compelled him to retire on October 28, Father O'Bryan returning to the post.

1899-1900.

September 7—Opening; total registration 182.

October 3—Second Field Day on M.A.A.A. grounds.

1900-1901.

September 6—Classes resumed; registration 169.



Rev. THOS. McMAHON, S.J.

October 11—Third Field Day on M.A.A.A. grounds.

June 23—Father Arthur E. Jones appointed President.

1901-1902.

September—This year saw the first class of Philosophy at Loyola. The authorities had not tried to force the growth of the College, but laid a sure foundation by adding, each year, the next higher class. The members of Special Latin of 1897 were thus come to Philosophy in 1901, having as Professor of Philosophy,

May—Class Specimen by First Year Philosophy. J. Shallow and H. Monk defended theses against A. Lortie and E. McGuire; essays by P. Donovan, J. Downes and F. McKenna.

1902-1903.

October 7—Fifth Field Day at M.A.A.A. grounds.

December 22—Very successful Class Specimen by Second Year Philosophy, the same students defending against the same objectors as last May. The following essays were read: Vivisection, F. McKenna;



Father Martin Fox, and Father Isidor Kavanagh for Sciences.

October 8—Fourth Field Day.

December 7—Death of Brother Brown, who won the lasting affection of every boy the first time he met him. A fatherly kindness radiated from the good old man, and he lightened the homesickness of many a boy, torn from his mother's care for the first time. He had been at the College from its opening day.

December 8—Establishment of the first Sodality B.V.M. at Loyola, by Father David Plante. Boarders and day-boys were grouped together.

May 1—Reception of Sodalists in the Holy Angels' Sodality.

De jure (in Latin), J. Shallow; Socialism, J. Downes; "Argument from design," P. Donovan.

June 22—Witnessed the first conferring of degrees on Loyola graduates, in Karn Hall. The Vicar-General of the diocese, Msgr. Racicot, delivered a much-appreciated address. The graduates were: H. Monk (valedictorian), J. Shallow (medalist), P. Donovan, F. McKenna, J. Downes, E. McGuire, and A. Lortie.

1903-1904.

September—Opened with one hundred and ninety-one pupils.

September 29—Sixth Field Day at M.A.A.A. grounds.

December 21—First Grammar (Fourth High) gives Class Specimen on Julius Caesar: Sketch of his life, Gaul before the Roman conquest, Latin imitative composition, Roman army on the march, le camp romain, bridge across the Rhine. A dialogue in Greek capped the evening's pleasure.

June 21—Conferring of degrees this time in King's Hall, 2463 St. Catherine. Addresses by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi and by Msgr. Sbarette, Apostolic Delegate. The degree of B.A. was conferred on: F. J. Downes (medallist), C. F. Whitton, James C. Clarke (valedictorian), W. J. Kaine and J. P. Walsh; the degree of B.Sc. on C. A. Hammell and that of B.L. on J. A. Descarries.

1904-1905.

August 3—Rev. A. D. Turgeon named President; Father Jones returns to his beloved archives at St. Mary's College.

August 26—A covered promenade built for the boys for rainy days.

September 8—Adrian Fletcher of Victoria, B.C., while crossing the prairies on his way back to College fell from the train unnoticed, but escaped as it were miraculously with only slight injuries. Walking back to the nearest station in the dark he had his wounds dressed by the Station Master and came on by the night express. Next morning the students made thanksgiving offerings to God and to the boy's guardian Angel.

September 22—Sir Wilfrid Laurier calls at the College to visit his nephew.

September 29—Boys observe the black fast prescribed for the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception and make the three visits of Churches. In the evening the seniors assist at the Windsor Hall reception in honor of John Redmond. All enthusiastic over his speech.

December 8—Fiftieth anniversary of the decree of the Immaculate Conception. Facade of College illuminated with blue and white electric lights, with the tower outlined for a border.

March 16—Loyola Hockey team (District Champions) defeated eleven to three by Ottawa for Dominion Championship.

June 21—Convocation. Degree of B.A. conferred on Gerald C. Murray and J. P. E. Pacaud.

1905-1906.

August 7—Father Gregory O'Bryan named President for the third time.

September 7—Opening; boarders 62, total 179. Father O'Bryan preached a long remembered sermon on "Life a Jour-

ney," showing three consequent requirements, 1st, enlightened, cultured mind; 2nd, strong, healthy body; 3rd, noble and generous heart.

This evening Father Kavanagh returned from his long and interesting trip to Labrador, whither he had been sent by the Dominion Government with the Royal Eclipse Party. But the government had made no arrangements for a cloudless sky at Labrador.

October 11—Professor John P. Stephen began his class of elocution in the College, continuing a most pleasant and profitable connection with the boys until 1912.

February 24—Father O'Bryan and Father T. Malone drive with the Father Superior to inspect the "College Farm"—a large tract of farm land that one day was to become the present Loyola.

April 24—Class Specimen by Junior and Senior years in mathematics and natural history.

May 3—First public contest in elocution.

May 21—Will Sherring of Hamilton, winner of the Marathon at Athens, visits the college on his way home. After a reception in the parlor he is cheered by the boys in the play ground.

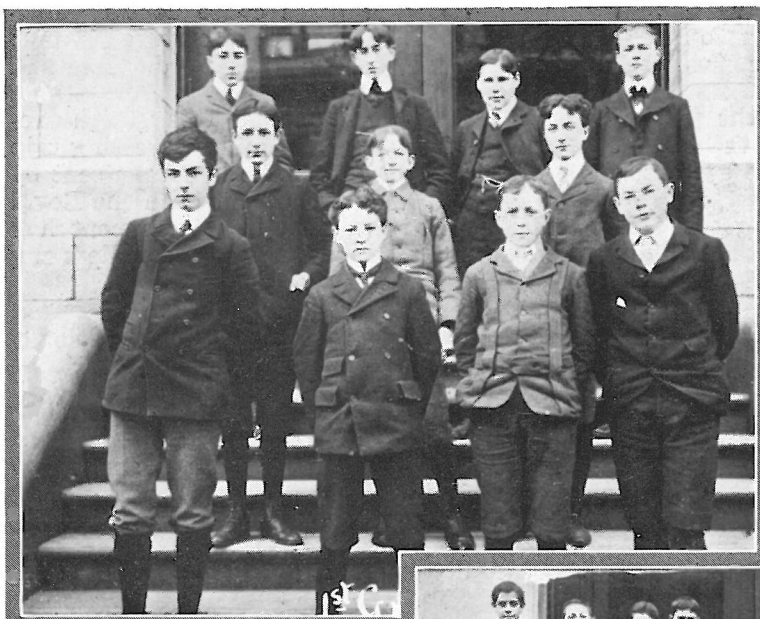
June 4—First meeting is held to organize the Loyola Old Boys' Association.

June 21—Convocation. The degree of B.A. is conferred on J. C. Regan, George Vanier (valedictorian), and G. A. Coughlin. The degree of B.Sc. on G. J. E. Archambault and that of B.L. on J. R. Cloran and J. T. Hackett.

1906-1907.

December 13—Class Specimen by students of Philosophy. Theses ably defended by E. H. Dickinson and G. F. Maguire.

June 6—Death of Father Gregory O'Bryan, 1858-1907. His remarkable missionary career, begun in 1892, embraced almost the whole of Canada, Newfoundland and the Northern States. There are few Catholic centres of any importance in which he did not preach; few religious communities to whom he did not give retreats. He was often also called upon to give diocesan retreats to the clergy, and he impressed all by his strong personality; he ranked easily among the best of our Canadian missionaries. Three days before his death saw his last appearance before an audience. It was an occasion which especially appealed to him—the meeting of Loyola Old Boys, an Association founded by himself. He spoke to his former students of honor and manliness, of self-restraint and devotion to duty, of a loyal and fearless expression of their Faith. For



FIRST GRAMMAR, '01-'02

Third Row: R. Simard, A. Schultz,
P. Coughlin, H. McGuire.

Second Row: G. Coughlin, J. Austin,
R. Prevost.

First Row: J. Gillies, G. Archambault,
G. Vanier, L. Reynolds.

PREPARATORY, '01-'02

A. Anzias-Turenne, C. Boeckh,
W. Burke, J. Corley, J. Crowe, W.
Dwyer, J. Egan, E. Flaherty, A.
Fletcher, F. Frobe, C. Hamel, D.
Hamel, R. Hemmick, A. Howe, J.
Johnstone, J. Kavanagh, G. de
Lorimier, L. Madore, A. Marson, G.
Mazza, D. MacArthur, D. Macdonald,
W. O'Brien, G. Pratt, J. Pratt,
L. Scully, J. Stafford, T. Stafford,
F. Stebenne, R. Wilkins, C. Wolff,
F. Wright.



LATIN RUDIMENTS, '01-'02

Front Row: E. Kelly, P. Conroy, J.
Landry, J. O'Connor.

Second Row: R. Redmond, J. Myers,
G. Willon, C. Wright, H. Hingston.

Third Row: McAuliff, Leclaire, J.
Wickham, Fortier.

two years he had suffered from angina pectoris and the end came suddenly, after a day crowded with duty. When he knew that death was near he asked for the last sacraments and retained consciousness until the end came at eleven p.m. He was a saintly religious, completely forgetful of self, and an indefatigable worker in God's vineyard.

June 10—Father O'Bryan's funeral at the Gesu.

June 21—Convocation. Six graduates received the degree of B.A., E. H. Dickenson, J. C. Davis, G. F. Maguire, D. P. Coughlin, H. J. Mayrand, C. G. Power—A. T. Filion received the degree of B.L.

1907-1908.

September—Registration, 223.

November—"The Striped Sweater," our first attempt at a drama with "make up" was so successful, and the dramatic possibilities so promising, that it was decided to attempt something greater. We therefore, in the following spring, presented in the Monument National, "The King's Secret," which was given an enthusiastic reception.

June 21—Convocation. Degree of B.A.—M. A. Downes, W. A. Merrill, J. C. Walsh, M. T. Burke, T. S. Owens, V. J. McElderry; B.Sc.—L. T. Lynch.

1908-1909.

September—Registration, 249.

May 2—Father Kavanagh preaches the Baccalaureate sermon before the Faculty and students of St. Francis Xavier's, Antigonish, and has the honorary degree of D.Sc. conferred on him.

May 19—Loyola students give the first of a long and successful series of annual concerts in aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club.

June 21—Convocation. Degree of B.A. conferred on A. L. McGovern, J. C. Wickham, R. Savoie; that of B.L. on J. C. Trudeau and J. R. Brais.

1909-1910.

January 16—Father Kavanagh's illustrated lecture on "Halley's Comet."

April 2—Athletic competition for Schools, at Arena; our boys especially good in wrestling bouts.

June 21—Convocation. Degree of B.A. conferred on D. A. Macdonald, A. J. Kavanagh, J. Galligan, G. T. Griffith, P. S. Conroy; J. D. Shee received the B.L. degree.

1910-1911.

September 6—Opening with a registration of 247.

October 13—Excitement during the Retreat! At 1.30 a.m. students awakened by fire in neighboring King's Hall; sparks falling on the roof endanger the College. Danger past at 3 a.m.

May 24—Many boys go for the day to the historic house at Boucherville, a trip much enjoyed by other groups in succeeding years.

June 21—Convocation. Four receive degree of B.A.—J. L. Gouin, T. J. Galligan, J. F. Masson, S. S. Kelly; while T. C. Wolff received the degree of B.L.

1911-1912.

September—Registration 280.

November 22—Sailors' Concert. An Old Boy, who now occupies a very responsible position, delights in the way he "fooled" that strict disciplinarian and keen Professor, Father Joseph Leahy, S.J. After every number the boy kept on blowing, as his share of the applause, a fog-horn concealed under his coat; the Prof.'s sharp eye turned on him quickly ever and anon; but never was he caught. So great was their elation at this signal victory, that a triumphal procession was organized by the day-scholars. Then the boarders were enticed away from the Prefects and the march began up-town to Dorchester, and West. At Beaver Hall Hill a struggle raged between the boys and an inoffensive street car; the boys won. While still heated with victory, they came in sight of the College. Within the entrance stood the ominously-motionless Prefect, the terrible Father Quirk. As this is supposed to be a cheerful chronicle, we make no mention of the fact that for many a day the good Prefect's arm was tired, and for many a day "Jug" knew us all.

April 8—Laurendeau, of I Philosophy, invites his class to spend the day "sugaring" in his father's groves. Several, among them Laframboise, lay up for repairs, while work next day dragged wofully.

June 20—Commencement Exercises. Degree of B.A. conferred on H. B. McCullough, that of B.Sc. on F. H. Davis and P. Lafontaine.

1912-1913.

September 21—Junior City Championship meet at M.A.A.A. grounds. Loyola wins cup for highest aggregate.

October 15—Seventh Annual Field Day (first since 1903).

October 18—Four boarders were refused this month, because of lack of room. Need of new buildings becoming pressing.

October 21—Bishop MacDonald, of Vancouver, gives a talk to the boys; half-holiday in his honor.

October 29—Harold Kavanagh injured by falling trolley-pole. When on operating table, the boys left recreation to pray in Chapel for his recovery.

December 3—Concert and distribution of prizes in Victoria Hall.

June 19—Convocation. Degree of B.A. conferred on A. Aubin, A. Charlton, E. Coughlin, H. Kavanagh, E. O'Reilly and J. E. Phaneuf.

1913-1914.

September 29—Eighth Field Day.

October 20—Football team has first of series of annual trips to Ottawa. They are greatly enjoyed.

May 4—Basketball League established.

June 21—Convocation. Two graduates receive degree of B.A., B. McTeigue and E. G. Murphy.

1914-1915.

September 21—Two boys who ran off on a lark yesterday came back repentant to-day. They had to spend the night in an open field at Valois!

September 22—Ninth Field Day; fourteen records broken.

April 24—Cadets join Irish Canadian Rangers in Review by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

May 16—Cadets take part in Irish Canadian Rangers' Church Parade.

June 21—Convocation. Degree of B.A. conferred on T. P. Dillon, G. Jobin, R. W. Kramer and J. J. O'Hagan.

This month saw the birth of Loyola College Review, a notable achievement when we consider the great difficulties that had to be overcome, and especially notable for the high literary standard it set for future years.

1915-1916.

September 15—Tenth Field Day at M.A.A.A. grounds. The L.C.A.A.A. pre-

sents "Tom" Elliott with a Loving Cup for his great interest in Loyola boys. Work on the new college progressed so rapidly that the Philosophers began class there on October 1.

October 26—Thirty small boys spend holiday afternoon working about the campus at New Loyola.

November 23—Philosophers at New College give an excellent entertainment in honor of their Patron, St. Catherine.

January 24—Boys contribute \$100.00 to Canadian Patriotic Fund.

June—Convocation. Degree of B.A. conferred on E. F. Chabot, J. M. Coughlin,



III. GRAMMAR, '04-'05

Back Row: J. Doody, G. O'Gorman, J. Doherty, L. Leclaire, C. Hamel, A. Ribodeneyra, A. McDonald
Middle Row: J. Stanford, S. Kelly, J. Flood, J. McCall, A. Primeau.
Front Row: J. Major, G. Rainville, A. Fletcher, G. Mazza.

J. D. Kearney, C. E. Poirier; that of B.Sc. on R. P. Coughlin and J. D. King, and that of B.L. on S. McDonald.

We quit Old Loyola for ever. It becomes a Military Hospital.

1916-1917.

September—Opening of New College.

October 7—Junior City Championships at M.A.A.A.. Loyola aggregate.

November 23—Academia Rhetorica formed. Debates conducted in Latin; one in Greek.

January 30—Philosophers given each a private room, and will hereafter daily indulge in afternoon tea!

February 1—Kappa Pi Sigma formed.

February 11—Snow-shoe contests.



RHETORIC, '01-'02

Back Row: W. Kaine, M.
Tansey, G. Hamel, B.
Conroy.

Front Row: J. Walsh, C.
Whitton, F. Downes, J.
Clark.



PHILOSOPHY, '01-'02

Back Row: F. McKenna, J.
Downes, A. Lortie,

Front Row: J. Shallow, H.
Monk, E. McGuire.



HUMANITIES, '01-'02

Back Row: M. Brown, L.
Burns, R. Dillon, B.
Hingston, J. Belleau.

Front Row: W. Heminick,
G. Murray, E. Emery.

February 23—Dartmouth-Loyola game for Patriotic Fund. Net receipts \$200.87.

February 23—High School Debating Society comes into being.

February 26—Loyola wins City Hockey League championship.

March 7—Senior Team defeated at Quebec, 1-0, by Sons of Ireland.

April 9—Noah Timmins banquets Senior Hockey Team.

June 9—Eleventh Field Day (held in summer for first time).

June 15—Feast of the Sacred Heart. Students join parishioners of St. Peter in Chains in torch-light procession in honor,

December 15—McGill-Loyola hockey match for Halifax relief.

January 21—Funeral of Father Jones, former Rector of Loyola, at Gesu.

February 10—Debate between Loyola and Canada Council, K. of C.

February 23—In final for hockey championship, McGill 14, Loyola 1. We win the Deery cup for goals scored during the season.

March 8—Mandolin club formed.

April 21—Philosophers guests of Faculty at dinner, as their classes are ended to let them go off on active service.

May 25—Father Hingston, Army Chaplain, returns from the front and gives a talk on the war.

May 31—Father MacMahon, former Rector of Loyola, starts for Regina, to found Campion College.

June 15—Twelfth Field Day.

June 18—Convocation. Four graduates receive special leave from aviation camp. Degree of B.A. conferred on R. Bernard, G. De Lisle, W. R. Dillon, J. A. Dixon and J. J. Ryan; degree of B.Sc. conferred on F. V. Hudon and T. G. Walsh.

1918-1919.

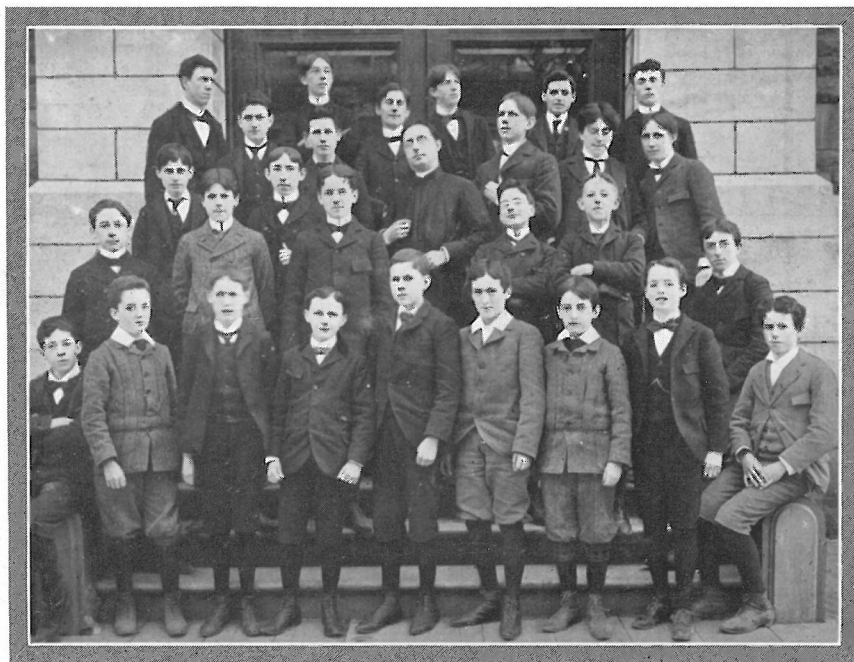
October 7—The terrible scourge of influenza compels Day Boys to take a rest. Not until November 18 are classes resumed.

February 18—Establishment of C.O. T.C. and Cadet Corps.

March 3—His Grace Archbishop McNeil, of Toronto, guest at dinner of School of Sociology. Our College orchestra makes its first appearance.

March 17—St. Patrick's Day. Raising of Service Flag (278 Old Boys on active service; 36 killed). Speeches by Major-General Wilson, O.C. Military District No. 4; Judge Dowd, of Boston; J. T. Hackett, President L.C.O.B.A., and others.

April 22—The drive for funds to help Loyola's needed expansion begins with a banquet at the Ritz. Speeches by Lord Shaughnessy and Sir Charles Fitzpatrick.



III. GRAMMAR, 1898.

of the Sacred Heart. Procession lasts from eight-thirty to ten forty-five.

June 17—St. Ignatius parish formally erected. College Chapel to be used until a church can be built. Father Thomas Gorman, S.J., is named its first Pastor.

June 21—Convocation. Degree of B.A. conferred on Eugene Audet, F. Bussière, L. Chopin, J. M. Cuddy, E. Duckett, A. Hamelin, F. McGillis, P. Sentenne, M. Versailles; degree of B.L. on E. Courchesne, R. Dooner, J. Gallery; and the degree of B.Sc. on G. Carlin and F. H. Davis.

1917-1918.

November 19—Fifty boys take part in the Monster Victory Loan Parade.

December 11—Boys contribute old clothes for relief of victims of Halifax explosion.



RHETORIC 1913-1914

Upper: E. Chabot, J. Coughlin, D. McGillis, T. Bracken, R. Coughlin, S. McDonald.
Lower: J. King, J. Kearney, Fr. McCarthy, S.J., J. Cogels, J. Gallery.

May 7—Drive ends; amount collected \$303,721.22.

May 31 and June 2—Most successful presentation of "Pinafore" by our students.

June 10—C.O.T.C. Inspection on Champ de Mars.

June 14—Thirteenth Field Day, held on Campus.

June 20—Convocation. Giving of prizes resumed; none since 1916. Degree of B.A. conferred on W. Noonan, C. C. Phelan and J. P. Wolfe; that of B.L. on H. Doyle.

1919-1920.

September—Registration 300.

October 17—Loyola Track Team wins Interscholastic Relay Race at McGill.

October 28—C.O.T.C. and Cadets in Victory parade, reviewed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

October 30—C.O.T.C. acts as guard of honor at unveiling of Notre Dame de Grace memorial by Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness presented the colors to our unit. It is believed that Loyola is the only Canadian College so honored.

November 4—Minstrel show; it was repeated on five different occasions for charitable associations.

November 5—Football team for first time receives permission to go to Sherbrooke to play Bishop's.

March 19—Our Junior Hockey Team, Champions of Quebec, travels to Toronto to meet defeat at hands of Toronto Canoe Club.

May 4—Old Boys give Smoker Concert at Loyola; good speeches, full of loyalty.

May 26—Father Fraser, of Almonte, gives illustrated lecture on Chinese Missions.

June 7—Funeral of Father Isidor Kavanagh, S.J., from College Chapel.

June 19—Convocation. Degree of B.A. conferred on R. Anglin, A. Chabot, J. Hearn, M. P. Malone and J. Sénécal.

1920-1921.

November—Registration reaches 350 mark.

December 9—Father Mark McNeil, S.J., of the Catholic University, of Japan, lectures on the "Church in Japan."

February 12—Death of Father Alex. Gagnieur, former Rector of Loyola, at Guelph, Ontario.

June 21—Convocation. Degree of B.A. conferred on P. Désy, J. Dolan, P. La Chappelle, W. McGee, F. Terroux and J. McGarry.



ALUMNI NOTES

DR. WILLIAM J. KAINE, M.D., of Brattleboro, Vermont, sends these very interesting notes of the first days of Old Loyola, needlessly apologising for the abrupt style which all busy physicians are forced to adopt.

"My arrival at Loyola antedated the official opening by two or three days; and yet even then there were three or four other students to greet me. Among them I remember Leo Minges and Jack Kernan. In those days Montreal did not boast of East and West, so that 2084 St. Catherine Street was our official number.

"How many remember the old fiddler who nightly took his stand at the corner of Bleury and St. Catherine and played away, while we endeavored to get to sleep?—Our recreation yard, though not the 'finest in Canada' was large enough for the fifteen or twenty youngsters who undertook to master the intricacies of Lacrosse under the tutelage of Father Hazelton, our recreation Master. As French teacher, he would summon two of his class regularly during 8-9 night study and endeavor to teach them something of the French language through the medium of a game of billiards (our billiard table, by the way was one of the so-called 'parlor' tables.) Our improvised hand-ball alley was the large wooden swing-doors opening from Bleury Street into our yard.

"On Tuesdays and Thursdays we journeyed to Logan's Farm (now Parc LaFontaine) or to the old Exhibition Grounds (Park Avenue and Mount Royal) for baseball and lacrosse, while our skating and hockey were staged at the old Prince Arthur Rink on Duluth Street.

"How many Review readers will remember Loyola's first fire, which occurred in this Bleury street building? Brother Brown came puffing up the stairs (he weighed 250 pounds) to rout us out. And when roll was called, one—Victor Yawman—was found fully dressed,—even his stick-pin was in his tie!

"Shortly after this came our removal to 68 Drummond. Every one appreciated the change. Our long recreation periods were spent in a large field on St. Catherine street between Scott's Confectionery Store and Dionne's Grocery,—the space now occupied by Hamilton's.

"At Drummond Street, hockey and football teams began to take definite form. The old Victoria Rink (which, it was announced each succeeding year, was to be torn down at once) was near at hand, and was constantly requisitioned for skating and hockey; while on Tuesdays and Thursdays the old Crystal Rink was regularly patronized.—For baseball and football and lacrosse we journeyed to Mascotte Park



Rev. EDWARD O'GARA, S.J.

or to the Montreal Baseball Park.—At the outset we had as opponents in hockey, St. Mary's College and in football, Montreal High School.

"Between seasons, we exercised at the old M.A.A.A. gymnasium on Mansfield Street, and some of us took lessons from Boxing-Master Bennett.

"Bicycle events in those days were very popular, and for a month or six weeks our cyclists trained regularly on the banked track at Queen's Park in Verdun.—In football we soon became more ambitious and played games against the Junior Britannias and Shamrocks.

"Even at that early date we were hearing rumors about the wonderful College soon to be built in West Montreal; each year the rumor became more insistent, and some even hinted that the plans were drawn up.

"About this time, our hockey team had become so formidable that it was difficult to book matches. So our Recreation Master, Father O'Gara, obtained permission for a committee of three to attend a meeting of the Junior City League. We were admitted to that body, and hockey took a great leap in advance; from all reports it is still booming.

"But shades of those days! Our matches had all to be played between eight and nine at night, and permission could never be had for over-time play in the event of a tie. It was very difficult for one man to get permission to referee the next game, from nine to ten.

"As for a Smoker! we used the boiler-room at great risk to our weekly marks,—or the rear of the wide posts in Victoria Rink. But the present generation would not understand why we were forced to such strange methods.

"And yet our College days were just as keenly happy, our struggles just as hard-fought, and the age-old principles were driven home to us just as unerringly in those days of little as in these days of much. And to-day, as we look back, too much credit cannot be given to the far-sighted pioneers who decided to found Loyola with one or two classes, and allow it to grow by its own innate vitality, and demonstrate by its growth the great need there had been of such an institution. May Loyola ever prosper!

WILLIAM J. KAINE, B.A., '04, Loyola.

* * *

Dr. T. Conrad Wolff, now living at Ste. Agathe des Monts, sends us the following



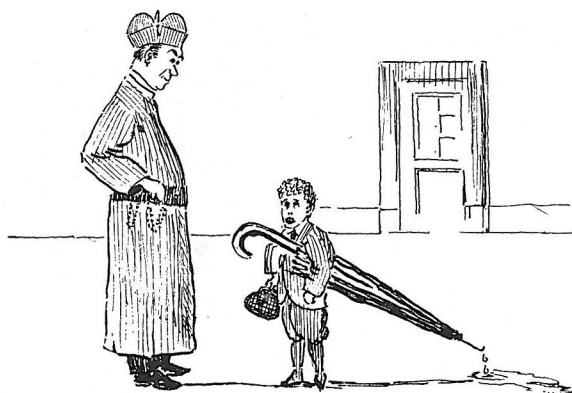
CLOUDY AFTERNOON

most interesting account of the Professors he met during his eleven years at Old Loyola, 1900-1911.

"I received your letter, dated March 28th, 1922. I note your request for a few pages of reminiscences and it has occurred to me that perhaps I might be able to seize my mental duster and uncover a few odd and disconnected scraps from the junk heap (or perhaps that's a misnomer) of the past.

"For after all I spent eleven years at Old Loyola, starting with the "infants" and ending with an indifferent attempt to follow the mental processes of the descendants of St. Thomas Aquinas. From 1900 to 1911 Loyola was my little world and although a comparative stranger to it for the past eleven years I can still feel its kindly influence.

"Perhaps you were present at an "Old Boys' Reunion" that took place in Spring of 1920 in the new college at Montreal West. Do you remember hearing someone growl out "whatsmatter now?" Everyone laughed at once, everyone looked back over ten to fifteen years and recognized immediately the war cry of that rugged old disciplinarian, the Rev. Nicholas Quirk. And then someone beside me said "Good Lord, where's "Nick"? No matter how many years we may live we'll never forget him and his unique methods. I don't think his system of determining class standing by "victories" and "defeats" has ever been duplicated; at least, if it has, I have never heard of it. At the beginning of the year the class would be divided into two. Two captains would be chosen for the week and these would proceed to choose out for their side the "men" most likely to boost the side academically. Then two secretaries would be picked by the Rev. Instructor and the fun began. Two youngsters would whisper in the back of the room. . . then a roar "Take twenty-five off Delorimier, George". . . Delorimier G. protests his in-



THE ALIBI.

"So, my boy, you are late again!"

"I kn-kn-know, but F-father I had to c-c-carry me um-berellar."

nocence. . . "Take a hundred off." The two captains would stand up for the day's recitations. A lesson well known was twenty-five or fifty victories. . . a poorly known one a corresponding number of defeats with "JUG" in the offing. And then the evening exercise!! Three hours of it!! I don't know what the "infants" of the present day get but I don't think they'll ever know how we worried over those exercises. I remember one poor unfortunate who used to decorate "JUG" with his presence practically every day. He was a boy of ten with the brain of five. I don't think he ever got beyond that age intellectually. His exercise was never done, and it always looked like a crumpled mass of ink-stained paper when it was handed in. His personal hygiene was deplorable. I haven't heard of him in twenty years but I fear he must be a charge on the public purse.

"Then . . . there was a book we all knew sooner or later. It was designed originally as a book of devotion and unquestionably it was used as such; but it also served as a paper weight, an arm rest and an instrument of corporal punishment. We all at some time or other got belabored with it. And it was known throughout the college as "Nick's Breviary." As I recall it, it was the last resort before being sent down to "Father Prefect." I think the administrator of discipline for the college at large had an able adjutant in Father Quirk. He certainly looked after his own discipline and the boy he failed to control was pretty close to ignominious discharge, because such a boy was just about incorrigible. Taking him all in all he was a good sport. He used to bring his "kids" snowshoeing and tobogganing on Mount Royal on Tuesdays and Thursdays and to various other amusements at other times; and his Christmas Tree was a delight. The

total victories for the Fall would be presented to him and he would issue negotiable cheques for these victories. Then various things to delight a youngster's heart would be put up for auction. I remember the first tree celebration I attended, just before the Christmas Holidays of 1900. I bid against a boy named Barbeau for an Ingersoll Dollar watch. It cost me almost all my accumulated wealth. . . 17,500 victories, but I treasured it for many a day. And remember Father Quirk was an excellent teacher. Any boy he certified fit for "Latin Rudiments" knew how to read English and write English grammatically; he knew his arithmetic; he knew how to spell; he knew all that is required about his religion; he was turned into the Classical Course properly balanced as regards all the elements. I believe Father Quirk is a Parish Priest to-day in a small town in Ontario. I for one wish him every happiness and I owe him much, as do most men who have had the fortune to pass through his hands.

"Mr. Daniel Hanly was my instructor in Latin Rudiments and Third Grammar. He had an ambition that did not materialize. He wished to take his entire class through with him from Rudiments to Philosophy and then take a baker's dozen of the most promising with him to a Seminary of Theology. Like many other plans it failed and it is notable that not one of those he fancied as presumptive candidates for the priesthood ever materialized as such and a few he thought more or less hopeless are now among our clericals. He was a kindly man, just a bit too kindly for the pack of Indians lately let loose from the Potsdam discipline of his predecessor. The good man is now a Vicar-General in the Western States. To the best of my knowledge he never had an enemy.

"Father Thomas McMahon, always known as "Tommie" (behind his back . . . he wasn't the type to stand for familiarity from a lot of kids) was the next in line. He was known as the best outdoor sport on the Faculty. All sorts of wild yarns went about as to his hockey playing and his qualities as a sprinter and although I never saw him hit anybody there was an uncanny feeling that if the occasion arose he could beat up even "Jim Donaghue," and in those days that was considered to be no mean performance. We heard the Faculty speak of him as a man of much learning and as a coming preacher. We liked him because we looked up to him as a "regular fellow." We never knew him to do a mean trick even according to school-boy standards, and these are exact-

ing to a degree. He knew how to teach what he knew. A few flunked their examinations on him but that was through no fault in his teaching. It was probably a case of over-attention to athletics.

"Father John Louis Cotter, of St. John, New Brunswick (as he used frequently to remind us) was my next preceptor. He dearly loved Latin and English and he had the faculty of making them interesting. We all learned those two subjects from him and we learned them thoroughly. He had a deep-dyed horror of Greek with which he just gave us a bowing acquaintance. He wasn't over fond of Mathematics but controversial theology was meat and drink to him. He had two favorite expressions, "I'll bet you" and "God help us."

"But there was one man that had the deepest respect of the college at large and that was Father Gregory O'Brian. Had he been a Battalion O.C. in the late war he'd have enjoyed the personal loyalty of every man in the Battalion. His Battalion would have perhaps been the best in the Canadian Corps. He had everything that goes to make a man; in appearance tall, sturdy and rugged, of florid complexion and stern features. An uncompromising enemy of anything mean or deceptive, he hated a lie as he hated Judas Iscariot, and he had the most supreme contempt for all pettiness. There was nothing negative about the man. Fair and just to a fault we knew what to expect if we had done wrong and we knew on whom to depend for justice if we were wrongly accused. I have never met any man for whom I had a greater and more abiding respect. And he died of a strong man's disease. . . . Angina Pectoris.—the death of the man who has worked hard. He was a big man; I know of none other such. And he was most decidedly "the type one goes to hell for," as we said at the Front.

"I had the pleasure of being taught by Father Joseph McCarthy when I reached Humanities. He was a man of deep learning and his teaching methods were sound;

but we never saw him laugh except once when Father Rector cracked a joke and I expect his exacting conscience told him that he had to. He was liked and respected.

"And then in Rhetoric came Father John Cox (invariably called "Johnny"). He was I think the most universally popular instructor of my day. He knew pedagogy. He knew how to drag the last atom of efficient work out of his students without their realizing that they had done very much. He would drag us through a page of Demosthenes and follow it up with a fifteen-minute short story from a current magazine; then plunge us into English



SHERRING OF HAMILTON, WINNER OF MARATHON AT ATHENS, 1906, VISITS COLLEGE ON RETURN.

History, then give us another short breathing spell, then back into Horace or, horror of horrors. . . Tacitus!!! Elements of Theology he made interesting and attractive. His humor was almost invariably good but on his headache days!!! We admired his teaching. We admired his principles. We admired the man himself and he was a good friend to the low-mark men from Humanities.

Father Cox was the personification of order. When he came in in the morning it was always as the clock struck nine. He would finish the prayer at 9.01. He opened his desk at 9.01.2 and reached first for his pencil which he placed at so many inches from the edge of the desk and his watch at another precise spot. His books were al-

ways arranged in a certain order. He could always put his hand on anything he wanted even in the dark. He never conjectured about any of his possessions; he knew. In many ways he was an exceptional man and he has many friends, whom he is not likely to lose.

"Father Fox was our Professor of Philosophy. We liked him but we never understood him. He was on a plane, both intellectually and morally, just a few stories higher than any of us could or cared to aspire to. He was not just ascetic. He was the spirit of Asceticism. He could gleefully talk by the hour on pure Metaphysics. Some of us learned enough from him to acquire a B.A., others didn't. The good man is now in Heaven and if that priceless abode of the just is what Father Fox hoped it would be, he is probably now discussing, proving, distinguishing and otherwise enjoying an orgy of the most pellucid philosophy with St. Thomas Aquinas. He had one expression, "namely" which he brought in *ad rem* or other wise. 'Proba propositionem tertiam, namely Davis.'

"Father Isodor Kavanagh our teacher of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences was a kindly if eccentric old gentleman. He had but little tolerance for idleness in any form. He knew the natural sciences better than it is given to most men to know them but his methods of imparting his knowledge were not quite the equal of some people I have known. He was an indefatigable worker and would do his best to help those who were backward, providing they showed the necessary industry. But he despised all short cuts to knowledge and would not permit himself to be used as such. His brains were far above us all. Isaac Newton, Wheatstone, Louis Pasteur and Faraday are probably his present associates up above.

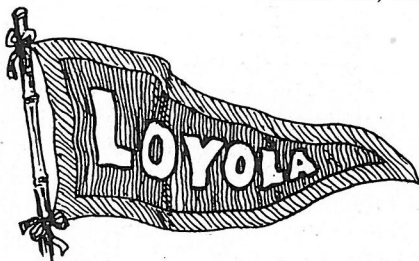
As this is already over long I must close. I hope these random sketches will be of some use to you.

Wishing you and your collaborators every success.

Very sincerely yours,

T. CONRAD WOLFF.

B.A. '11, Loyola.

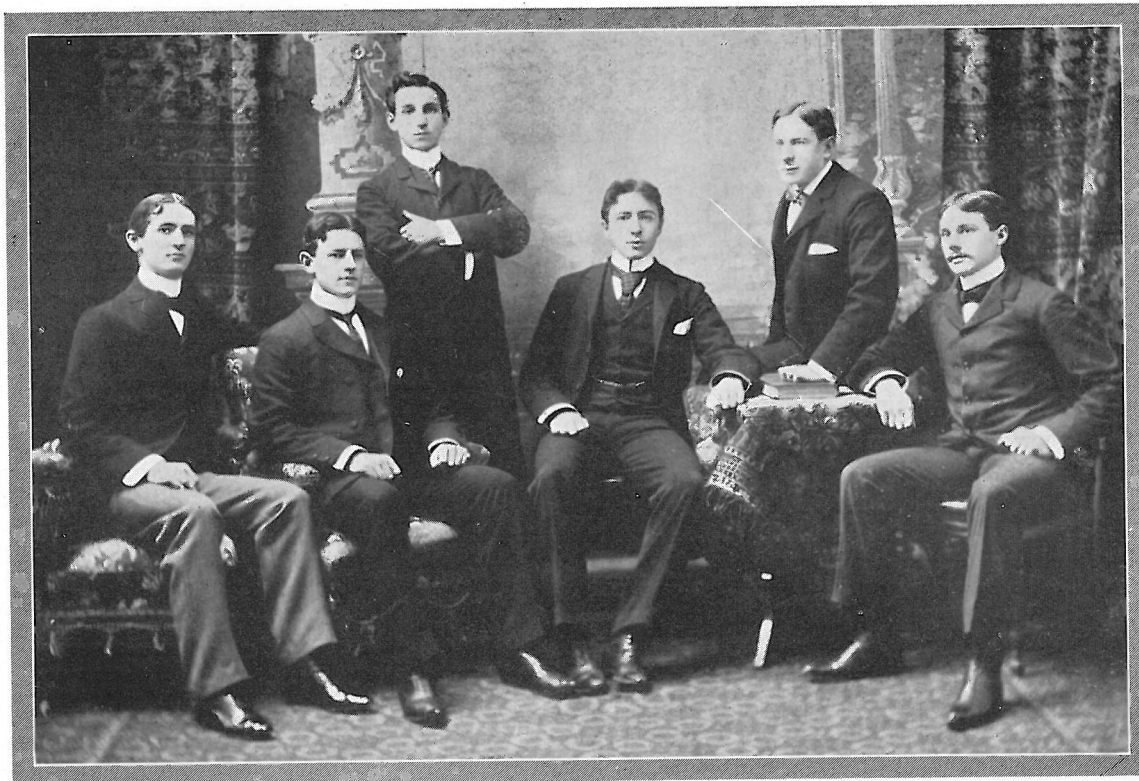


TM. J. GALLIGAN, B.A., '11 (Loyola), barrister, of Pembroke, Ontario, writes this delightfully modest refusal to attempt any "heavy" article.

"Many photographs and other mementoes of the days when the members of the class of Eleven were in attendance at the old school on Drummond Street, were among my most cherished possessions for several years after I had left Loyola, and those would be entirely at your disposal if I still had them. However, in 1918 I was one of the sufferers in a fire which swept a large part of the business district of Pembroke, and in that fire were destroyed all those reminders of the days of "Dopey Dan" and "Dopey Junior," as my brother and I were dubbed, I think by a miscreant hailing from the wilds of the Gatineau and answering to the name of Charlie Logue.

A purely physical contribution being, for the reason given, out of the question I am indeed sorry to have to advise you that an essay or literary contribution of any kind never was a possibility. A perusal of my record as a student, if available, would speedily convince you of that.

As you probably know, when I was a member of the student body of the College, a rendezvous within its walls with Dame Nicotine was proscribed by those in the places of authority, just as to-day in Ontario the use of the cup that cheers is prohibited by the fanatics who are in control. Lest you misunderstand me, I must say here that I have no intention of comparing the Loyola authorities with our prohibitionists or of assigning to them a similar classification, for that would be a horrible injustice. There were also in effect other rules of a similar nature which in those days seemed legion. And because I was one of those who rebelled against restriction of that kind, whether rightly imposed or otherwise, my time was given to the evasion and circumvention of the rules rather than to the cultivation of any talent or ability which I may have possessed along literary lines. And so, the golden hour of my opportunity having passed without improvement, I am now in the position which is generally the lot of those who do well what might better be left undone, and, with more or less diligence and success, apply themselves to the avoidance of what is worth the doing. But, for all that, I know that I and my associates in iniquity had a lot of fun, and I sometimes wonder if a greater meed of application to



RHETORIC '96-'97.

Left to Right: J. Meagher, J. McGee, A. J. Primeau, P. Bergeron, E. Cox, J. O'Gara.



serious things and an avoidance of frivolities and prohibited things would have left me with memories as happy as those which, still unrepentant, I cherish.

And because my reminiscences would perforce deal mainly with breaches of discipline and the rules, and possibly be bad for morale, I will not attempt to give any. I trust that a great number of the old boys will be of more assistance to you than I, and assure you that I shall look forward with a great deal of interest to receiving my copy of the Review.

With sincerest wishes for the success of the Review and the prosperity of the College, and hoping that those who are doing so much to keep alive and foster a real Loyola spirit and loyalty among students and graduates will meet with the appreciation and encouragement which their aim and efforts deserve, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

THOMAS J. GALLIGAN.

1916 Smoker Acquaintances

One night towards the end of January, to get away from the cold outdoors, I decided to step into the Knights of Columbus' clubroom, and have a read or a chat. Within a few minutes after entering the club and going through the usual "Good Nights" and "How do you do's", I reached the reading room, where I curled myself up in a big deep chair before the open fire and began to scan the pages of "Popular Mechanics."

Feeling a little tired (or was it lazy?), I laid my book aside and began to plan for to-morrow, while idly gazing around the room. Suddenly my eyes fell on a large brown-covered book in the hands of a chap sitting opposite me; across its front page were emblazoned the words "Loyola Review." Within the smallest fraction of a second my thoughts had travelled to Montreal, straight to Loyola College, where I had spent some of my happiest days some five years ago.

Naturally, being a lover of the "weed" since the days when smoking was injurious to a little boy's health, my thoughts after entering the building dashed down the stairs and into the "Smoker", where to my great astonishment things were the same as in my day. In the upper corner sat Joe Fargis and Hugh McGuire chatting about good old times in the U.S.A., and enjoying the benefits of some "Camel Cigarettes." At the piano, his usual place, sat Martin Pye, playing away with his Rubenstein ability. Against the end of the piano leaned Gerald Lonergan, wrapping tape about a hockey stick, and answering numerous questions about the game for Mike Enright, who was devouring a "Murad" between questions. At the other end of the room stood Raymond Sutton with a billiard cue in his hand watching Leo Beaudin running up a clever score on the table and firmly holding a "Benson & Hedges" cigar between his teeth. Near the window sat Maurice Malone and Jim Hearn, loudly debating some parliamentary question and meantime transforming "Player Cigarettes" into clouds of smoke. In the centre stood or rather

danced Lorenzo Kelly, trying to induce Tom Walsh to open the store (in spite of the fact that it was long past store hours) in order that he might purchase a package of "Sweet Caporals" and have a smoke before study. Before Tom had time to answer him, M. J. O'Brien arose from a table where he had been sitting with Bob Anglin and Jim McGarry, and carefully studying his watch went out of the door and up the stairs; and then within a minute or two the heavy sounds of a bell fell upon my ears, and by the weary shuffle of the boys I knew it was the study bell. "Oh," I thought, "Poor Kelly will not get a smoke before study." But before I had a chance to offer him one of my Gems I heard a voice from Olympus saying, "Ten forty-five, gentlemen, last call," and somebody shook me by the shoulder saying, "Come along, Shortall; coming my way?" Opening my eyes, great Scott! what did I see? Loyola College Smoker, Montreal? No.—Knights of Columbus reading room, Newfoundland.

FRED. J. SHORTALL,
O. L., '16.

News



THE REVIEW is indebted to Rev. A. J. Primeau, S.J., Moderator L.C.O.B.A. for the following interesting notes about a few of our Old Boys.

The following officers were elected at a meeting of the Loyola Old Boys' Association held on April 20th, 1922:

President, Mr. John Kearney, Class of 1916; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. Fitzgerald, Class of 1914; 2nd Vice President,

Dr. Raymond Kramer, Class of 1915; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. John M. Coughlin, Class of 1916; Moderator, Rev. A. J. Primeau, S.J., Class of 1899; Committee, Rev. Jos. O'Hagan, Class of 1915, Rev. Thomas Bracken, Class of 1917, Mr. Walter Cummings, Class of 1905, Mr. Arthur Perodeau, Class of 1909, and Mr. Thomas Dillon, Class of 1915.

REVEREND PIUS McLELLAN, S.J., whom many Old Boys will remember as Professor of Mathematics and Study-Hall Master in 1917-1918, was ordained on January 25, 1922, at the Immaculate Conception. Ad multos annos!

PETER DONOVAN of the class of '03, who was for several years on the staff of the "Toronto Saturday Night" is now with the London, England "Daily Mail."

REV. CORBETT McRAE of the class of '03, is Parish Priest at Dickinson's Landing, Ontario, in the diocese of Alexandria.

COL, ARTHUR SULLIVAN of the class of '03, is making his way in the field

of politics. He was recently elected President of the Manitoba Conservative Association.

ARMAND CHEVALIER of the class of '04, has gone to Paris and is there filling the position of General Secretary of the "Credit Foncier."

DR. GUY A. HAMEL of the class of '04, is living in Outremont, where he has made for himself a very enviable name as a general practitioner.

REV. RAYMOND CLORAN of the class of '06, who is Prefect of Discipline at Loyola, has endeared himself to the boys and fostered a splendid spirit amongst them. While not neglecting discipline amongst them, he has wholeheartedly encouraged games and sports of all kinds. Father Raymond was once an athlete himself.

MAJOR GEO. P. VANIER, M.C., Cross of the Legion of Honor, of the class of '06, has been honored by His Excellency the Governor-General, to whom he has become aide-de-camp.

FREDERICK DRUMM of the class of '07. The "Review" extends its hearty congratulations to Freddie on the occasion of his recent marriage to Miss Marie Beaubien, daughter of Mr. Joseph Beaubien, Outremont.

MR. FRANCIS SMITH, S.J., has gone to Stonyhurst, England, to study philosophy. Mr. Smith was class of '17.

PELHAM WINSLOW. We offer our sincerest sympathy to Pelham and Francis in their recent sad bereavement in the loss of their mother, who died at Fredericton, N.B., on April 26th.

MICHAEL T. BURKE of the class of '08, is practicing law with his uncle Mr. Harry Trihey.

REV. WALTER McMANUS, S.J., class '08, is teaching classics at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Guelph, Ont.

DR. JOHN C. WICKHAM of the class of '09, is one of the College physicians and is also attached to the Royal Victoria Hospital. He this year became Lecturer in Biology at Loyola, and has won the highest esteem from his pupils.

EUGENE VAN ANTWERP of the class of 1910, is the proud father of six children. He is one of the representatives of the Grand Trunk, in Detroit, Mich.

HAROLD F. DAVIS of the class of '12, is with the St. Maurice Paper Company at Three Rivers. Harold is married and a proud father.

MAURICE McCAFFREY of the class of '12, who for sometime was with the Century Coal Company of Montreal, is

now representing the same company at Sault Ste. Marie.

JULES BAUSET of the class of '13, is with the Donacona Paper Company, Donacona, Que.

GEOFFREY O. MERRILL of the class of '13, has recently returned from his wedding trip with his bride, who was Miss Margaret Hunter of Media, Pa. They have taken up their residence in the Grosvenor Apartments. The "Review" extends its congratulations and best wishes to Geoffrey and Mrs. Merrill.

EDMOND McMAHON of the class of '13. The "Review" also extends its congratulations to Edmond, who was recently married to Miss Cecile LeMyre, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Le Myre of Montreal.

ROBERT URQUHART of the class of '13. "Bob" and "Steve" are the Ottawa representatives of Mark Fisher Sons & Company, Montreal.

JOHN FITZGERALD of the class of '14. John is making good as manager of the Merchants Association of Montreal.

REV. PATRICK GALLERY of the class of '15. Old friends of Father Patrick will be sorry to learn that he has been for sometime at Gabriel's Sanitarium in rather poor health.

DR. RAYMOND KRAMER of the class of '15, is one of the surgeons at the Western Hospital, Montreal, where he is very highly thought of and looked upon as a coming man in his profession.

BERGIN McPHEE of the class of '15. Bergin paid a visit to the college recently, after several years absence in Western Canada. Bergin is married and now represents the Capital Life Insurance Company in London, Ontario.

RODERICK WATT of the class of '15. "Roddy" is owner and manager of a large fruit farm in Glenmore Valley, British Columbia.

EUGENE AUDET of the class of '17, has entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Guelph, Ont.

REV. THOMAS BRACKEN, who was ordained last summer, has been appointed Curate at St. Willibrord's Church, Verdun.

LOYOLA POUPORE of the class of '17, is studying theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

GASTON DELISLE, class of '18. We congratulate Gaston on his appointment as Private Secretary to the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Speaker of the House of Commons.

MARCUS DOHERTY, S.J. of the class of '19, has gone to the Immaculate Conception College, Montreal, for his philosophy.

CHARLES E. BAKER of the class of '19, is studying theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

NOAH TIMMINS. On February 1st, Noah was married to Miss May O'Callaghan of Ogdensburg, N.Y. His Lordship, Bishop Conroy, presided at the ceremony, which took place in St. Leo's Church, Montreal.

LORENZO KELLY of the class of '21. The "Review" extends its heartfelt sympathy to Lorenzo on the death of his father who died recently at Buckingham, P.Q., after a long illness.

EDWARD DESBARATS, class of '15, is with the Desbarats Advertising Agency. We congratulate Edward on the advent of his first baby, "Marie Louise."

ROBERT KENT, Rudiments 1906-07—Captain Robert Kent, M.C., C.E., is now a Civil Engineer with a gold mining company near Hudson Bay.

PERCY FOY, class of '12, is reported by his cousin, George Foy, present pupil of Loyola College, as already the father of a healthy family of two boys.

VICTOR WALSH, class of '15, is with the Century Coal Company, and his brother Arthur, is in the Passenger Department of the C.P.R.

HAROLD LETANG, who left Loyola

in 1916, is now in the hardware business with his father.

ROBERT HART, who was at Loyola in the first year of its existence, holds a prominent position with Goodwin's Limited, Montreal.

JAMES T. TYRRELL, a pioneer Old Boy of the first year of the College, is head traveller for Johnson & Johnson, Limited, manufacturers of medicated plasters and surgical dressings. His brother Kenneth is in chemistry at McGill.

ISRAEL CLEMENT, class of '19, is with the firm of Cummings & Cummings, Furriers, Montreal.

MAJOR ERNEST McKENNA, '07, is with the brokerage firm of Redpath & Company, Montreal.

DAVID BLACK, who was here from 1914 to 1917, has entered the Presentation Brothers, and is teaching in St. Michael's School.

HAROLD DAVIS, who graduated in 1912, is Chief Chemist of the St. Maurice Pulp & Paper Company at Three Rivers, P.Q. Harold is married and the proud father of a bouncing young son.

NORMAN MASSE, '20, is now in medicine at McGill, while his brother Paul, is studying science in the same University.

MARCUS MULVENA, '19, is with the Royal Bank, Sherbrooke Que.

RODERICK HARWOOD, who was at Loyola from 1909 to 1913, is with the firm of Irish & Maulson, Limited, Insurance Brokers, Montreal.

KARL ZIMMERMAN, who left Loyola in 1918, is attending Jena University in Germany, where he is studying chemistry. He is also giving considerable time to the study of languages and music.

LOUIS CLEMENT, better known as "Manny," has gone into business on his own account. He is conducting an automobile service station on St. Joseph Street, Lachine, under the name of "Clement & Hipworth."

J. C. B. WALSH, '08, has been chosen Chief Warden of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal.



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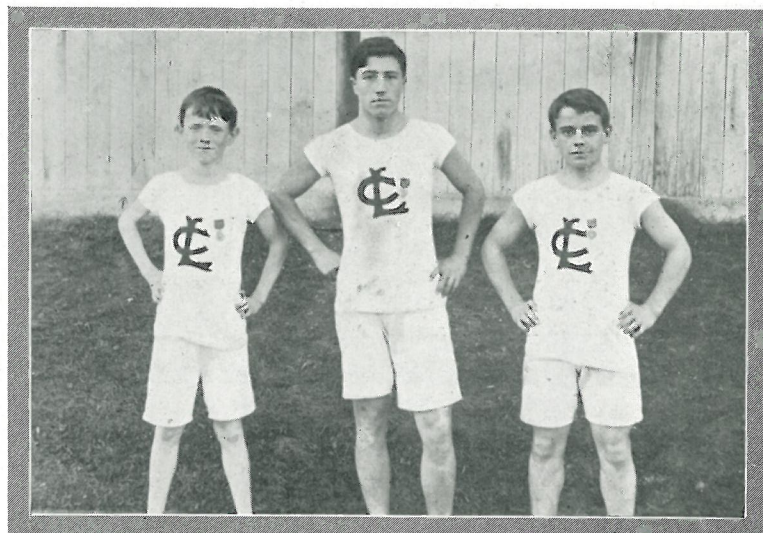
Back Row: J. Downes, H. Monk, A. Sullivan, T. Brady.
Middle Row: J. Meagher, R. Forrestal, E. Dissette, C. Coughlin.
Front Row: J. Cunningham, H. Phelan.

College Staff

Twenty-Sixth Academical Year, 1921-1922

REV. WILLIAM H. HINGSTON, S.J., Rector. Lecturer in Political and Social Science.
 REV. EDWARD DE LA PEZA, S.J., Prefect of Studies; Professor of Philosophy, Economics and Apologetics.
 REV. RAYMOND CLORAN, S.J., Prefect of Discipline.
 REV. GEORGE BRADLEY, S.J., Minister; III Year High; Apologetics.
 REV. LEWIS DRUMMOND, S.J., Chaplain; Lecturer in English Literature.
 REV. JOSEPH F. MACDONALD, S.J., Treasurer.
 REV. EDWARD J. DEVINE, S.J. Lecturer in History of Canada.
 REV. FRANCIS D. MACDONALD, S.J. Second Year High A.; Apologetics.
 REV. ALEXANDER McDONALD, S.J., Director of Athletics; Asst. Prefect of Discipline.
 REV. WILLIAM X. BRYAN, S.J. Professor of Physics, Mathematics and French.
 REV. CHRISTOPHER J. KEATING, S.J. Professor of Classics, History and Mathematics.
 REV. LEO J. NELLIGAN, S.J. Professor of Classics, History and Mathematics.
 REV. JOHN S. HOLLAND, S.J. Fourth Year High.
 REV. JAMES A. HOWITT, S.J. Second Year High B.
 REV. FRANCIS BRESLIN, S.J. First Year High A.
 REV. RAPHAEL E. KENNEDY, S.J. First Year High B.
 MR. LEWIS F. McLEAN, M.Sc. Professor of Chemistry and Biology.
 MR. AUGUSTE EUGENE BREUIL, French Literature; Tutor.
 MR. JAMES LOONEY. First Year High C.
 REV. BRO. LEONARD, B.C.I. Senior Preparatory A.
 REV. BRO. CUTHBERT, B.C.I. Senior Preparatory B.
 MAJOR M. J. McCRORY. Officer Commanding L. C. Contingent C.O.T.C.
 MAJOR EDGAR REYNOLDS. Second in Command L. C. Contingent C.O.T.C.
 J. L. D. MASON, Esq., M.D. College Physician.
 D. A. HINGSTON, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.C.E. College Surgeon.
 JOHN C. WICKHAM, Esq., M.D. College Physician, Lecturer in Biology.
 MR. JOHN LONG, Director Physical Training.
 SERGEANT-MAJOR MURTAGH, Assistant Physical Instructor.
 MR. P. J. SHEA, Instructor in Piano.
 MISS A. M. SHARP, Instructor in Piano.
 MR. JEAN DROUIN, Professor of Violin.

Left to right:
 John Gallery,
 Tony Ribadeneyra,
 S. Urquhart.



Diary

Sept. 7th—The good ship "Loyola," thoroughly overhauled and repainted, makes ready for its 1921-1922 cruise in the tranquil waters of the "realms of gold" where "many goodly states and kingdoms" are. Three hundred and ten eager travellers, having received a kindly tip, hurry to secure good accommodation a week before the seventy odd "mere College men" are permitted to embark.

Several old friends among the Fathers will not be with us this year. Father F. J. Downes, S.J., is at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., for a year's study at the Institute of the Society of Jesus; Mr. Joseph Keating, S. J. and Mr. R. McDonnell, S.J., are at the College of the Immaculate Conception to continue respectively their theological and philosophical studies. Mr. Ignatius Leaver, S.J., is completing his classical course at the Guelph Scholasticate, and Mr. D. Mulcahey S.J., is teaching in Campion College, Regina.

But we have old friends back among us. Father Raymond Cloran, S.J., the popular recreation master of 1912-1913, has been appointed Prefect of Discipline; Father Joseph Macdonald, S.J., also well-remembered for his genial supervision of recreation in 1915-1918, is Bursar; and Father Alex. McDonald, who ruled the Study Hall 1911-12, has charge of recreation. Messrs. Francis Breslin, S.J. and Raphael Kennedy, S.J., who were at the College 1916-1918, return after three years studies at the Immaculate Conception.

Sept. 8th—Mass of the Holy Ghost, celebrated by Rev. Father Rector. Reading of Promotion List; after, we troop into class and bow to our Professors, who, after a few words, graciously permit us to spend the rest of the morning on the Campus.

Sept. 9th—Rumor spreads rapidly that a dietician has been seen in the kitchen. Visions of home-made buns!



INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY CLUB, '02-'03.

Left to Right: G. Archambault, A. De Lorimier, A. Hemmick, A. Dalbec, J. Cosgrave, E. McNicholl, P. Tracy, G. Vanier.

Left to right: M. J. Timmins, G. Dubois, B. Kelly, T. Brady, L. Lafond, C. Shields, J. Delaney, S. Hudson.



Sept. 10th—Several exciting games of baseball to try out material for next spring. Good prospects.

Sept. 11th—We note quite a few boys that any boarding College would be proud to exhibit,—Dooling, Talley senior, and Aspe among them.

Sept. 12th—Dietician makes first appearance in refectories and inspects table-linen, cutlery, etc. Students struck dumb; several were seen to keep their hands carefully concealed during the visit.

Sept. 14th—College boys come aboard. Total registration, 380. Where are they all to be packed? After much shifting about, all are snugly cabined.

Sept. 15th—Mass of the Holy Ghost for College department. Reading of Promotion List. Schola Brevis. A Freshman, at 10 p.m., was heard sighing to the full moon, while he thought of dear ones at home,

"With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky!

"How silently, and with how wan a face!"

Poor boy! So young, and so world-weary! May they write soon to Willie.

Sept. 16th—Father McDonald busy marking off two gridirons and placing goal posts. First drill of Cadets. Rather sleepy performance.

Sept. 17th—Try-out of material for Senior Football. Dr. Donnelly, of Westmount, has kindly consented to act as honorary coach, and great results are hoped for.

Sept. 18th—Reorganization of Kappa Pi Sigma in club-room. Officers elected:—President, W. McVey, '22; Vice-President, Tom Walsh, '23; Secretary, J. Hearn, '22; Treasurer, G. Anglin, '23; Committee, J. Malloy, '22, A. Daslauriers, '23, H. Phelan, '25. Our lovers of jazz are enthusiastic over the skill with which

Art Kilgour, a new boy, juggles the piano.

Sept. 19th—Kappa Pi Sigma initiations. Lots of fun at the court of King Dill Pickle III.

"Present mirth hath present laughter;

"What's to come is still unsure."

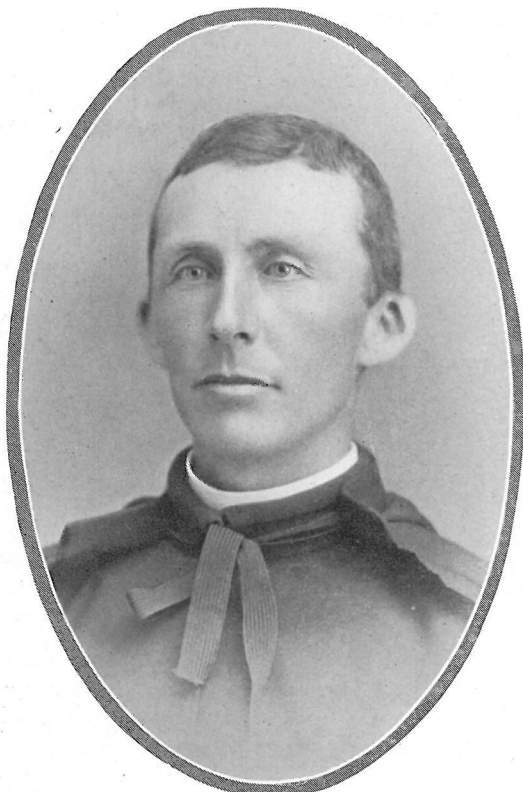
Sept. 20th—Reorganization of Loyola Contingent C.O.T.C., Major McCrory and Major Reynolds again in command. Election of officers of L.C.A.A.A.—President, Gerald Altimas, '25; Vice-President, G. Anglin, '23; Secretary, W. Brennan, H. S. '22; Treasurer, Tom Walsh, '23.

Sept. 21st—Banquet at College to some of the delegates to the Catholic Truth Society Convention. Among our distinguished guests were: His Grace Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Their Lordships Bishop Fallon, London; Bishop Morrison, Antigonish and Bishop Couturier, O.P., the newly-consecrated Bishop of Alexandria. In heavy storm, no lights for an hour.

Sept. 24th—Junior City Championships at M.A.A. Loyola third in aggregate.

Sept. 26th—Algebra Test,—“an algebraical expression is a collection of symptoms.”

Sept. 27th—Annual Retreat begins—Father O'Rourke, S.J., of New York, preached our Retreat this year; under the guidance of one so skilled in spiritual things, it was most successful. The older students were exemplary in their observance of silence—a necessary condition of a successful retreat. It is of course the part we find most irksome; but Father O'Rourke did his best to make it easy by piling image on image, and story on story in every sermon,—to such an extent that it was almost impossible not to keep ever before our mind's eye some image or story to which



Rev. T. GORMAN, S.J.

was attached most salutary doctrine. Father O'Rourke won our respect by his remarkably clear exposition, and our love by the many charming qualities we found in him.

To-day Brother Keenan left us to take up new duties at Saint Stanislaus' Novitiate. For fifteen years he has been at Loyola,—the longest uninterrupted stay of any Jesuit at the College with the exception of that famous Prefect, Father Quirk. Always a favorite with the boys, he takes with him our hearty good wishes.

Sept. 30th—Terrific wind-storm (72 miles an hour) with heavy rain during afternoon sermon.

Oct. 1st—General Communion and closing services of Retreat, with evidence of great piety among the student body. Day boys breakfast at the College, the refectories being twice filled. Tonight, extra hour's sleep; changing back to Standard Time. Fine precedent; do it every week!

Oct. 2nd—In over-anxiety to get a place on Senior team, "Russ" Malloy injured his foot while pushing "Big Bill" through in a buck. Better luck next time, Russ!

Oct. 3rd—Rooters' Club organized under the direction of Mr. Keating, S.J. Countless football teams have sprung up. Luke Stone has formed his 167th athletic body. How long will he remain Captain?—We have marvellous railway connection with

Boston, Mass. Ask Ed. Conroy,—return trip in ? hours.

Oct. 5th—Seniors lose to McGill at Molson's Stadium, 15-5. First time McGill's line crossed in three years. Poor playing by losers, on wet grounds.

Oct. 7th—Football squad rolls out of bed at 5.15 this frosty morning for practice on Campus. B-r-r-r-r!

Oct. 8th—Seniors defeat Macdonald College at Ste. Anne's, 27-3. Our men show vastly improved form. All sympathize with Macdonald half-back, whose leg was broken in a mix-up with his own men.

Oct. 9th—Tony Ribadeneyra, of Old Loyola, now with the United States Steel Corporation, renews old acquaintances at the College.

Oct. 12th—Father Eylenbosch, a Belgian Jesuit engaged in mission work in Japan gave us a most instructive talk on conditions of Catholicity in that country.

Oct. 14th—McGill wins return game at Loyola, 18-15. This, the best game of the season, was a very hard one to lose; our men played a splendid game, but luck marvellously seconded McGill's fine combination.

Oct. 15th—Prefect gives permission to see the great tie game between McGill and Toronto (4-4). Ideal weather, lots of excitement and fun.—After a period of deep reflection, Camacho electrifies his hearers by announcing that only 68 days—including Sundays!—separate us from Christmas; he promises to com-



Rev. P. GAUME, S.J.



OFF FOR A TRAMP.

pute the actual number of class-days some holiday afternoon.—Alan Magann (O. L.) and Lester Shiels, war veterans returning to the lowly station of scholars, say there are worse places than class.

- Oct. 18th—Bugles and drums, presented by Irish Canadian Rangers, arrive. A few false alarms, many false notes.
- Oct. 19th—Macdonald at Loyola. Our men defeat a greatly improved team, 15-5.
- Oct. 20th—Jack and Russell Malloy called home to bedside of dying father. They have the sympathy of whole student body.
- Oct. 22nd—Seniors defeat M.A.A.A. Juniors 6-1. Tombola for trip to Bishop's begins.
- Oct. 23rd—Algebra Test.—“Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.” Does that mean 0 for me?
- Oct. 24th—Orchestral and choral practices for Sailors' Concert begin. Big effort to contribute to this deserving work more than ever.
- Oct. 25th—Great fun at the Tombola drawing. “Fat” Frégeau lucky winner of the goat, for which he refuses \$15.00 (cf. later).—Man found in orchard near railway tracks, dying of “delirium trimmings.” He expired before they could apply the “turn-key” (tourniquet?). For full details, read S——'s English Composition of last week.
- Oct. 26th—Seniors defeat Bishop's at Lennoxville, 10-6. Dance in evening. Intermediates trounced by Westmount 23-5, while Juveniles white-wash St. Leo's 15-0.
- Oct. 27th—Tired but happy team returns from Lennoxville. Sarto Gain, with injured ankle, goes home but is care-

ful to take his books—class-books, of course—with him. (We call on our Professors to frequently remind us of this remarkable conduct.)

- Oct. 30th—College vs. High School. Fine game won by College 16-7. Frégeau's goat roams at large. If you meet him, try to imitate “Fat's” soothing smile, and you MAY not be hurt.
- Oct. 31st—Hallowe'en. High fun in recreation hall. Impromptu concert excellent; excellent too were the apples through whose juicy flesh our teeth dug, as they (the apples, of course) floated in water or dangled by a string.
- Nov. 1st—The pensive goat frightens a student who roamed on the Campus after night-fall. He dislikes smoke.
- Nov. 2nd—Annual Sailors' Concert to-night at Catholic Sailors' Club. We were most fortunate in having the assistance of the Jazz Band and other entertainers from the Megantic. The great success of our boys was due in large measure to the zealous efforts of Professor Shea, who arranged the programme and trained the choruses. The College orchestra surprised and delighted all by their excellent rendition of several difficult numbers. Noel Walsh and Andrew Talley were especially funny in their “Dialogue of the Dwarfs.” Eric Zimmerman, accompanied by his talented sister, played two beautiful solos.
- Nov. 3rd—Intermediates take revenge on Westmount, beating them 10-6. Letter received from Secretary of Inter-University Debating League, inviting us to join that body. We accept.



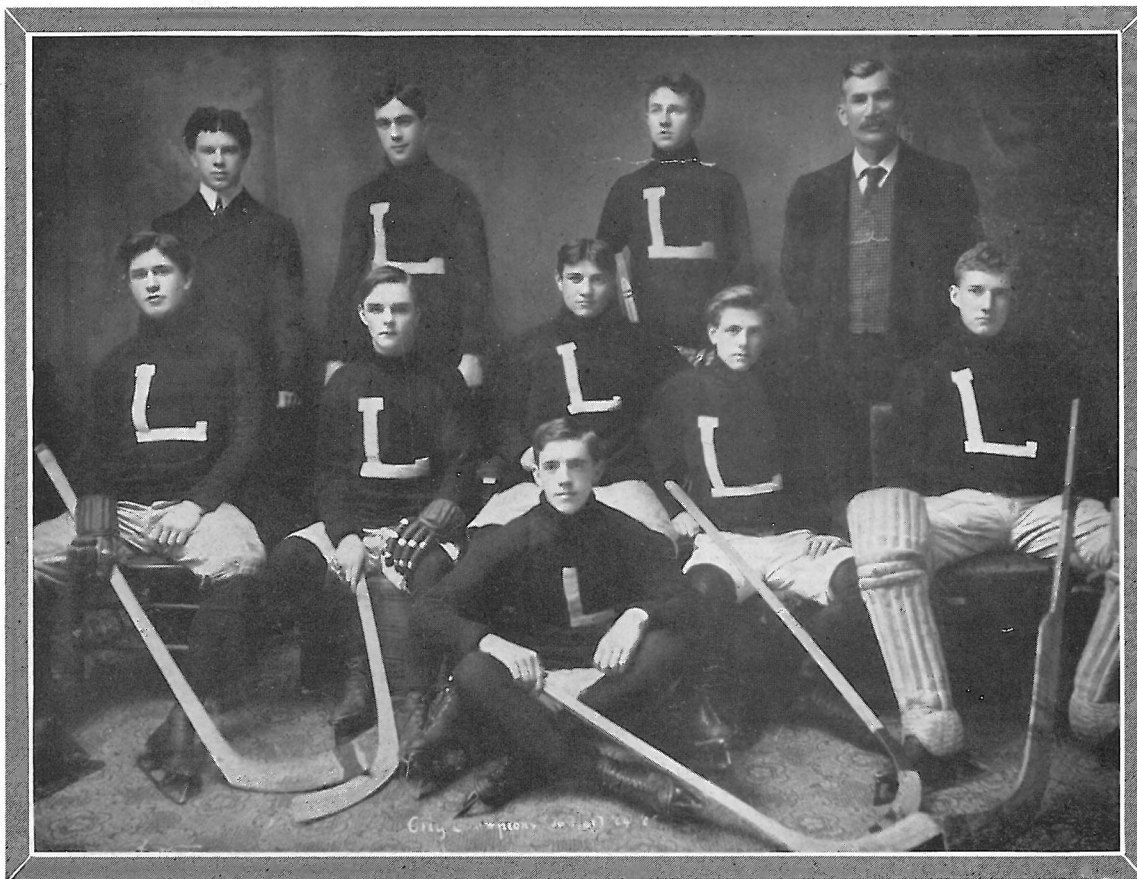


DR. DONNELLY,
Honorary Coach.

- Nov. 4th—First snow! Philosophers work very hard to get warmed up. Heating system will be all right in a day or two.
"What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere."
- Nov. 6th—Yielding to strong pressure from the authorities, Frégeau sells the goat.

He was waiting for the Xmas season to sell it for venison; but, in a declining market, has to sell at a tremendous loss. Price received \$1.25, less cartage.

- Nov. 7th—Thanksgiving Day—full holiday. On a snow-covered field, Seniors defeat Bishop's, 7-4. Last game of a successful season. Won 5; Lost 2.
- Nov. 12th—First skiing and tobogganing. Hockey begins to be mentioned.
- Nov. 16th—Collection of Peter's Pence. Record amount for College; highest among Schools of Diocese; First High C. leads.
- Nov. 17th—First High Test in History. We are told:—Pharaoh is name of Egyptian King and means "fairy." Q.—What were the Hebrews bound to give the Levites? Ans.—Tights. (tithes!) If the Persians entered this pass, it meant utter distinction for them.
- Nov. 23rd—At end of four-day billiard tourney, Leo Skelly skilfully won the championship.
- Nov. 25th—Saint Catherine's Day.—Patroness of Philosophers. Full holiday for lucky Junior and Senior. Before leaving, some were seen to lock their doors; to keep out the mysterious visitors of last year?



JUNIOR CITY CHAMPIONS, '04-'05.

Back Row: G. Murray (Mgr.), H. Armstrong, F. Kennedy, B. Dunphy, Coach.
Front Row: Q. Baxter, E. McNichol, C. Power, R. Cloran, C. Doheny.
Front: J. Shee.



DONALD SMITH

- Nov. 26th—Tercentenary of Saint John Berchmans—Solemn High Mass at 8.30.
—Procession in evening. Banquet.
See special report.
- Nov. 27th—First flooding of rink.
- Nov. 30th—Choir and Altar Society Banquet. As Saint John Berchmans is Patron of the Altar Boys, the banquet was more sumptuous than usual.
- Dec. 5th—Inter-University Debate—We defeat Ottawa here but lose to Bishop's at Lennoxville. We win the round in this section. Both teams bring great honor to the College.
- Dec. 8th—Feast of the Immaculate Conception—Sodality Day. Remarkable sermon by Father Reid.—See special account.
- Dec. 9th—Senior Hockey team has first try-out, under the direction of Donald Smith, the former star of Renfrew.
- Dec. 11th—Banquet for our Senior Football squad, at which a presentation was made to Dr. Donnelly, as a slight token of appreciation for his remarkable success as coach.
- Dec. 14th—Intra-Mural Hockey League starts with a rush. Three games this afternoon; Manager McNally tries out candidates for Junior City League. All must produce birth certificate and written consent of parents. Good material.
- Dec. 15th—I. High Geography Test: "Lower Egypt was where the mud was all piled up after the flood." — "Quebec is bounded on the East by the North-West Territories."

Dec. 17th—The Christmas feeling comes over us. Two Philosophers ask to go down town to "see Santa."

Dec. 22nd—Holidays begin! A short breathing-spell before the fearsome plunge into Repetition.

"Many a green isle needs must be In the deep, wide sea of misery."

Dec. 29th—Opening of Senior City League: Loyola, 5; National, 4.

1922—

Jan. 7th—Opening of Junior City League: Loyola, 5; St. Gabriel's, 1.

Jan. 9th—All return; many not so sorry to get back as they had anticipated.

Seniors lose to St. Ann's 4-2. The result would have been at least closer had "Clem" Trihey been well enough to play.

Jan. 11th—Blizzard all day; that spells "work on rink."

Jan. 14th—Juniors defeat Nationals; but game is protested. We win again 4-2.

Jan. 15th—Our old friend, Father Cox, passing through on his way to Regina, preaches the Sunday sermon.

Jan. 16th—Seniors win from Shamrocks 5-2. In I. High English Test:—"A good example of God's patience is when a young bird is learning to fly."

Jan. 21st—Juniors defeat Westmount 9-0.

Jan. 22nd—The "Pope of Peace" died to-day. How courageously did our Holy Father carry that terrible burden of world-misery and calamity for seven years and a half, always proving himself the Vicar of Christ. Requiescat in pace.

Jan. 23rd—High Mass of Requiem for the repose of the soul of Pope Benedict XV.

Jan. 26th—Father Austin Bradley, S.J., a younger brother of our genial Father George, was ordained yesterday at the Immaculate Conception, and honored us to-day by saying his first Mass in our Chapel, his brother assisting him at the altar. It was most impressive when he came down from the altar to give Holy Communion first to his father and then to his other relatives.—Father Austin never taught at Loyola, having passed all





Rev. AUSTIN BRADLEY, S.J.

To a Priest

▼ ▼

*Thou other Christ! these hands are
sanctified;*

*I kiss them, reverent, on bended
knee.*

*When thou hast died for men, as
Jesus died,*

*And reign'st with Him above, wilt
pray for me?*



Seated: C. Boeckh, D. Macdonald, G. Mazza, F. Wright, C. Cro we.

Standing: A. Auzias-Turenne, W. O'Brien.



JUNIOR A.H.A. OF CANADA, CHAMPIONS 1913.

Back row: Kramer, Bordeau, Dooner, Martin, Fr. Cloran, S.J., Hyland (coach).

Middle row—Gallery, Aubin, Clement, Brady, McTeigue.

Bottom: Kearney, Murphy.

his teaching period at St. Boniface College, Manitoba.—Ad multos annos!

Seniors defeat Victoria 6-5.

Jan. 27th—I High Geography Test—"What is a Republic?"—A Republic is a lot of men just like a government. These men sometimes raise rows and bring on a riot like the republic of France.

Jan. 29th—Our Junior team and many supporters paid a very pleasant visit to St. Mary's College this afternoon, and tasted defeat for the first time this season at the hands of the fast French team. Fine brand of hockey, though our men were rather tired from their strenuous game of yesterday, and Leamy had practiced all morning with the Seniors. Arrangements were made for a return game, but it was never played.

Feb. 1st—Juniors defeat National, 4-2.

Feb. 2nd—Seniors easily defeat M.A.A.A. 9-2.

Feb. 4th—Juniors win against Wellington 3-2.

Feb. 6th—Reading of Results of Mid-Year Exams. Large number of honors in High School and College. Much shifting about in lower classes. Tymon to Gill:—"You'll tak the low road and I'll tak the high road, and I'll be in College afore you."

Kappa Pi Sigma Banquet—"This has become an institution in the College, a welcome and sound tra-

dition that means much for the social life of the students. This year's function reflected great credit upon the organizing committee. Father Bradley, S.J., provided a most attractive menu, and the Committee had tastefully decorated the refectory with crimson hangings and vari-colored streamers. We were proud to number among our guests Father F. J. MacDonald, S.J., the Founder of the "Smoker", who went through much to establish what he felt was so much needed at Loyola. Like all innovations, it met with opposition and criticism; but by patience and persistence, he attained his ends, thus winning the gratitude of all future generations of members of the Club. Other guests were the Reverend Prefect, who, with Father D. F. MacDonald, S.J. and Mr. McLean, represented the Faculty, and a number of Old Boys who were among the first members of the Club. Mr. McVey, President of the Club, presided and proposed several toasts, which were enthusiastically received by the gathering. With songs and extempore speeches of varying length from many of those present, the wholly enjoyable evening came to a close."

W. McVey, Pres. K.P.S.

Feb. 9th—Seniors lose to Westmount 4-7.

Feb. 11th—Lord Byng of Vimy, Governor Gen-

eral of Canada, is guest of "College Club" at dinner.—Juniors tie with McGill 1-1.

Feb. 12th—Disaster dogs the steps of Junior team. McCarthy in bed for three weeks with the mumps; McDonald in hospital with appendicitis; while a week later, G  n  reux succeeds in catching the mumps.

Feb. 14th—Heavy mail-bag and much excitement—Valentine Day!

"Sweet Love, if thou wilt gain a monarch's glory,
Subdue her heart, who makes me glad and sorry;
Out of thy golden quiver
Take thou thy strongest arrow
That will through bone and marrow,

And me and thee of grief and fear deliver;—

But come behind, for if she look upon thee,

Alas! poor Love! then thou art woe-begone thee!

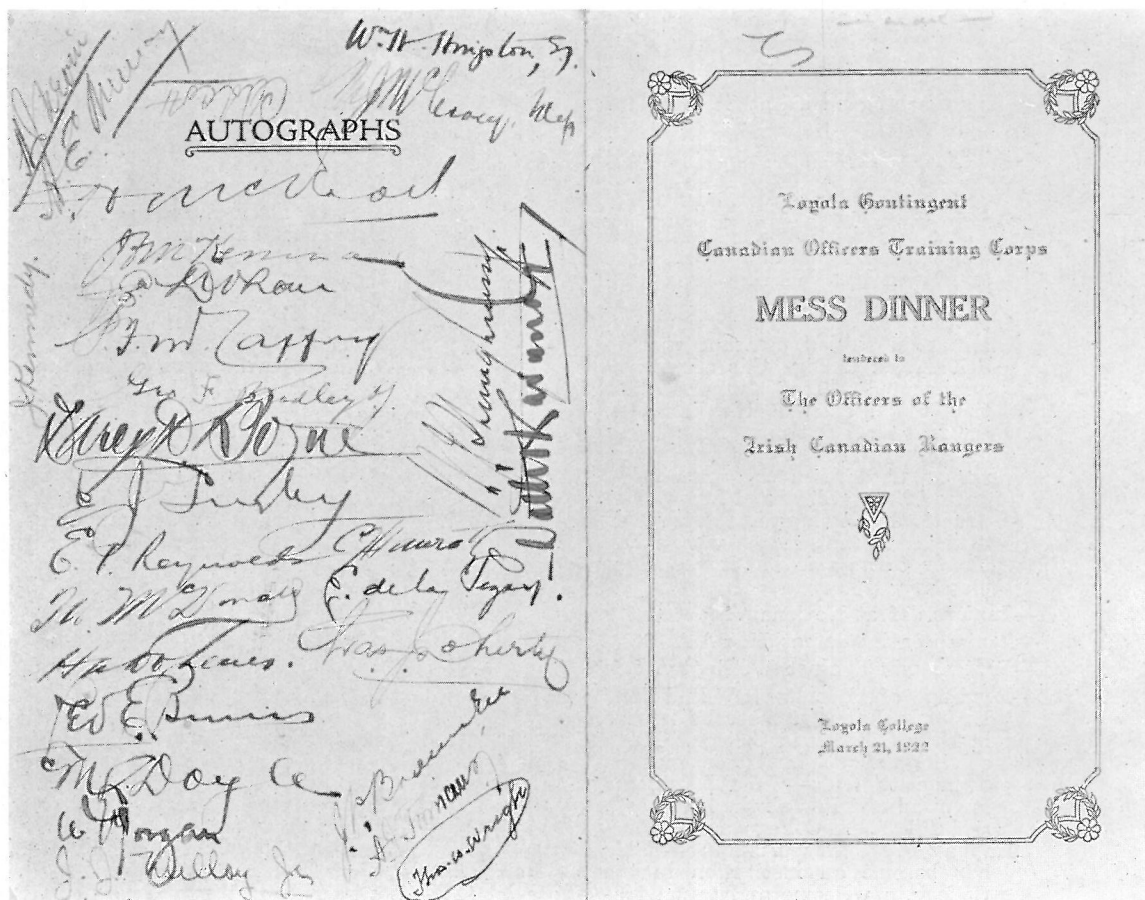
(Anonymous, 16th Century)

Feb. 16th—Miss Annie Christich, Catholic journalist and feminist, gave us a most instructive and entertaining lecture this morning on the condition of her native Serbia. It was very edifying to think that this young woman should devote her life and her brilliant talents to the faithful service of God and Country. She

stirred us to pity by the recital of the present state of that war-drained land, the poverty, woe and actual starvation of a brave people. If the Catholicity of Serbia is like that manifested by our lecturer, they are worthy children of our common Father. A contribution of \$25.00 was made to the cause for which Miss Christich so eloquently pleaded.

Seniors lose to U.A.A.A. 6-8. But we are still in the running, and Coach Smith hopes much for the concluding games.

Feb. 17th—A beginner in High School, who has read over many adventure tales, writes this "Chronological Chart" with commentary:—A.D. 1983, I conquer the world. Hooray for me!—1984, I discover the East Pole. Bravo!—1985, I capture a 60-foot-high lion and eat him. Encore!—1986, I sail around the world in a row-boat. Wonderful!—1987, I find a free passage into Heaven. Sublime!—1988, I sail to Mars in an *areplane*. Magnificent!—1989, I swat the ball for 91,125 home runs in two months. Superb!—1999, I die, the most wonderful fellow the earth ever produced. Au revoir!" But there is good hope of bringing him to his senses in four years High School.

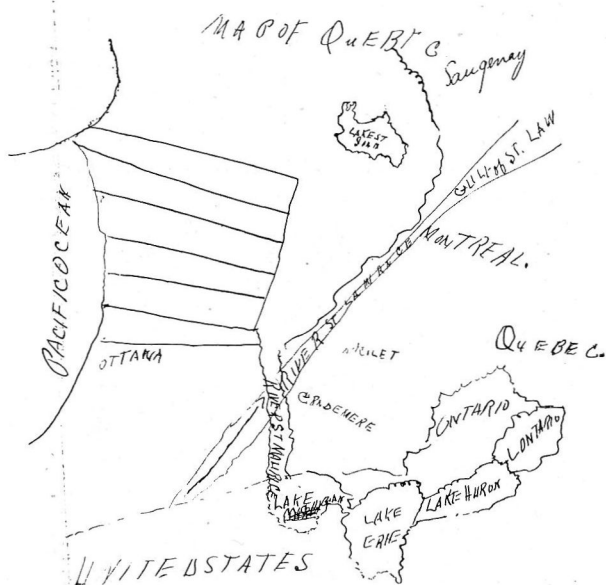


- Feb. 18th—Juniors defeat M.A.A.A. 2-1. In Intra-mural Hockey, the Odd Fellows' League (composed of all who have no pretensions of rivalling Newsy Lalonde) is attracting ever greater attention, and provides games as interesting as and far more laughable than any other League.
- Feb. 22nd—All who owe allegiance to the Stars and Stripes are celebrating in honor of Washington's Birthday.
- Feb. 23rd—Seniors lose to St. Ann's in semi-finals 2-1.
- Feb. 28th—Shrove Tuesday.—Movies in evening. Genial Tom (like many others, almost as fond of the weed) is seen taking a last, long, lingering, loving pull at his pipe,—“Farewell, my own, until Easter!”
- Mar. 1st—Juniors win from Victorias 5-1, and complete schedule at top of League.
- Mar. 2nd—Spring!—several crows fly over the Campus. In response to their inspiring flight, a *future* poet, breathing heavily (almost asthmatically) gave forth:—
Sweet Breath of Spring, fill full my breast!
Stint not Thy golden measure!
And I'll work till May without a rest
To please my worthy Professor and my parents.
He considers the last line highly onomatopoeic.
- Mar. 3rd—All High School students assist at a Class Specimen, given by First High A. and B. The youngsters deserve praise for the thorough manner in which they have mastered the Latin Grammar. Half-holiday for winners.
- Mar. 4th—Semi-Finals in Junior City League. We defeat St. Gabriel's 2-1.
- Mar. 6th—Juniors, in over-time play, lose to McGill 4-3, in finals of Junior City League, after having come through the season without a defeat. Hard luck!
- Mar. 16th—Saint Patrick's Day Concert.—“The Grey Overcoat”,—very enjoyable and a credit to the performers.—Eric Zimmerman, a young Old Boy, who is making such rapid advance in becoming master of the violin, has shown at all times a remarkable loyalty to Loyola. He comes regularly to every orchestra practice, despite the distance and the many other calls on his time. He always delights and astonishes us by his solo work on the violin; and in the name of the Student Body, we thank him and his sister for the many favors they have bestowed on us. Their work at the Sailors' Concert, on Sodality Night, at the Inter-University Debate, and at to-night's concert was most creditable, and we prophesy a successful musical career for these talented young people.
- Mar. 19th—Senior Hockey Team defeats Eurekas, Provincial Intermediate Champions, 5-3, at the Coliseum.
- Mar. 21st—C.O.T.C. Parade, and inspection by General Sir Henry Burstall. Ban-



Rev. E. J. DEVINE, S.J.

- quet in honor of Officers of Irish Canadian Rangers in evening.
- Mar. 22nd—Whole holiday for C.O.T.C. to-day.
- Mar. 23rd—First High Geography Test—“How can one get from Montreal to Vancouver by boat?” Travel through the St. Lawrence, then out into the Great Lakes through the Calan of Panama, then down the river Winnipeg to Vancouver.
- Mar. 24th—Cadet officers named—Major, A. Frégeau, H.S., '22; Captain, R. Malloy, H.S., '22; Lieutenants, N. Walsh, C. Harwood, E. Scully, C. McCarthy.
- Mar. 27th—The Reverend Dean is again visiting the class-rooms, questioning students, bright and less bright. One sad victim said savagely. “He is more inquisitive than a Prosecuting Attorney.” Another said that he made
“... each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”
- Mar. 28th—Many of the C.O.T.C. travel to town to admire their military smartness, as revealed to delighted Montreal on the screen!
- April 1st—“Pierre's” birthday. Our congratulations are all the more hearty because of the terrible trial he lately had to endure, in which he was so comforted by “Tum Wulsh.”
- April 5th—L.C.A.A.A. elects baseball mag-nates.



April 10th—Mr. Lally, S.J. and Mr. Keating, S.J., come to choose men for High School Public Debate.

April 12th—We scurry to our homes for a few days' rest.

April 14th—Good Friday. The boys who stayed at the College heard a beautiful sermon on the Crucifixion by Father Austin Bradley, S.J.

April 18th—Last stretch opens before us!

April 26th—Kappa Pi Sigma "Nicotine Follies" huge success.

April 27th—First High Grammar Test—"When does an intransitive verb take an object?" When it is in the imperative mood; for instance, "Oh, where hast thou been till now?" "What is a noun-complement?" It is when you have done some venture-deed and people come up to praise you, as in, "Bully-boy!"

May 1st—Beginning of May devotions. Committee of day boys ask and are granted daily Mass at 8.30. Fine example of sacrifice.

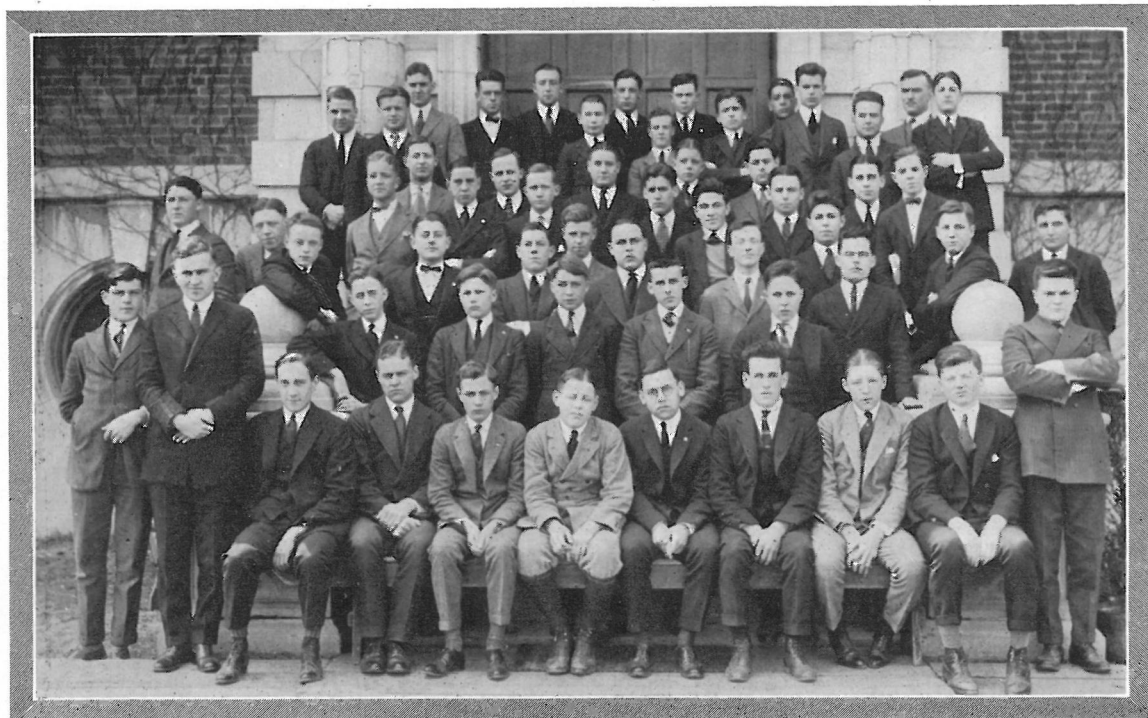
May 2nd—Exams. draw on apace. Two gentlemen of Sophomore are sighing, 'mid their dreams, for the day when their hair will be less dependent on the comb and when social obligations will conflict less with duty. Mr. Tom Casey's mellow bass is heard weaving fresh and ever lovelier harmonies from "John Brown's Body," to which sweet air he never wearies setting the Pythonic utterances of Mr. Allen.

May 3—Lacrosse sticks arrive; first supply exhausted in an instant. Game becomes immensely popular.

May 8—Public Contest in Elocution. Several of the contestants showed marked dramatic power.

May 9—High School Public Debate very successful. Excellent musical program; we couldn't get enough of the Capitol Quartet.

May 10—Warm weather here at last. A joy to the eye is the Campus to-day, Lacrosse and Baseball everywhere, with a fringe of track men, preparing for the McGill meet.



BOARDERS' SODALITY.

Sodalities of Our Lady

Resident Students' Sodality

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary ranks among the oldest and most firmly established student activities in the College. We might almost say that it is the most important student institution, since, in the eyes of the Administration, the Prefects of the Sodalities are the only officially recognized representatives of the Student Body. Our Sodality dates back to the days when Loyola was still in its infancy, and with the passing of time, it has grown by sure degrees into its present flourishing condition.

With the view of co-operating with the numerous other Sodalities throughout the world, the Sodality was early established in Loyola. It fulfils a twofold purpose. Fostering and kindling in the hearts of its members a lively and ardent devotion to the Holy Mother, it also does much to preserve a spirit of kindness and good fellowship among the students. However, the main aim of our Sodality, is, in accordance with that of the Prima Primaria, a spiritual one. The Sodalists endeavor to better themselves by striving to honor Our Lady and our patron, St. Aloysius, by imitating in what poor way we can their virtues. By fulfilling our first duty, the secondary aims of the Sodality may the more easily be attained. More prominent among these are the Sodality's efforts to live up to the high traditions and to keep flourishing that college spirit, which has ever been distinctive of Loyola.

This year the Sodality has enjoyed, with all previous years, a great measure of success. The Sodality has increased in numbers and we hope in devotion. The Annual Meeting of the Resident Students' Sodality

of the Blessed Virgin took place in the latter part of September. Rev. Fr. de la Peza presided. An election of the major officers for the ensuing academic year was held, giving this result:

Prefect, Thomas Walsh, '23; First Assistant, Anthony DesLauriers, '23; Second Assistant, James Hearn, '22. At a subsequent meeting of the major officers the other members of the Council and the minor officers were appointed: Secretary, Horatio P. Phelan; Ass't. Secretary, Edward A. Anglin; Treasurer, Bernard Lonergan; Ass't. Treasurer, Adrian Anglin; Master of Candidates, George Mill; Consultants: Gerald Anglin, Gerald Bray, Lawrence Bartley, William Leacy; Sacristans: Albert Fregau, Gilbert Tynan; Choir Master, William P. McVey; Organist, Hector Prince.

Throughout the year the weekly meetings have been held regularly and have been attended with a constant devotion by the Sodalists.

The brief talks given by Rev. Fr. de la Peza, which constitute the most integral part of every meeting, were of such a nature as to be interesting, instructive

and very useful. These lectures centred chiefly around the following subjects: "Our Lady," "Development of Character," "The Right College Spirit," and "Vocation." In the course of the year we were also favored with sermons by Rev. W. H. Hingston, S.J., and by Rev. Fr. Reid.

In accordance with the long established custom, during the nine days immediately preceding the Feast of the Immaculate Conception the Sodalists united in making a novena in honor of the Blessed Mother.

The Feast of the Immaculate Concep-



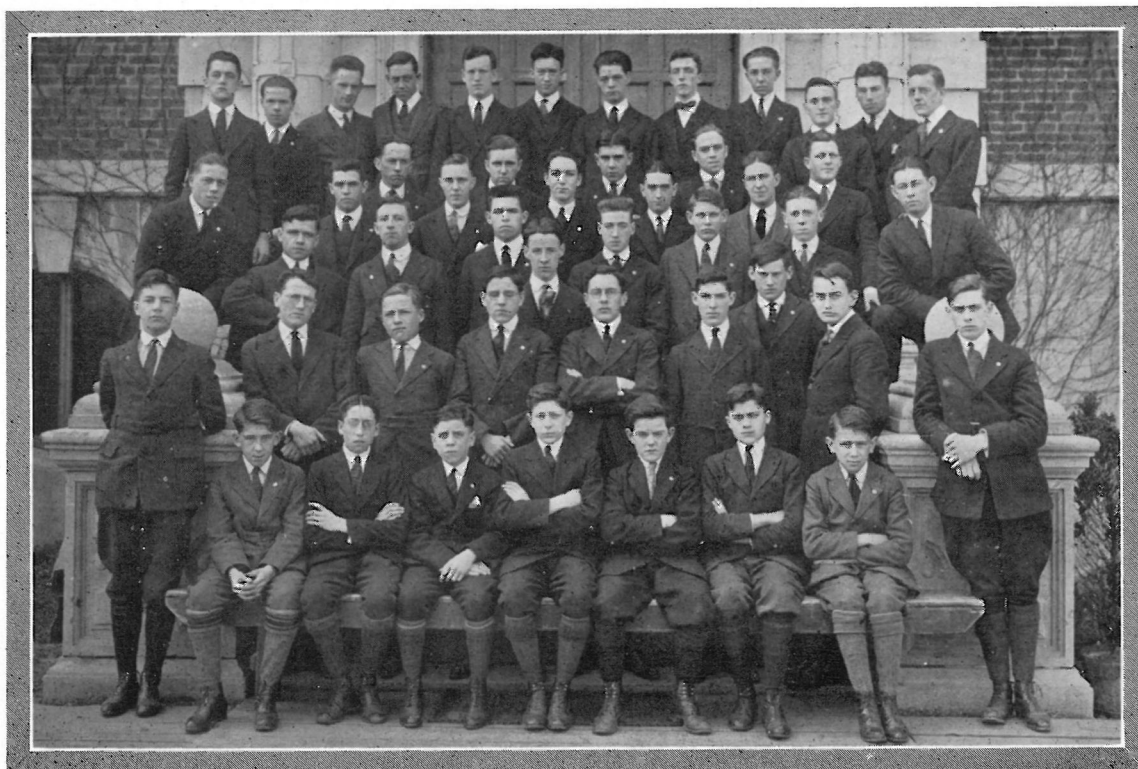
tion, December 8th, 1921, was as fitting a tribute to our Queen and Advocate as human endeavor can be. Both Sodalities working in unison participated in the day's celebrations. High Mass was sung in the morning at which members of both Sodalities partook in common of the "Bread of Life". The solemn reception of candidates was held in the afternoon at 5.30. Rev. Fr. Reid delivered a very impressive sermon on the duties of a Sodalist. The Reverend Preacher's brief talk, with its striking stories and appealing metaphors was much appreciated by all who heard him.

The usual Sodality Banquet followed, and at 8.30 p.m. a concert was given in the College Auditorium. The program included Morton's "Box and Cox," which was excellently rendered by the Loyola College Dramatic Society.

The Feast of the Annunciation was celebrated with due ceremony, and we are now busily preparing to celebrate appropriately the month of Our Lady.

The large number of daily communicants and the zeal and earnestness which was characteristic of the Sodalists both in the spiritual and temporal sides of the welfare of the Sodality is ample evidence of the success of the year's work of the Sodality. The indefatigable energy of the Prefect combined with the hearty cooperation of the other officers and Sodalists, together with the whole-hearted and generous support of our Moderator, Rev. Fr. de la Peza, have all contributed greatly towards the year's success.

HORATIO P. PHELAN, '25.
Secretary.



DAY-SCHOLARS' SODALITY.

Non-Resident Students' Sodality

At the annual election of officers, the following were chosen for the Scholastic year 1921-1922: — Prefect — Neil Feeney, '22; First Assistant — Francis McCrory, '22; Second Assistant — Edmund McCaffrey, '25; Secretary — Raymond Boyer, '25; Master of Candidates — Mr. Gerald Gleason, '23; Consultors — Paul Cuddihy, '24 and Richard Gloutney, H. S. '23; Sacristan — Brendan Cloran, H. S. '23.



CORBETT WHITTON, B.A. '06.

Reverend Father Rector, out of his kindness to the Day Scholars' Sodality, again undertook the charge of Moderator, this being the third year that he has presided at our meetings and given us an instruction at the end of each meeting.

As in former years, the meetings were held every Wednesday morning at 8.30. Reverend Father Moderator's sermons were always practical, for they always rose most naturally out of some event that had happened on or near the date on which it was delivered. His object in this was to help us to form correct judgments on the topics of the day, topics often ludicrously treated in our venal press. Many of us found them of great value in expressing with calmness and clarity the Catholic viewpoint. We are being trained to stand out as leaders of the people, not to run along "as sheep in the dust of others' heels."

In the absence of Father Moderator, Father Joseph MacDonald gave us an interesting account of the formation of the old "Junior Sodality" in 1917, and was pleased to find a goodly number of the Sodalists of that day still with us.

In résumé, we can heartily agree that this has been a very successful year. We hope to see it crowned in the splendid manner inaugurated in 1920; for most

encouraging is the recollection of the beauty and enthusiasm of that May evening on the torch-lighted Campus.

We wish to thank the mother of our Secretary for two very artistic signs that are posted in the two buildings on the eve of Sodality meetings.

PAUL CUDDIHY, '24.

+ + +

Salve Regina

Resplendent Angel from on high,
Sad earth rejoices in thy flight, to where
Ecstatic kneels in humble prayer
Hill-holy Mary.—She with startled eye
Gazes upon thy light, and hears
Houd-sounding message from her God and
thine!

"I, God's poor hand-maid, in His shrine
Vowed deathless service."—"Still thy maiden
fears!

Now will the Holy Ghost come down,
Enrich thee, Virgin, with a Son Divine!"—
And Mary's 'fiat!' God's great work
did crown.

D. F. MALONE, '24.

Berchmans' Tercentenary

ONE of the outstanding events in College life this year was the celebration, on November 26, 1921, of the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Saint John Berchmans, a Belgian Scholastic of the Society of Jesus.

August the thirteenth was, of course, the day of his death; but since he is the Patron of Catholic youth and especially of Altar Boys, our Holy Father changed the date of his anniversary to permit of its being celebrated during the school year. And in this tercentenary year, every diocese, every church in the world honored this amiable youth with varying degrees of solemnity. It therefore behooved us, as students and as students of a Jesuit College, to celebrate our Patron's feast and to beg his intercession with God.



If one wanted proof of the sound faith and earnest piety of us, the present generation of Loyola boys, sufficient would be found in the way in which we threw ourselves into those three days of preparation for the feast. One of the Fathers was heard to remark that never had the work of Divine grace been so visible among the boys, as though Saint John were obtaining for us, and sooner than we asked almost, the object of our petitions. This work of grace was furthered in the first place by the interesting sketch of the Saint's life, opportunely published by our Lecturer in Canadian History, Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J.

A further help was the competition open to the College for the best essay on the Saint. Elsewhere is printed the essay of Archie MacDonald, H. S. '22, the winner of First Prize.

Then on November 23rd, began the Triduum of sermons and prayers. In the first sermon, Rev. Father Rector dwelt upon

the uneventfulness of Saint John's life; he had done nothing extraordinary, but every least action he had done to the best of his ability. We were then shown how such a plan of life could not but produce wonderful effects, and bring us, as it had brought him, to our eternal home. The following day, Father Bradley, S.J. preached on the manner in which Berchmans responded to God's call to quit all and follow Him. The preacher then said that we were now old enough to begin thinking of our future work in the world. Not all are called to the priesthood; but all can sanctify themselves in their own calling. We were urged, when about to choose in the light of the eternal truths our state in life, to take as our special Patron Saint John Berchmans; for the proper choice of a vocation practically means success or failure in this life and in the next.

The third sermon of the Triduum was preached by Rev. Father Rector, who summed up all the lessons we had drawn from the life of the Saint, and exhorted to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of Saint John in the path to Heavenly glory. Before concluding this brief résumé of the Triduum, we wish to mention the great favor Mr. Lally, S.J., conferred on us by posting on the bulletin-boards many post-cards illustrating the life of Saint John or views of the Tercentenary celebrations at Diest in Belgium.

On the Feast itself, Solemn High Mass was sung at nine o'clock, with Rev. Father Rector (Moderator of the Non-Resident Students' Sodality), as Celebrant; Rev. Father de la Peza (Moderator of the Boarders' Sodality) as Deacon, and Rev. Raphael Kennedy, S.J. (Moderator of the Berchmans Altar Society) as sub-Deacon. After a stirring panegyric by Father Bradley, S.J., a full holiday was granted the students.

At five-thirty in the evening, the students again assembled in the Chapel for the final celebration. The beautiful new statue of the Saint, which had been blessed at the first ceremony of the Triduum was carried in solemn procession through the College, while the students sang hymns and recited the beads. Returning to the Chapel, we assisted at Benediction, and thus brought to a close one of the most effective religious ceremonies of our College life. It is good for us to have learned a little about this winning personality; it is good for us to be reminded that it is not great actions that count, but great desires and painstaking efforts to put those desires into effect.

A. CAMACHO, '24.

The College Club

AN institution that has grown up around Loyola, and that is not without its practical results to the College, is the College Club.

In the autumn of 1918 the newly organized Loyola School of Sociology and Social Service was still in the formative period, and meetings of the lecturers were felt to be necessary to co-ordinate the various courses and to shape the policy of the School. It was found convenient to meet for supper, and to consult and discuss after the meal. Out of those supper gatherings gradually emerged the "College Club."

The first departure from these purely informal gatherings was when the Archbishop of Toronto was the guest and speaker. On this occasion several prominent citizens were asked to be present.

The next innovation was the collection of a fee of one dollar, which was supposed to cover the cost of the dinner. By this time, the list of members was steadily growing, and now numbered about 60 and comprised many of the most prominent Catholics of Montreal.

A further step was the undertaking by the Club to finance Extension Lectures, and through this means, a most interesting course of five lectures on "The Origin of Man" was delivered in Montreal under the general title of "Loyola College Extension Lectures," by that eminent man of science, Sir Bertram Windle, F.R.S.

In 1922 another course of lectures was given under the auspices of Loyola College, but this time with the co-operation of McGill University, the lectures being held in the Chemistry Building of McGill. The subject was "Prehistoric Man in England," and again much public interest was elicited.

Moreover, the Club has provided a fund which will allow of the development of these Extension Lectures for the diffusion of sound historical and scientific information affecting Catholic belief.

The Club dinners are always delightful affairs and have distinctive features of their own. They have always been informal except on occasions, as when the Lieutenant-Governor or the Governor-General has honored us with his presence. The address is entirely of an informal nature and is invariably followed by discussion. No exception is allowed to this rule, and even the Governor-General graciously submitted to it.

Lastly, as both addresses and discussion are in the presence of gentlemen who know how to be discreet, a charming frankness and candour pervades these gatherings, which is hardly possible anywhere else. Not a word of any of the addresses or discussions has ever appeared in the press.

Apart from the Most Reverend and Right Reverend Bishops who at various times have been our guests, the following are some of the speakers we have had:

His Excellency The Governor-General, Lord Byng of Vimy, His Honor The Lieutenant-Governor, The Hon. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, The Rt. Hon. C. J. Doherty (on three occasions), Hon. Charles Murphy, Sir Arthur Currie, Sir Andrew McPhail (on two occasions), Mr. Noulan Cauchon (twice), Rev. Father Lewis Drummond, S.J., Mr. Henry Somerville, M.A., Sir Bertram Windle, F.R.S. (twice), Dr. E. J. Mullally, and several others.

Not the least interesting of these meetings were a symposium on the Irish question, and a debate between representatives of the Syndicats Catholiques Nationaux and other representative labor leaders, also Catholics, who opposed these unions on Catholic grounds.

The Club is filling a want among Catholic gentlemen. Incidentally it is also making friends for the College and besides emphasizes the need for a still greater influence of educated English-speaking Catholic public opinion, and consequently of higher education.





Loyola Enters the Inter-University Debating League

IT is with exceeding great pleasure that we communicate to Loyola's Old Boys and friends the particulars of this important event. On another page will be found the story of our brilliantly-sustained first contest in the lists of the I. U. D. L. (Inter-University Debating League). Here we wish to record for future reference the receipt and grateful acceptance of the League's invitation to become a member of this, the highest Debating body in Canada.

The first intimation of the proposed step was the following letter from the Secretary of the League:—

Students' Administrative Council,
University of Toronto,
November 1, 1921.

The Secretary,
The Literary and Debating Society,
Loyola College,
Montreal, P.Q.
Dear Sir:

I have been instructed by the Inter-University Debating League of Canada, comprising McGill, Queen's, Ottawa College and the University of Toronto, to approach you as to your willingness to enter the above League.

I am enclosing herewith a copy of our newly-amended constitutions.

We are, this year, desirous of entering two of the following six Universities: Bishop's, Loyola, MacDonald, McMaster, The Ontario Agricultural College and Western University, in a group with Ottawa College to thus complete our second

triangular group, the winner of which would debate for the Canadian Championship with the winner of Group One.

Would be very glad to answer any questions as to points which may not be clear to you in the Constitutions.

Above all, I hope that you will confer with your committee as soon as possible that we may have your decision at an early date.

Trust that you will give this proposition the consideration it merits, as it should prove a great step forward in Canadian Inter-University debating.

Group number One plans to hold its debate during the first week in December. It would be a great advantage if both Groups could hold their debates during the same week, that the final be debated the following week.

Once again may I express my readiness to endeavor to make clear any points which may appear obscure, and may I repeat my plea for an early answer.

Yours sincerely,
Egerton B. Harshaw,

per L. S.
Secretary-Treasurer I.U.D.L.

At a meeting of the L.C.L.D. Society's Executive, it was agreed on unanimously to accept the offer of the I.U.D.L.; for we felt confident that with practice, Loyola's debating teams would in time give an excellent account of themselves. To our request for further information on some minor points, the following reply was sent:—

Trinity College, Toronto,
Nov. 10, 1921.

W. P. McVey, Esq.,
Sec. L. C. Lit. and Deb. Society.

Dear Sir,

I am in receipt of your favor of the 3rd inst. On behalf of the Inter-University Debating League, I am delighted to welcome your admittance to the League. We all feel that it is an organization capable of great development and one which should accomplish much in the training of the undergraduates of our Canadian Universities in the art of public speaking.

In reply to your questions:—

(1). On one night . . . your two teams of debaters of two men each will debate. One team at home with another University, the other team debates with the third member of the group at the home of the latter member. There will be three judges at each debate. Should your two teams win a greater number of points from the judges than that given either of the other two members of your group, you will then have won the championship of your group, and would the following week debate, still

on the same subject, against the winners of group one. Should you not win your group championship, you will be through for the year.

(2). The subject for debate is chosen by the various Universities comprising the League, on a system of voting. Will explain more fully in a later letter. . . .

(3). There is no initiation fee for admission to the League nor annual dues. The only expenses are those which may be incurred by your representatives by way of travelling expenses.

Trust that these explanations are satisfactory and that you will have the best of luck in your fight for group honors, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

E. B. Harshaw,
Sec.-Treas. I.U.D.L.

The importance of this event in its effect not only upon public speaking at Loyola but upon every branch of our student activity will at once be apparent to all. It is therefore commented upon editorially in this number. What astonishing success crowned our first effort is told elsewhere.

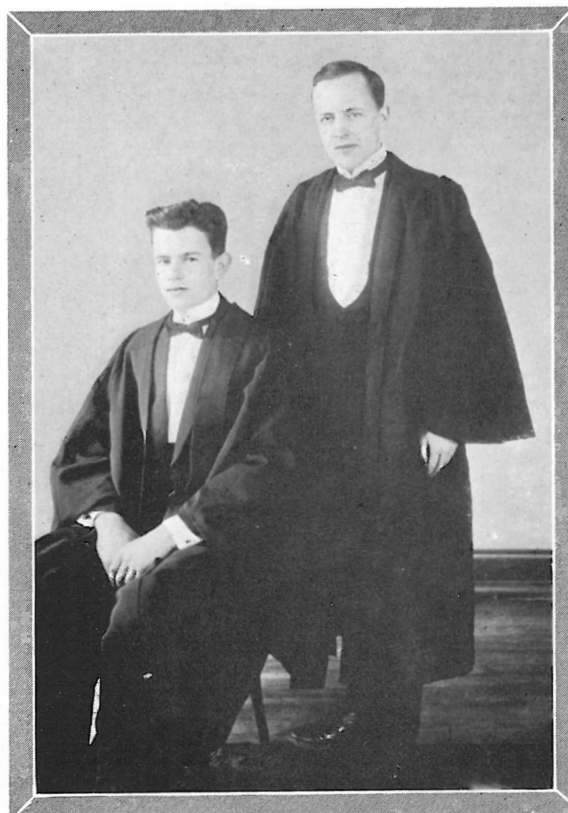


FORTY HOURS, SAINT STANISLAUS NOVITIATE, GUELPH

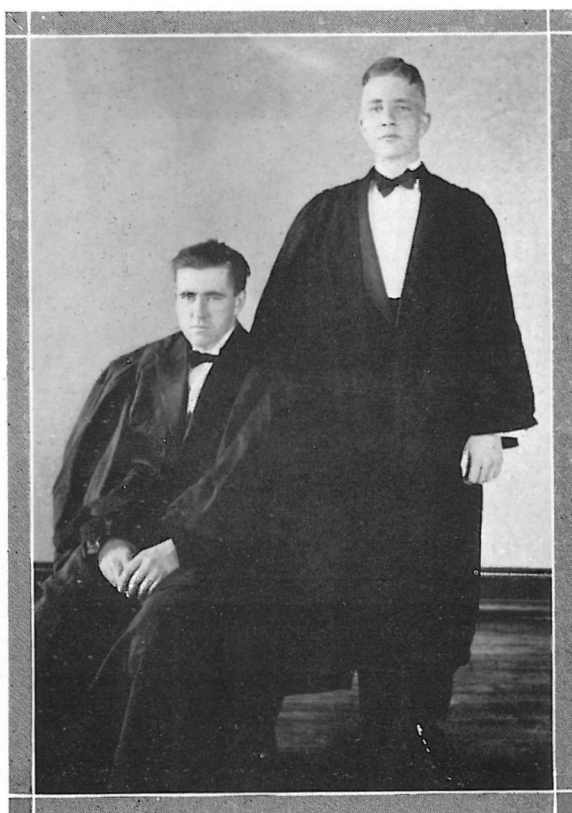
Loyola College Literary and Debating Society

THE opening of 1921-22 brought an important innovation in our Society. Up to that time, all members of Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior years were *ipso facto* members of the Debating Society. This year, with the introduction of pre-Law, pre-Medicine, and pre-Science courses, it was thought better to change this. Therefore obligation to join the Debating Society lies only upon members of Junior and Senior who have chosen the course in Law; but any other member of any of the four years may be admitted. The remaining students of the Arts' course have a special class in Elocution.—As a result, about twenty-five men found themselves in the Debating Society; the other fifty studied Elocution. Though relatively few in number, members of our Society made up for that in enthusiasm, and the many debates were hotly contested.

At the first meeting on Sept. 19th, under the direction of our Moderator, Mr.



LOYOLA INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATERS
H. Phelan, '25 T. Walsh, '23



LOYOLA INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATERS
M. Collins, '23 C. Scott, '25

Nelligan, S.J., the following officers were elected: President, Antoine Wendling, '22; Vice-President, Tom Walsh, '23; Secretary, William McVey, '22; Counsellors, Antony Des Lauriers, '23, and Gerald Anglin, '23.

The committee is to be congratulated on the topics chosen for debate—usually some subject of great and immediate interest to the world at large, such as, for instance, the enforcement of the treaty of Versailles and the righteousness of sympathetic strikes.

The general results of the new system are satisfactory. It is of course only an experiment, but it is hoped to whip it into such shape that we shall always succeed in producing the type of debater that has brought honor to Loyola, again this year as in the past.

WM. P. McVEY, '22, Secy.

Inter-University Debate

WITH much hope and some trepidation, we looked forward to December 5th. Of course we found encouragement in the traditional excellence of public debates at Loyola; and yet—we feared. For one thing, the time for preparation was short—three weeks to master the subject and—write the speech!

The subject was excellently chosen—"Resolved, that a substantial reduction in the Tariff should be made by the incoming Dominion Parliament." And the time, too—the eve of elections! It would have been difficult to choose time, place or subject that would have better roused our men to struggle valiantly for Loyola. While Messrs. Michael Collins, '23, and Cuthbert Scott, '25, were speaking for the affirmative at Loyola, Messrs. Tom Walsh, '23, and Horatio Phelan, '25, were upholding the negative at Bishop's College, Lennoxville. We shall return later to our travelling champions.

Rev. Father Daly, C.S.S.R., presided, and helped much to the pleasure of the evening by his apposite and witty introductory remarks. We were equally fortunate in the gentlemen who kindly accepted the task of judging the debate. These were three members of the Canadian Bench, Mr. Justice R. A. E. Greenshields, Mr. Justice E. Lafontaine and Mr. Justice C. A. Duclos. It was most pleasing to note the attentive manner in which they followed all the speakers. We wish to offer them our sincere thanks for their kindly, courteous acceptance of our invitation.

Mr. Collins, in a closely-reasoned speech, sought to prove that no valid argument could be urged against the resolution, leaving to his colleague to point out the advantages inherent in a reduced tariff. His delivery, at first slightly hesitating, soon became more assured; and though his very effective appeal was wholly to the intellect yet he also gave pleasure by his modesty. His refutation was as masterly as it was brief.

"*Divide et impera*". Last year Ottawa University had won the I.U.D.L. championship, battling against McGill and Toronto. Her excellent team was still intact, but it was decided to pick two new men and put one with each of the champions. Hence Mr. Lesage of last year's team came to Loyola with Mr. Gazzo.

Mr. Lesage caused us several anxious moments. A fluent and attractive speak-

er, he brought a great array of facts to show the alarming dangers of a reduced tariff. Against weaker opponents, his attack might have proven irresistible, but Mr. Collins' logic found invincible support in Cuth Scott's smile! If he had nothing else, our second speaker would always be a dangerous opponent by his deliberate and confident demeanor. When to that he added a really excellently written and excellently delivered speech, victory for Loyola was assured.

Mr. Gazzo, the second negative, was unfortunate in that his memory failed him at the outset; though there was nothing dishonoring in that, for he had weighted it to the breaking-point with tons of figures. Had he trusted less to his memory and read his statistics, the impression would have been much more favorable.

After the debate, the Honorable Judges decided unanimously in favor of Loyola. According to the system of marking in the I.U.D.L., victory was ours by 6 points to 0.

AT LENNOXVILLE.

Unfortunately we had no one at Bishop's to report the debate there, and our two representatives are too modest to write for us. But many friends in Sherbrooke who went to the debate, praise highly and in unequivocal terms the excellent showing of Messrs. Walsh and Phelan. Their reasoning was sound and compelling, their style lively and impassioned, and their delivery perfect; while their opponents attempted wholly extempore address and, in consequence, often halted in their delivery and were to such an extent impeded by the strain on their memory that few eloquent appeals were made. But it was the very fluency of our speakers that wrought their down-fall; for the judges, being under the impression that extempore speaking alone fulfilled the requirements of the I.U.D.L., thought themselves forced to give the decision to the representatives of Bishop's. It is hoped that the Executive of the I.U.D.L. will clear up this point before next year's debate.

THE ROUND.

At Ottawa, Bishop's were defeated by 6 points to 0; at Bishop's we were defeated 5-1. The standing therefore in this section of the I.U.D.L. was as follows:—Loyola, 7 points; Ottawa, 6; Bishop's, 5.

Our two teams were then ordered to arrange a debate with Queen's University. But at Queen's, preparations for mid-year Exams. had already begun. We were asked to postpone the final debate until the third week of February, to which we readily agreed, though with keen disappointment.

As the time approached for the re-opening of the question, our hopeful defenders dreamt of success. But word was received privately that our opponents considered a further discussion of the Tariff

inopportune. We agreed to accept the decision of the Executive of the I.U.D.L., and the matter was dropped. We hope for a more decisive encounter next year.

To conclude, Loyola College is proud of the success of her men in this new arena. But especially is she proud of the spirit they manifested—the calm, dignified spirit of gentlemen. If her sons continue to show this her true spirit, then in defeat as in victory, her first feeling will ever be pride in the men she has trained to face the world.



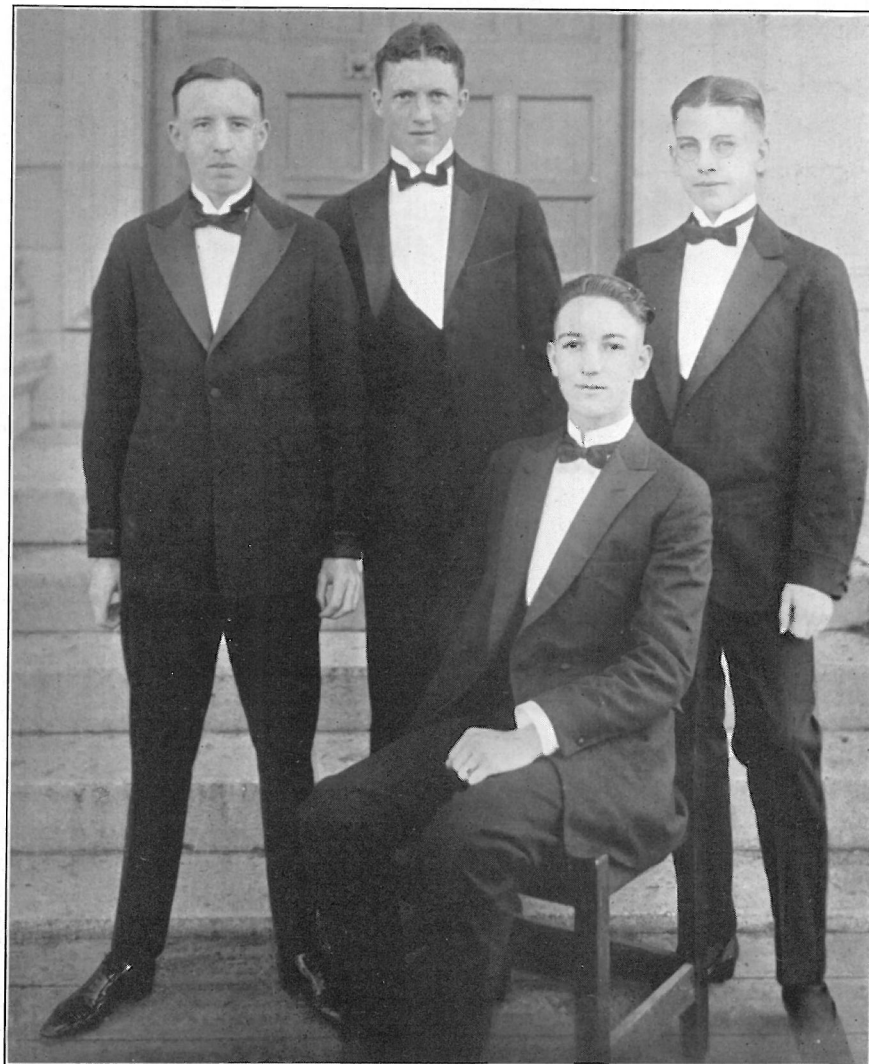
High School Literary and Debating Society

THE Society may well be proud of the work which, under the careful guidance of its Moderator, Mr. J. S. Holland, S.J., it has accomplished during the year, now rapidly drawing to a close, which marks the twenty-fifth milestone in Loyola's progress.

Many and various are the subjects which have come before the Society for discussion; and if the merits of a debate may be judged by the manner in which the audience receives it, some of the most successful and interesting subjects were: Resolved, That classical music is better than jazz: Resolved, That disarmament is necessary for a world-wide peace, and Resolved, That Prohibition is beneficial to the community.

On September 12th the following officers were elected for the first term: Pres-

ident, Archie MacDonald, H.S., '22; Vice-President, Desmond Walsh, H.S., '22; Secretary, Moore Bannon, H.S., '23; Counsellors, Edmund Dowd, H.S., '23 and





SENIOR HOCKEY '02-'03

Left to Right:- S. Malone, W. Kaine, F. Kennedy, L. Burns, F. McKenna, C. Power, F. Dwyer, F. Lynott, Q. Baxter, J. Clark

D'A. O'Connell, H.S., '23; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joseph Beaubien, H.S., '22.

On February 9th were elected the officers for the current term: President, James Carroll, H.S., '22; Vice-President, Gerald O'Cain, H.S., '22; Secretary, Lawrence Bartley, H.S., '23; Counsellors, Joseph Murphy, H.S., '23 and Joseph McCrea, H.S., '23; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Brady, H.S., '23.

On Tuesday the 9th of May was held the annual Public Debate of the Society.

The subject chosen for this occasion was, "Resolved, That Prohibition where adopted in Canada has failed to attain the end for which it was intended." The Affirmative side of the debate was ably upheld by George Mitchell, H.S., '22 and James Carroll, H.S., '22, and the negative by Joseph Murphy, H.S., '23 and Lawrence Bartley, H.S., '23, while Moore Bannon, H.S., '23 was chairman.

The debate was altogether a success and was so closely contested that the judges were unable to reach a decision until they had carefully weighed all the points for twenty minutes. While they were pre-

paring their verdict, Rev. Fr. Rector delivered a very witty and interesting talk, on the few oratorical blunders of the evening—blunders wholly excusable perhaps, if we take into account the fact that this was the first public appearance of the four speakers and that they are all under seventeen years of age.

Upon the advent of the Judges a hush fell upon the hall while Mr. C. A. Harwood, K.C., delivered the verdict. He commended the speakers on their different good qualities, and announced that after taking into consideration the arguments, eloquence, delivery and manner of the speakers the Judges had decided that victory must be awarded the affirmative.

The evening's pleasure was greatly enhanced by the Capitol Male Quartet, who sang several selections with great artistry. Mr. Eric Zimmerman whose remarkable mastery of the violin has delighted many a College gathering was accompanied on the piano by his sister. Mr. Hector Prince's piano solo also met with the hearty approval of the audience.

J. L. BARTLEY, H.S., '23.

DRAMATICS

Box and Cox

THE piece chosen for presentation on "Sodality Night" was the ever-new comedy, "Box and Cox." It is of course a stock piece in College theatricals (it would be interesting to know the number of times it has been staged since its "First Night" about 1860, I think); and yet its fun bubbles up as spontaneously as ever.

In the writer's opinion, no better performance of "Box and Cox" has been given around Montreal by amateurs than that of December 8, 1921, at the College. Alfred Talley, H.S. '23, as the Printer, acted his part with remarkable ease, and brought out unsuspected drolleries throughout. Nothing was over-emphasized and yet at his every appearance we found something more laughable than before.



MR. JEAN DROUIN,
Professor of Violin.

His histrionic abilities are a real acquisition to the College. Ashton Tobin, '25, was a worthy second to Talley, as the Hatter, though he lacked the appearance of complete identification with his part that delighted us in the Printer. He suffered, of course, by the comparison; and yet we are sure that he gave a capable performance, nor would we have it understood that his work was not most enjoyable. John Hearn, of "Noo Yoik," whose droll accent and still more droll make-up helped to fill out the comparatively small part of Mrs. Bouncer, gives promise of developing into an excellent light comedian.

The orchestra played in its usual finished style. Eric Zimmerman again delighted us by his solo-work.

In conclusion we wish to thank all who took part in the concert for the happy—almost hilarious, at times—evening's entertainment.

* * *

The Grey Overcoat

For St. Patrick's Day concert, Mr. Bryan, S.J., director of "Dramatics," chose a most effective and mystifying play "The Grey Overcoat." It held our undivided attention until the last curtain; and even then, so swift and unusual was the dénouement, some of the small boys would not believe it was all over and hoped for several murders in the next scene. The play presents a very clever piece of detective work in a slightly new field. One would willingly sit through it a second time, and not only willingly but with even greater pleasure than at the first hearing.

Lester Shiels, '23, with his tall, athletic frame, was fully equal to the demands made on him by a rather unusual characterization. He was masterful and exact, as an Inspector of Detectives should be. Alfred Talley proved his versatility by a successful interpretation of a type wholly opposed to the rollicking Mr. Box, while Fred Manley filled the minor part with ease and charm.

The College orchestra, again assisted by Eric Zimmerman, played remarkably well.

Kappa Pi Sigma Concert

The Smoker made elaborate preparations for their annual entertainment on April 26th. This year it took the form of an impromptu concert by members of the Club, who did not hesitate to descend to the coal-hole or mount to the rafters in search of talent. What they unearthed was as delightful as it was unexpected. "Prof." Marchuchi produced in an instant (at the request of a soloist, Lester Shiels, who rejected the orchestra provided by the committee), a grimy but talented group of players. G. Anglin, as a Bolshevik; H. Decary, J. Hearn and G. Bray, as non-classable "hicks", gave finished and side-splitting emphasis to their lowly parts. The Officers' Training Corps sang well, acted delightfully but manoeuvred abominably. D. Walsh's solo was repeatedly encored. The comedy centering on "Sir Edwin Boots" provoked great hilarity. A. Talley as a colored protagonist, A. Frégeau as a tramp-steamer Caruso, H. Phelan as Sir Edwin and F. McNally as Mr. Morgan, in search of a troupe of players, vied with one another for our applause; and all received of it generously. Marc Girard brought along his brother and the latter's saxophone, which added very greatly to the evening's fun.

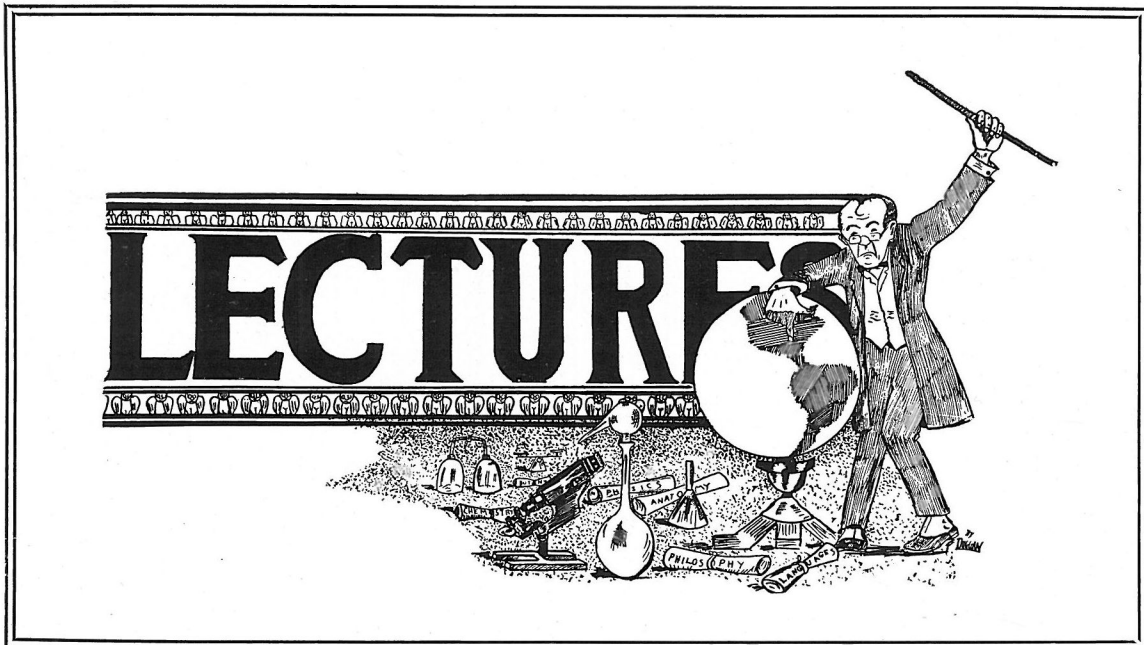
The concert was quite long, but when the large audience began to leave, we heard only regrets that it had been so short. Kappa Pi Sigma is therefore to be congratulated on the real success of



MR. J. J. SHEA
Professor of Piano

the evening; but they, with us, will readily ascribe a great measure of that success to the untiring efforts and masterly coaching of Mr. W. X. Bryan, S.J., Director of Theatricals.





Percy Bysshe Shelley

Condensed report of several lectures by Father Drummond to Loyola College students, to the Loyola School of Sociology, and to the Catholic Women's League, in the autumn of 1921.

Next year, 1922, will, on the 8th of July, chronicle the centenary of the sad drowning of Shelley overtaken in a tiny skiff by a sudden Mediterranean squall. This hundredth anniversary of the death of a promising genius in his thirtieth year will no doubt be fittingly celebrated because no other poet was ever gifted with so musical an ear for metrical melody. That will ever be his matchless glory. His tragic death occurred before his reputation as a poet had obtained any general acceptance, but that reputation has since attained colossal proportions, thanks to the responsive chord which his lawless atheistic spirit strikes in the hearts of those unreasoning multitudes who chafe under any restraint. They are charmed by what they read of his sweetness, indulgence, and generosity even towards men who worried him meanly, and these superficial readers forget what a rebel he was against God and against everything truly divine. They especially fail to note that he was the originator of that subtly diabolic art of clothing aggressive unbelief in the phraseology of faith, an art which has been the bane of too much fine writing since Shelley invented it, the art of sugar-coating blasphemy with words of adora-

tion and draping pantheism in the garments of theism. Even Wordsworth occasionally drops into it, but unintentionally. Shelley revels in it.

Take for instance *Queen Mab*, his first important poem, privately printed because the decency of the time would not stand its immorality and irreligion. Shelley begins by addressing the Spirit of Nature as if he really meant the Christian's God:

Spirit of Nature!

The pure diffusion of Thy essence throbs
 Alike in every human heart,
 Thou aye erectest there
 Thy throne of power inappealable,
 Thou art the judge beneath whose nod
 Man's brief and frail authority
 Is powerless as the wind
 That passeth idly by.
 Thine the tribunal which surpasseth
 The show of human justice,
 As God surpasseth man.

Have not these lines of Shelley a welcome sound as if the poet meant our own dear God? But turn over three double-columned pages of verse—for Shelley's favorite poems are so interminable that I 'hae me doots' if the admiring critics ever read them through; this poem in particular contains more than 1,700 lines—and you will find first a bit of scathing truth inserted there as a decoy for the coming blasphemous falsehood. Here is the bit of truth:

Those too the tyrant serve who, skilled to snare
 The feet of justice in the toils of law,
 Stand ready to oppress the weaker still;
 And right or wrong will vindicate for gold,
 Sneering at public virtue, which beneath
 Their pitiless tread lies torn and trampled, where
 Honor sits smiling at the sale of truth.

A capital skit, indeed, on dishonest lawyers; but unfortunately it is only a ruse to

accredit and excuse the immediately following blasphemous lie:

Then grave and hoary-headed hypocrites,
 Without a hope, a passion, or a love,
 Who, through a life of luxury and lies,
 Have crept by flattery to the seats of power,
 Support the system whence their honors flow—
 They have three words; well tyrants know their use,
 Well pay them for the loan, with usury,
 Torn from a bleeding world! God, Hell, and Heaven.
 A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,
 Whose mercy is a nickname for the rage
 Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.
 Hell, a red gulf of everlasting fire,
 Whose poisonous and undying worms prolong
 Eternal misery to those helpless slaves
 Whose life has been a penance for its crimes.
 And Heaven, a meed for those who dare belie
 Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe
 Before the mockeries of earthly power.

How could a genial youth of twenty give so hideous a manifestation of what Southey called "the Satanic School"? One explanation is that he was born in 1792 and grew into a precocious childhood among an idle and illogical set of the English unbelieving nobility in that ghastliest period of the French Revolution, when the shallowest shibboleths were accepted as far truer than the Gospel. If Wordsworth, who was over thirty when the Revolution became acutely mad, was momentarily thrilled by its stupendous audacity, what wonder that poor Percy, who had not a philosophic brain, childishly trusted its promise of complete emancipation?

It would be a relief to turn from such wretched blasphemy to so charming a poem as "The Cloud," which Father Drummond always read in his lectures on Shelley, but it is too long for this condensed report, and, besides, it is to be found in many manuals of English literature. This elaborate musical combination of multiple rhymes and happy metaphors has never been equalled, as a mere metrical exploit, by any other poet, simply because it is the embodiment of Shelley's unique character, as unsubstantial, as un-

reasonable, as changeable, as elusively beautiful as those cumulus-clouds that set off the splendor of the sun.

Then, after reading Shelley's poem, "To a Skylark," and pointing out its charming, though again rather labored, similes, he compared it to Wordsworth's twelve lines on the same subject. There is more real, deep, abiding thought in those two short verses than in Shelley's twenty-one stanzas of five lines each. When Wordsworth wrote—

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine—

he briefly emphasized a striking contrast between the nightingale hiding in some leafy bower to pour out its matchless song and the skylark gloriously alone because of his unattainable altitude; but Wordsworth also gave utterance to a prophetic insight which the present-day airman, soaring far above the skylark, recognizes as a startling reality, the "privacy of glorious light" in the upper regions of the untenanted air. No such happy combination of simplicity and depth, the two peerless attributes of real genius, can be found in anything that Shelley ever wrote. Prolixity, vagueness and shallowness are his besetting sins. William Michael Rossetti

says: "The defects of Shelley's longer poems are vagueness, unreality, a pomp of glittering indistinctness, in which excess of sentiment welters amid excess of words." Father Drummond took the trouble to count the lines in *The Revolt of Islam*, no easy task, because the stanzas occasionally vary in length; he found that this poem contains 4,831 lines, a quantity equivalent to six books of Homer's *Iliad*. Richard Garnett, in his introductory sketch of Shelley's *Life and Works*, a recent undated publication, says that *The Revolt of Islam* is an idealized version of the French Revolution. But neither Mr. Richard Garnett nor anyone else could guess that this drearily long poem is intended to allude to the French Revolution unless Shelley had told us so in his preface to that tiresome screed. But why Islam? Why all those Greek scenes,

why all the unintelligible hotch-potch of tyrants, wholesale carnage, famine, pestilence? These vague dreams are nowhere explained or connected. It is impossible to find in the whole poem one consecutive tale, although Shelley insists that it is narrative, not didactic. As a didactic poem, it teaches hatred of God, free love, and all sorts of crimes in the name of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, all linking together of these three catchwords being carefully avoided, just as if the author did purposely not want to point too clearly to the French Revolution. And yet Shelley himself tells us that this is his "first serious appeal to the Public." There is nothing serious about it, unless by serious he means unbridled and unintelligibly violent passion. The fortieth stanza of the fifth canto begins the only clear allusion to the French Revolution as follows:

To see, like some vast island from the Ocean,
The Altar of the Federation rear
Its piles i' the midst; a work which the devotion
Of millions in one night created there,
Sudden, as when the moonrise makes appear
Strange clouds in the east; a marble pyramid
Distinct with steps: that mighty shape did wear
The light of genius; its still shadow hid
Fair ships: to know its height the morning mists forbid.

Note the faulty rhymes tolerated in Shelley's day: *there*, *appear*. The worst instance is in the sixth stanza of the eighth canto, where *death* and *faith* are made to rhyme with *wrath*. There are also many instances of mere stop-gap epithets, of rhymes for the mere sake of rhyming, and of the displacing of accents to effectuate an artificial scansion. On the whole, the craftsmanship is wretchedly poor. Favorite words, such as *tameless*, he repeats with annoying frequency. He is so fond of Spencer's *glode* for *glided* that he occasionally uses it when *glided* would have done better.

On *Adonais*, Shelley's lament over the death of Keats, a truly wonderful elegy,

Father Drummond endorses Swinburne's comment, which is this: "Its execution is all but impeccable; its highest passages are those in which the inspiration of the writer is *least connected with the immediate object of the elegy*," a lack of logical sequence which the lecturer himself has already pointed out, as an essential characteristic of Shelley. Swinburne continues: "The introduction of Byron and Moore as mourners over the death of Keats would be the introduction of a burlesque or farcical element into a serious and tragic work of art if the absurdity of the fancy were not redeemed by the nobility of the verse." The reference is to the 30th stanza, which must be quoted here:

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity [Byron], whose fame
Over his loving head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Swinburne adds: "There are one or two singular oversights in the composition of a poem so elaborate and harmonious—a subsidence into debility of phrase at the close of a stanza, or a lapse into confusion of metaphor *which makes nonsense of the allegory*. But these slips in style are less than spots on the sun." "Are they indeed?" queried Father Drummond. "Surely spots that make nonsense of the whole allegorical meaning of a poem must effectually shut out its light. The fact is—what Swinburne the infidel cannot see—that the one basal fault of Adonais is its

absolutely hopeless outlook. It gives not even the hint of a chance of meeting again alive in another world, which for Shelley had no existence. He found out his mistake a hundred years ago."

Change with him was what unrest is to children, and, like a child, he thought all other men and women were weathercocks like himself. "Mutability" is the title of one of his early poems, written when he was only twenty, and it is also the title of another shorter poem written in his thirtieth year. The earlier poem, being the better, is quoted here.

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever;

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest—a dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise—one wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away;

It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free;
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but mutability.

This, of course, is an unconscious revelation of his own exaggerated changeableness, which he imagines falsely and ignorantly to be common to the whole human race. Doubtless even grown men and women are occasionally inclined or tempted to change without reason; but that is just the reason why we all admire and love most those whom we can rely upon as firm and constant.

Note how Shelley's extraordinary kinship with the clouds appears in the very

first stanza, although he was not to write his poem "The Cloud" till seven or eight years later, and when he did write it we cannot help feeling that his marvellous technical success is due to his own abnormal love of change. The only thing he can fully realize and splendidly visualize is change.

The reporter may be allowed to close by quoting the last stanza of a poem which, being Shelley personified, is his best title to enduring fame:

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a strain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

Sir Bertram Windle, F.R.S.

FOR the 1922 series of Extension Lectures at Loyola, we were fortunate this year in again securing the eminent Professor of Anthropology at St. Michael's College, Toronto, Sir Bertram Windle, F.R.S. A pleasing innovation was the securing of the lecture theatre of McGill University for the lectures.

Sir Bertram delivered on April 11, 18 and 25, three lectures on "Prehistoric Man in England." All the lectures were closely followed by a representative gathering of Professors and Loyola and McGill boys, along with many outsiders. Profuse illustration on the screen made it easy to follow the learned lectures.

First Lecture—The Stone Age.

In introducing his lecture Sir Bertram said that he did not propose to treat the ancient peoples from the standpoint of the physical anthropologist, but rather from that of their cultural progress. He added that he would not attempt to quote dates, declaring that many first class authorities differ so widely that it is quite evident much of their surmises must be pure guess-work. He then submitted evidences of the implements used by these people who lived long before history. After dealing with the early flint weapons, which were so primitive as to require hand to hand encounters the lecturer said: "There is evidence that the prehistoric man shaved himself. Knowing what a nuisance it is to those of us who have to shave daily it is a cause of wonder as to why men began the habit. My own view is that in a hand to hand encounter against a person with a sharp flint a long beard was a serious handicap if the other person seized hold of it."

The subject of flints was gone into very thoroughly, showing the development in the craft. Here Sir Bertram took occasion to remark that there were some clever modern fakes which would deceive the elect and quite a few such specimens are extant in England. The prehistoric man was a rough customer, he said, but, perhaps, not as nasty as some of the fanciful portraits which have been prepared of him. He had a capacious skull and the skilled hands of a craftsman. "Let any one who feels very superior to the prehistoric man try his hand on flints and the result will be barked knuckles and a much humbler spirit."

It was evident that the prehistoric man believed in a future state, Sir Bertram argued, because of discoveries made in connection with his burial customs. The things required on the journey were buried with the dead, such as flints, red ochre to make himself handsome, and food.

There was, the lecturer said, a considerable difference in the physical geography, and the prehistoric man could walk from Paris to Belfast with only a river to cross. He had to contend with wild beasts, and because he had brains he overcame obstacles.

In dealing with what Sir Bertram termed the childhood of art, he presented an example of carving on bone being typical of the work done by the man who first thought out the artistic convention that line can represent surface. It was pointed out that while these artists were fairly successful in depicting animals, their drawings of humans were very crude, badly drawn and their anatomy was not good. One reason might have been because of the old superstition that the possession of a drawing or a picture representing any individual gave to the possessor power over the subject. He thought, too, that some of these drawings were intended not to represent humans, but rather masks used in dances. Examples of applied art were shown, a fine specimen being a dagger made from reindeer horn in which the handle was so carved as to depict the animal leaping.

Sir Bertram discussed the stone circles and offered his views as to their probable religious uses. He gave some views of stones which had been pierced and which evidently had some religious purpose. To this day one such stone is so highly regarded that if two persons clasp hands through the opening, their oath is considered the most solemn possible. He referred to another which resembles a stone life-buoy and is highly regarded because local belief is to the effect that a child passed through its opening will never suffer rickets.

Second Lecture—The Bronze Age.

The second lecture dealt with the early metallic age. Iron might easily have been the first used, since it occurred in easily reducible ores and as pure meteoric iron, but it was not. Copper first was employed by some of the North American Indians,

who, however, did not smelt but merely hammered nearly pure ores into the desired shapes. Perhaps copper may have been known 3000 years B.C., in the Mediterranean basin. It probably got into Britain as bronze about 1500 years B.C. There was a short copper age in some countries before it was discovered that the addition of about 10 per cent of tin made bronze a better metal for use. Various kinds of bronze implements were shown and their method of manufacture explained, also the traces of older forms left in the ornamentation of the later. Thus the old folded-over form of socket was shown in ornament on that which had been cast complete.

The people who introduced this metal into Britain and who also brought in cremation had much rounder skulls than their predecessors of the stone age. Further, the narrow-headed people buried their dead complete in oval mounds or barrows; and the round-headed people either complete or more often after cremation in earthen vessels in round barrows.

Specimens of this sepulchral pottery were shown as slides and the method of hand-manufacture before the wheel was known was illustrated by a series of slides showing how pottery was made at Kikuyu, a place of extreme remoteness in Africa, which had blazed out into sudden notoriety just before the war on account of a religious synod which had been held there; but whose people were, up to twenty years ago, in the prehistoric stage, so to speak. The finished pots made by these people were, except for the signs of age, almost indistinguishable from those made 3000 year ago by the Bronze Age people.

The lecturer next passed to the earthen fortresses made by these people which exist in such numbers in most parts of England, commencing with a view of the so-called "British Camp" at Malvern, the outer part of which is prehistoric though the inner "keep" of earth has been shown to be Norman. Maiden Castle between Dorchester and Weymouth, the greatest of all these fortresses, with its complicated entrances designed, like many other entrances, to prevent a combined rush by the enemy, was shown.

Finally the lecturer showed pictures of the pile-dwellings of Borneo and Port Moresby and explained how they were the modern representatives of the Swiss Pile Villages, a reproduction of one of which he showed. There was, he explained, another very interesting kind of lake village

which he would describe next week when he hoped to deal with the Celtic race, their wanderings and arts.

Third Lecture—The Iron Age.

The Celts who inhabited Great Britain and Ireland in the centuries immediately before Christ "in whatever part of Europe they happened to be, never advanced in the form of a kingdom or an empire, and the organization of their different tribes was mostly of a republican character. In Ireland the tribes certainly had kings, but these monarchs were elected from amongst the ordinary people, and while the reigning sovereign still lived, his successor was already chosen to succeed him."

"One of their unfortunate habits" said Prof. Windle, "was when they had a quarrel amongst themselves they called in somebody from outside to help them, usually with disastrous results to themselves. One of the British tribal chiefs did this, which furnished an excellent excuse for the Roman invasion."

"The Celts originated in the mountain regions of central Europe," said the lecturer, "and gradually spread across the continent colonizing Spain, Gaul, and northern Europe until finally they spread into Britain. There they were the conquerors of, and the successors to the Neoliths, or the people of the early bronze age. Their general physical characteristics might be gauged from a Roman account of their famous Chieftainess Boadicea who was described as "mighty in stature, harsh of voice, and fearless in battle."

They had two forms of religion, one of which was the Druidical worship, but some authorities held that the Druids were not really Celtic in origin but had probably been found in Britain by the invaders and were not disturbed, perhaps with the idea of conciliating these strange Gods. The indisputably Celtic deity was Manannan-mac-Lir from whose name came the Isle of Man.

With the Celts came in the first attempts at true art, and some of their artistic designs were marvellously beautiful. The lecturer displayed photographs of bronze workings found belonging to this period, and pointed out the origination of the flowing spiral curves which are so apparent all through Celtic art. Their art, he said, was peculiar in that there was no attempt at a representation of nature such as was to be found in the continental art. He showed a typical mirror of the period fashioned from polished silver, and said

that these were usually buried with the women to whom they belonged in order that they might have an opportunity of beautifying themselves in the other world.

To the later Celtic period belonged the credit for having originated the art of enamelling on bronze, and the method employed was very similar to that used at the present day, as the designs were indented on the shield or other instrument, and the enamel was then poured into the hollow formed. A mixture of silica and copper oxide was the first coloring matter used, which gave a red tint, but in course of time other colors were employed. Some beautiful examples of the enamelled bronze in the form of sword scabbards and shields were depicted many of them having an enamelled "swastika" on the boss of the shield.

The Roman invasion of Britain practically destroyed the Celtic art in that country, and a much more severe form of ornamentation became customary there, derived from the lotus idea of the Greeks. The potter's wheel was an invention of this age, and many tombs in England contained urns which had undoubtedly been fashioned on this marvellous instrument, said the lecturer.

In conclusion Prof. Windle said that the whole study of prehistoric man in England forced one to the conclusion that the British race is an extraordinarily complex body of people, of which the name Anglo-Saxon is a singularly inept and illogical description. There is not, said he, anywhere in the British Isles anything approximating a pure race.



Right Honorable
Baron Shaughnessy
of Ashford, K.C.M.G.

□

Chairman
Advisory Board,
Loyola College



Loyola's War Record

LOYOLA'S part in the war was sympathetically reported in the 1919 Review. Seven pages of that number were filled with the names of Old Boys who had offered their lives to defend their country; and one page bore the glorious names of those whose sacrifice was accepted, who died that their country might live, whose names shall shine resplendent through that country's history. Neither can those pages of the Review of 1919 fade from history. But we mention them to-day to show they are warmly cherished in our memories; nor would a history of Loyola College be complete without a reference, however summary, to the noble part that her sons took in the four years of war. In the two succeeding numbers of the Review we have made what additions were possible to our Roll of Honor; it is still incomplete and Loyola's full contribution to the defence of our country is yet to be tab-

ulated. This we may assert, modestly and yet confidently. We doubt whether any other Canadian College has as fine a showing as Loyola. When the war broke out, Loyola had been eighteen years in existence; of slow growth, she had only recently passed the two hundred mark in her registration. And yet she was able to do so much for her country.

Two hundred and seventy-seven of our men answered their country's call; two hundred and seventy-seven VOLUNTEERS they were, fired with great love of their God and their country. And this fact,—that they went so early to the front,—while bringing greater glory to them, brings a greater share of sorrow to us who remain; for of those two hundred and seventy-seven, thirty-six were killed or died during the war. This is a heavy toll, indeed—more than one in every eight men making the supreme sacrifice. But, as they made their sacrifice willingly and gladly, so we make ours—in sadness, yet rejoicing in their triumph.



Lieut. Scott, Major Reynolds, Major McCrory, Brig.-Gen. Armstrong, C.M.G., Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Burstall, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Lieut.-Col. Alexander, D.S.O., Lieut. Walsh, Lieut. Laplante, Major Neilson.



Roll = of = Honor



Killed

MAJOR TEMPLE MACDONALD
 CAPT. EDWARD DWYER
 CAPT. MELVIN JOHNSON
 CAPT. FRANCIS MAGUIRE
 CAPT. ARTHUR MCGOVERN, D.S.O.
 (Posthumous)
 CAPT. JOHN P. WALSH
 LIEUT. ARTHUR DISSETTE,
 Croix de Guerre
 LIEUT. JAMES DE B. DOMVILLE
 LIEUT. JAMES GRANT
 LIEUT. R. B. HINGSTON
 LIEUT. ROGER LELIEVRE
 LIEUT. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX
 LIEUT. FRASER MACDONALD
 LIEUT. FRANCIS MCGEE
 LIEUT. SARGENT OWENS

LIEUT. GUY PALARDY
 LIEUT. EDWARD PLUNKETT
 LIEUT. WILFRID SULLIVAN
 LIEUT. HENRI DE VARENNES
 LIEUT. MAURICE VIDAL
 LIEUT. JOHN WILKINS
 SGT.-MAJOR GREGORY NAGLE
 SGT. RAYMOND KEARNS
 CPL. STANTON HUDSON, M.M.
 CPL. ADRIAN MCKENNA
 PTE. STUART BARNSTON
 PTE. HERBERT BUTLER
 PTE. HOWARD FARLEY
 PTE. LEO LE BOUTILLIER, D.C.M.
 PTE. DONALD MCARTHUR
 PTE. DESMOND O'BOYLE
 PTE. LEO SHORTALL

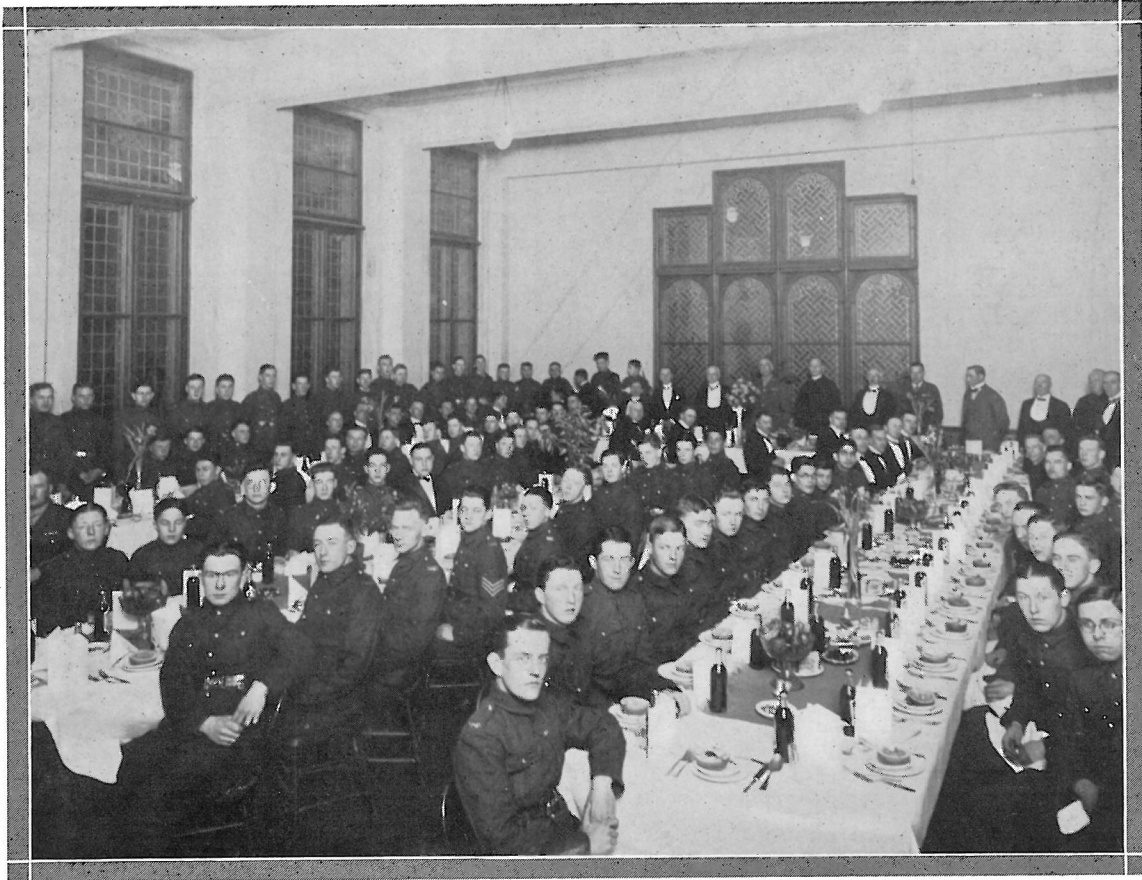
* *

Died

PTE. GLENDYN CLORAN
 PTE. EMMETT CONROY

CADET PAUL CONROY
 PTE. W. A. PEARSON





C.O.T.C. BANQUET.



ONE of the important and (needless to say) interesting departments of activity at Loyola is our Canadian Officers' Training Corps. It is of rather recent establishment here; in fact, it was but three short years ago that the student body were assembled and to them the idea of an O.T.C. was suggested and thoroughly explained. The authorization for the organising of this unit was received from the Council of Militia at Ottawa on March 17th, 1919. Subsequently a re-organization took place of the C.O.T.C's.; many were dropped from the militia list, but ours was maintained and fully organized,

Major M. J. McCrory being gazetted as Officer Commanding. Its development was slow and toilsome, but certain; and when in the winter of 1920-21 we sent up the first candidates for examination, the results were quite satisfactory.

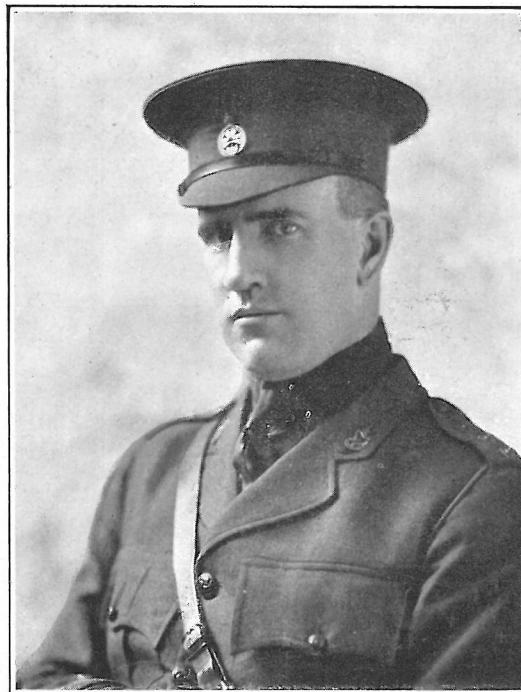
This encouraging success led to a greater activity than ever in this last year. An even larger number were sent up for examination. Although the final result will not be known until after "The Review" has gone to press, nevertheless, we have been given every reason to believe that this year's aspirants to "Certificate A" will be equally if not more successful than those of last year.

The good work accomplished by the Corps, is almost altogether due to the untiring efforts of our Officer Commanding, Major M. J. McCrory, late of the Duchess of Connaught's Own Irish Canadian Rangers, and our Second in Command, Major Edgar T. Reynolds, late of the same gallant unit. These two officers have had command of the Corps for some years past and have done admirable work. Another name that must by no means go unmentioned in connection with the C.O.T.C. is that of our Rector, Major the Rev. W. H. Hingston, S.J., Chaplain of the Irish Canadian Rangers Overseas Battalion from the time that they were first recruited, in the early part of the war. It is due to Father Hingston that we have our Officers Training Corps, as he was responsible for its inception.

Second only to our inspection as Guard of Honor to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in 1919, on which occasion we had the honor of being presented with our standard by H.R.H., comes our inspection on March 21st, of this year by Lieut.-General Sir Henry Burstall, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Inspector General of Militia for Canada. The parade was called in front of the College but unfortunately we were not favored by the weather man, rain and slush being the order.

At 2.15 p.m. the General and his staff which included Brigadier General Armstrong, C.M.G., O.C. Military District No. 4, and Lieut.-Col. R. O. Alexander, D.S.O., alighted from their car and took the salute to the call of our crack bugler. Next followed a thorough inspection of the rank and file and platoon drill. Shortly after this we had the pleasure of listening to an extremely interesting speech by General Burstall, in which he complemented us upon our showing.

That evening, the unit held its first Mess Dinner at which the officers of the



MAJOR M. J. MCCRORY,
O.C. Loyola Contingent, C.O.T.C.

Irish Rangers were the guests of honor. After dinner a series of toasts were proposed and seconded which were as follows: The King, Major Reynolds; The Irish-Canadian Rangers, proposed by Lieut. Tom Walsh, '23, responded to by Rt. Hon. C. J. Doherty, Honorary Colonel, and Lt. Colonel the Hon. Wm. J. Shaughnessy; The C.O.T.C., proposed by Captain McKeon, I.C.R., responded to by Major Reynolds and Lieut. Scott; The College Faculty, proposed by Major McCrory, responded to by Rev. Wm. H. Hingston, S.J.

Another very memorable incident connected with the dinner is that on that occasion the colors of that gallant regiment, the Irish Canadian Rangers, found a permanent resting place in Loyola College.

Taking all in all, the activities of the Officers' Training Corps throughout the year have exceeded the expectations. But one event caused general sorrow and regret. I refer to the resignation as Officer Commanding of Major M. J. McCrory, who is forced by a permanent change of residence to sever his connection with the Corps. I am sure that I voice the sentiments of every member of the unit when I state that in losing Major McCrory we lose as kindly and enthusiastic a friend and guide as the Corps ever had or could desire.

CUTHBERT A. SCOTT, '25,
Lieutenant.



Cadet Corps

ABOUT 275 of the High School boys belong to the Cadet Corps. Under the capable direction of Mr. John Long and Sergeant-Major Murtagh, the results of our bi-weekly drills and instructions are patent to all. There has been little in our humble sphere to correspond to the jollity of the C.O.T.C. banquet or to the glitter and clatter of their official inspection. But our ways, though tranquil, are not monotonous; and when Fréreau puts the bugle to his lips and empties his lusty lungs into it, the C.O.T.C. is at once jealous, and claims him for its own.

New uniforms and jaunty caps were issued this spring to the Cadets. Some of the trousers needed slight adjustment, and some of the puttees *would* unroll. But the smart appearance of coats and caps caused all uneasiness to vanish—or at least kept it confined well below the centre of gravity.

Our drill work is very good, winning the stern approval of the authorities; and surely the C.O.T.C. has in us excellent material to draw upon for several years.

In Alien Lands

What matters though, afar in alien lands,
Accursed War in its unhallowed wave
Has swept these lads into a graceless
grave?

What matters though unkind are stranger
hands,

And heedless feet tread o'er these soldier
bands,

Or upland ploughman sing a thoughtless
stave,

And the hum of cities' life o'er our dead
brave

Beat ceaseless as the surf on broken
sands?

What matters?—when, through all the
golden years,

In hidden tombs within the hearts of
friends

Are sealed the sifted remnants of their
deeds.

Above their mangled limbs the Cross
appears,—

The symbol of sweet sacrifice, that mends
The human heart in every wound it bleeds.

JOHN WOLFE, B.A., '19.

(Reprinted from 1919 L. C. Review.)



Historical Sketch of the Irish Canadian Rangers

LOYOLA COLLEGE has been interested in the Irish Canadian Rangers from the earliest days of the Regiment. The Officer Commanding, the Second in Command, the Chaplain, the overseas Medical Officer, and a number of other officers and men have been identified with Loyola College. Some of the first meetings and the very first drill of the future officers took place at the College on Drummond Street, under Major John Long, whose services are remembered with grateful appreciation by the Rangers, and who is still connected with the College. On the occasion of the first inspection of the Regiment on April 24th, 1915, the ranks of "A" Company, under Captain M. J. McCrory, which had been sadly thinned by drafts for military duty, were enthusiastically filled for the day by a number of Loyola students who were using the Regiment's armory on Stanley Street for military drill. It is therefore, fitting that a brief historical sketch of the Rangers should appear in the College "Review."

Though the Regiment was not allowed to do all that it hoped, its achievements are noteworthy. By it the 199th Battalion, Duchess of Connaught's Own, Irish Canadian Rangers was recruited. From the same parent Regiment was recruited the Irish Canadian Company of the 60th Battalion. Likewise, in infantry, artillery, signal and medical units, and in other branches of the service, that left Montreal in the early Contingents of Canada's Expeditionary Force, were men who had received their initial army training with the 55th Regiment, Irish Canadian Rangers.

At the outbreak of the World War there was not in Montreal a militia unit representative of the Irish element of the population. A small group of Irish Catholics, having at their head Mr. H. J. Trihey, K.C., determined to remedy this situation and raise a regiment. Within one week of the entrance of Canada into the War, permission to recruit was sought and obtained. A very few weeks later, without the aid of the press, and simply by means of meetings held in parish halls, the 55th

Regiment of Irish-Canadian Rangers came into existence, authorization being granted by an Order-in-Council, passed on the 29th of August, 1914. A few weeks later, officered, recruited, uniformed, armed and drilled, the regiment marched forth from its own barracks four hundred strong and through the streets of Montreal to the inspiring music of "The Wearing of the Green."

To raise a regiment at any time is no small task, but to have accomplished this result in the turmoil of the first few weeks of hostilities is an achievement that belied all official predictions of insuccess and a feat of enthusiasm and intelligent organization.

In the spring of 1915 (April 24th), the regiment was reviewed by the Governor-General of Canada, H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught.

An abstract from a sketch that was written on this occasion may be of interest:

"Hon. Lt.-Col. C. J. Doherty, at the time Minister of Justice in the Federal Cabinet, marched with Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Trihey and Captain E. T. Reynolds, Adjutant, at the head of the regiment, Captains M. J. McCrory and H. J. McKeon were respectively first and second in command of "A" Company (in which Company the Loyola boys were marching); Captains W. M. Weir and Hon. W. J. Shaughnessy of "B"; Captains V. J. Hughes and W. P. Kearney of "C", and Captains J. S. Dohan and E. Knox-Leet of "D"; behind "D" Company, Captain W. H. Hingston, S.J. (Chaplain), Captain P. F. McCaffrey (Paymaster) and Captain Gerald Dillon (Quartermaster) marched; then came Major W. P. O'Brien, second in command of the Regiment, and six paces behind him the Medical Officer, Lieut. Emmet J. Mullally, with a squad of eight stretcher-bearers, prepared for casualties, but hoping for none, brought up the rear; attached to and commanding platoons of the four Companies were the following officers: to "A" Company, Lieuts. F. A. MacDonald, R. S. Morphy, J. T. Hackett, J. H. Maher, J. A. Creasor; to "B" Company, Lieuts. P. C. Dwyer, E. G. O'Brien, G. S. Balfour, J. P. O'Connor, George Hearn; to "C" Company, Lieuts. H. Fitzgibbon, A. E. Murray, M. L. Doyle, H. R. Hingston, C. J. Hanratty; to "D" Company, Lieuts. E. V. Hall, J. E. McKenna, L. G. Ryan, F. J. Connaughton, P. J. McCrory. Battalion Sergeant-Major, Frank Street. Rank and file 424."

In the evening after the parade a Mess dinner, the first, was held at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

The following day was Sunday, April 25th, 1915. Free copies of an extra "Star" were being distributed. Blanched faces were scanning the first big Canadian casualty list. The second battle of Ypres had just been fought. The Canadians had held the line despite the horror of a new and unheard of weapon of destruction—poison gas, but at what a cost. Among Canada's sons who gave their lives at St. Julien and Ypres were many who had received their rudimental military training with the Irish-Rangers of Montreal.

This sad, yet gloriou, news from the battle-front only served to stimulate recruiting. The raising of another battalion, the 60th, was authorized, and recruiting for it was entrusted to four infantry regiments of Montreal. It is gratifying to record that in the keen competition in recruiting, the Irish Rangers were the first to recruit their company up to strength and were even able to supply men for other companies. This company, which was "C" company, or the Irish Rangers' company of the 60th Battalion, was also officered by the Irish Rangers. Captain E. H. Knox-Leet was in command and with him were Lieutenants J. E. McKenna, J. A. Creasor and Harold Hingston.

In October of the same year (1915), it was unanimously decided at a meeting of the officers of the Rangers to seek authorization for a battalion for overseas service. However, it was not until the following February that the Militia Council gave the necessary authorization for the raising of the 199th Battalion, Irish Canadian Rangers.

At this time the conscription period of Canada's war efforts had not been reached; yet, after the many units that had already gone forth the Metropolis was pretty well depleted of men who would enlist voluntarily for the great adventure in Europe. To make matters more difficult, four other units were being raised at the same time and consequently were competing for recruits. Despite these handicaps, the ranks of the Irish Canadian Battalion were being enthusiastically filled up, when an event happened that put a damper on recruiting. The official opening of the general recruiting campaign took place on Easter Monday. The next few days news spread through the city of a rebellion in Dublin. This news, but far more the accounts of the reprisals and

hangings, killed enthusiasm and checked the flow of recruits.

Yet the 199th was an actual demonstration, that Irish-Canadians, regardless of their political feelings for Southern or Northern Ireland, could unite for a common cause.

To counteract the adverse circumstances seriously handicapping recruiting for the 199th, energetic measures were required. All who were interested in the Rangers remember the conspicuous posters, the startling advertisements, the many recruiting meetings, the speeches from Canadian leaders in every walk of life, the recruiting squads through the city streets, the miniature battle area along one side of Dominion Square, and the many other methods which brought men to the Battalion, in addition to those who had joined from the 55th.

Space is sufficient to give mention only to a few of the most outstanding events in the actual life of the 199th Battalion when in Canada. The presentation of the colors to the Battalion on the part of St. Patrick's Society, Montreal, on June 15th, 1916, on the Champ de Mars, was a notable affair, and Sir Charles Fitzpatrick's eloquent address was equal to the occasion; the Battalion Officers' Banquet at the Ritz-Carlton on June 16th, the presentation of band instruments from the Knights of Columbus, the depositing of the colors in St. Patrick's Church on July 2nd, where they remained in the sanctuary during the war, are a few of the events connected with the life of the Battalion during its formation period.

Then the Valcartier training period, and the splendid esprit de corps that became manifest, the attractive parade grounds, the route marches, the competitive games, the inspections, all are memories for the survivors of that splendid body of men as well as for the many who loved the Battalion, but were not of it.

While at Valcartier Camp the Battalion received a very signal favor. Before returning to England, it was the wish of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught that the name of the Duchess be attached to an overseas Battalion, as had already been that of his daughter the Princess Patricia. Before selecting a Battalion for this honor, His Royal Highness waited until he had completed the inspection of all the units then in training in Canada, and his choice fell upon the 199th Irish Canadian Rangers. Henceforth the Battalion took the name of Duchess of Connaught's Own.

On October 11th, H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, together with the Duke, the Princess Patricia, and in presence of an imposing gathering performed her last public act in Canada, when, en route to England, she inspected her Battalion in Montreal and gave them Camp Colors adorned with her monogram "L. M."

It was on the morning of December 13th, 1916, that the Battalion entrained for Halifax, on the first step of the long journey overseas. The first snow of Montreal's winter season had fallen during the night; and a bright, frosty morning, with occasional snow-flurries, were the weather conditions as the officers and men struggled along the narrow lane formed through the enormous crowds packed in front of the Grand Trunk station. As the last section of the train bearing men of the 199th moved slowly away, one of the officers of the 55th said to a brother officer as they turned away from the waving khaki arms and caps, "Well, I'm glad that they will not be broken up into drafts in England."

The following is the personnel of the unit when it left Montreal on December 13th, 1916:

Lieut. Col. H. J. Trihey, Officer Commanding; Major W. P. O'Brien, Second in Command; Captain Hon. W. J. Shaughnessy, Adjutant; Captain the Rev. W. H. Hingston, S.J., Catholic Chaplain; Major the Rev. J. Smythe, Protestant Chaplain; Captain J. P. Brannen, Medical Officer; Machine Gun Officer, Lieut. G. J. Hearn. Captain M. J. O'Leary, Quartermaster; Captain G. S. Balfour, Paymaster.

"A" Company—In command, Major Vincent J. Hughes; Second in Command, Captain M. L. Doyle, D.F.C.; Lieutenants J. Foley, B. A. Neville, M.C., B. M. Watson (killed).

"B" Company—In command, Major E. H. Knox-Leet; Second in Command, Captain E. G. O'Brien (wounded); Lieutenants W. M. Kavanagh, M.C. (wounded); E. B. Q. Buchanan, M.C.; W. J. Murray (killed); L. E. Burns.

"C" Company—In command, Major M. J. McCrory; Lieutenants J. J. Kavanagh, M.C. (killed); G. S. Fogarty (killed); G. V. O'Gorman; N. R. Murphy.

"D" Company—In command, Major E. T. Reynolds; Second in Command, Captain S. B. White (wounded); Lieutenants J. C. McCloskey; D. A. McDonald; R. T. Hogan (wounded); L. C. Drummond, M.C. (wounded).

Lieutenant J. C. Kelly at the head of a re-inforcing platoon joined the Battalion in England.

The following officers of the 199th preceded the Battalion to England by a few weeks: Major Campbell Stuart, Captain St. C. McEvenue of "C" Company, Lieut. W. F. McGovern, M.C., Captain C. J. Harratty of "A" Company, Lieut. R. Farrell of "B" Company, Lieut. J. P. O'Connor of "B" Company, Lieut. M. Trotter (wounded) of "A" Company, and Major the Rev. John J. O'Gorman.

The following officers of the 55th Rangers went overseas before the 199th: Lieut. F. R. Alford, M.C.; Captain J. A. Creasor, M.C.; Lieut. C. J. Dache, M.C.; Lieut. A. J. Kelly, M.C.; Major E. R. McKenna (wounded), M.C.; Lieut. Harold Hingston (wounded); Lt. Col. Vincent O'Donahoe in command of the 199th in Ireland, died of wounds later on in France.

In all, 52 officers, 180 N.C.O's and about 1,500 men in various units, went from the parent Regiment—the 55th Irish Canadian Rangers, to the front. Of the 84 officers elected to the 55th mess, 52, or 62 per cent, went overseas; of these, 12 or 20 per cent, were decorated and five were killed. In addition to these officers from the 55th Regiment I.C.R., were many others who had been "attached" to the Regiment, amongst whom was Captain J. R. Ryan ("Ray"), an old Loyola boy of the class of '07.

Note—Lieut.-Col. H. J. Trihey and Major W. P. O'Brien, English course at St. Mary's, 1897; Captain J. P. Brannen, English course at St. Mary's, 1898; Lieut. Walter M. Kavanagh, M.C., Loyola ex-'16; Lieut. Walter J. Murray, Architect of new Loyola, killed; Lieut. Gerald V. O'Gorman, Loyola ex-'17; Lieut. Neil R. Murphy, Loyola ex-'16; Lieut. Dawson A. McDonald, Loyola ex-'14; Lieut. Robert M. Farrell, Loyola ex-'09; Lieut. James P. O'Connor, Loyola ex-'09; Major Ernest R. McKenna, Loyola ex-'07; Lieut. Harold Hingston, Loyola '09.

Christmas Day was spent at sea. Midnight Mass was said by Father Hingston, S.J., under circumstances not likely ever to be forgotten by those present. The great transport "Olympic" carrying over six thousand troops was just off the coast of Ireland in the treacherous submarine area where the "Lusitania" had been torpedoed. The night was dark and the ship carrying no lights was part of the pitchy darkness. Within the vessel, packed in the large saloon, were hundreds of Catho-

lic officers and men from the troops and from the crew, with many non-Catholics as well, all wearing their life-belts in readiness to rush to the upper decks should a torpedo attack be made, assisting at Midnight Mass. At the Communion several hundred approached the Holy Table.

The Battalion landed at Liverpool on December 28th and went into camp at Chadderton in Lancashire. Shortly afterwards it was learned with astonishment that, by orders of the Canadian Commander in England, the Battalion was not to proceed to France as a unit, but was to be broken up into drafts. As a protest against this breach of faith on the part of those in high places, Lieutenant-Colonel Trihey and Major W. P. O'Brien resigned and returned to Canada. Immediately after, and probably as a result of, this action of the Officer Commanding and possibly also, though in a much lesser degree, in consequence of the protest of all the officers against being sent to Ireland under what would have amounted to false pretences, the assurance that the Battalion would never be broken up into drafts was solemnly and officially renewed and the Battalion prepared for the historic visit to Ireland.

A two weeks' trip was made with Lieutenant-Colonel Vincent O'Donahoe in command. Press representatives from many lands travelled with the Irish Canadians and the warmest Irish hospitality was lavished upon the Battalion in the North and in the South, in Dublin, Armagh, Belfast, Cork and Limerick.

For its final training the Battalion was sent to Witley Camp. In the early days of April after a brief illness, H.R.H. Louise Margaret Duchess of Connaught died. The funeral and interment took place in the Royal Chapel of Windsor Castle, and it is touching to remember that when dying she thought of her Battalion; and it is in accordance with her dying request that the detail of officers and men from the Duchess of Connaught's Own Irish Canadian Rangers were given precedence over all other troops in the guard of honor that rendered her mortal remains the last honors on earth.

A month later H.R.H. Field Marshal the Duke of Connaught came down to Witley to see once more the Battalion the Duchess loved and that was to bring posthumous honors to her name.

Yet before another month had elapsed, the Duchess' Own had practically ceased to be. To the intense surprise and disap-

pointment of all and to the loss of all confidence in official promises, the pledged word was again broken and the Duchess of Connaught's Own Irish Canadian Rangers went out of existence, being sent to Shoreham Camp to be used up for reinforcements. With heavy hearts but with heads high the men marched out of Witley, where their place was taken by another unit.

Several hundred at a time, the non-commissioned officers and men left Shoreham for France, in drafts chiefly to the 14th and 24th Battalions. The officers reduced in rank found their way after tedious waiting to various units. From officers and men war took a heavy toll. It is to be regretted that an Honor Roll of the scattered Irish Rangers cannot be compiled, but judging by the many decorations received by the officers, it is fair to surmise that many also were the decorations received by the men. But what a record this fine battalion would have made for Canada had it been allowed to go to France as a unit.

It was no petty motive of vanity or personal ambition that prompted the organizers at great cost to themselves to raise a home Regiment and then to recruit some fifteen hundred men for overseas service. Theirs was a noble purpose. It was an unselfish ideal that had in view posterity more even than the present generation. On the Fields of France and Flanders, Canadian history was being written, and to this history Canadians of Irish blood aspired to the glory of contributing their page. It was felt that alongside of the gallant and immortal Battalions representative of French-Canadians, English-Canadians and Highland Scots of Canada, the Irish-Canadians too might fittingly find a place; and that when history should chronicle the valor of those other great nationalities that together blend into one Canadian people, the effort of the Irish-Canadian element should not be entirely ignored. This ideal was not realized. In their tens of thousands the Canadian Irish fought and won distinction for others in

every unit that was recruited in any part of the Dominion—in every unit but their own they lost their identity. Unlike their fellow-Canadians of French, English and Scottish descent, in days to come these citizens who claim Irish descent will not be able to point with pride to even a single unit in the Great War that fought in their name as well as in that of Canada.

Loyola College, Montreal, is now in possession of a contingent of the Canadian Officers Training Corps. To it also has been entrusted the custody of the colors of the Duchess of Connaught's Own and of other mementoes of the 55th Regiment and of its overseas battalion. The Reverend Rector of Loyola College, Father W. H. Hingston, was Chaplain of the 55th Regiment and of the 199th Battalion. These facts, as well as the incidents recorded in the opening paragraph of this sketch, show that there have been and are still between the Rangers and the College, many bonds of attachment.

The generation from which the Rangers was recruited sees the time coming when it must relinquish martial activities. To whom then can it better pass on the traditions, the mementoes, the honors, and likewise the memory of disappointments, trials and sacrifices of those who raised the Rangers than to the young men of Loyola College, whose sympathies are in unison with their own and with the purpose for which the Rangers stood?

E. J. MULLALLY,
Late Captain and Medical Officer,
55th Regt., I.C.R.

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NOTE—Any written or oral communication pertaining in any way to the 55th regiment, to the Irish Rangers Company of the 60th Battalion, C.E.F., or to the 199th Battalion, D.C.O., I.C.R., or to the individual officers or men thereof, which might be arranged for publication in book form, will be gratefully received at 603 Union Avenue or at Loyola College.



Loyola School of Sociology

THE Province of Quebec, which is justly proud of its educational system and institutions, has been undeniably slow in giving proper recognition to the importance of the study of Social Science and the training of Social Workers.

To the Loyola School of Sociology and Social Service of Montreal, founded in October, 1918, belongs the honor of leading the way in this direction. That the usefulness of the School will not be confined to this province is indicated by inquiries received from interested persons as far afield as Vancouver and Cape Breton; while already among its graduates are included students from Ontario and from New Brunswick.

The need of the School was first keenly felt when the Catholic Social Service Guild, in co-operation with the St. Vincent de Paul Society, was organized in 1915 to conduct a Central Bureau as a clearing-house for English-speaking Catholic charitable agencies and a link between them and other agencies.

For the proper fulfilment of duties assumed by, or assigned to the Guild, the kindly services of volunteers proved wholly inadequate. The workers were unfamiliar with the routine of case work and unequal to the demands made on them in emergencies, or in presence of legal or medical complications, or the necessary formalities accompanying them.

To seek out the most suitable persons and to train them scientifically became an imperative duty. To prepare the ground a series of popular lectures by social experts was arranged, covering two seasons. From the attendance at these, a number of earnest students were gleaned who formed a nucleus for the school.

Lack of funds, a serious drawback, was overcome by the harmonious co-operation of five leading educational bodies and of individual professors. The initiative was taken by the Rector of Loyola College, Reverend W. H. Hingston, S.J., Moderator of the Guild, who was elected Dean of the School. The University of Montreal agreed to grant through the College the diploma in sociology to students completing the two years' course outlined in the calendar and passing the required examinations.

The ripe experience of the Ladies of the Congrégation de Notre Dame was inval-

uable in the preparation of the calendar and the inauguration of some of the courses under their own auspices. The Seminary of St. Sulpice graciously granted the use of the beautiful hall in the Sulpician Library for the formal opening, at which the Prime Minister, Sir Lomer Gouin, was the guest of honor and the principal speaker.

The Board was singularly fortunate in its choice of lecturers. Each one who was approached showed a zealous interest in the project, and a willingness to give gratuitous service while the work was in the experimental stage. To the unselfish devotion of the clergy especially was due the immediate success of the School, a success which has been well-sustained, and which would have been impossible of attainment without their aid.

In May, 1920, when the School passed under the direction of Loyola College, the Catholic School Commission granted the use of lecture rooms in the Bourget Academy, Mountain Street, which are ideal for the purpose. The lectures are given three evenings weekly, two lectures each evening. The students, who for the most part are engaged during the day in teaching, nursing, or office work deserve much credit for their attendance at the lectures, which entails great self-denial on their part. In addition to lectures, study, and reading, the course includes class visits to institutions and occasional service in the field.

The first graduating class of six students received their diplomas in 1920; as the date coincided with the birth of the University of Montreal, these were the first diplomas issued by the University as well as the first of the kind ever issued in Canada. Five graduates in 1921, and the same number this year make a total of sixteen trained social workers to the credit of the School in the four years since its foundation. In addition to the students who have completed the two years' course, nine other students have received certificates for a first year's course, the first step towards a full diploma.

The lecturers to the School and their various subjects treated this year were as follows: Social Ethics, by Father Brophy, D.D.; Social Economics, by Reverend W. H. Hingston, S.J.; English Literature, by Dr. W. H. Atherton, LL.D.; Hygiene,

by Dr. E. J. Mullally; English, by Miss S. G. Semple, and Reverend Lewis Drummond, S.J.; Social Law, by John T. Hackett, K.C.; Statistics, by Miss L. E. F. Barry; Child Welfare, by Dr. W. A. L. Styles; Hospital Social Service, by Dr. E. J. Semple; Psychology, by Mr. Hector Daly, B.A.; Psychiatry, by Dr. F. E. Devlin; Field Work, by Miss L. E. F. Barry.

Three special lectures of great interest were included in the year's program. The late Judge Archibald, Dominion Parole Officer, Ottawa, gave an illuminating address on the Parole System with striking instances to illustrate its successful working and also its weaknesses. Two lectures were also given by Mr. Henry Somerville, M.A., of the Labor College, Oxford, England. In his first lecture, Mr. Somerville described the workings of the labor colleges in England, and in a second lecture took as his subject "The Industrial Problem and its Solution." This distinguished speaker attracted hearers from all classes in the community, and made a profound impression on all who had the privilege of hearing him.

As the majority of the students live in Montreal and are actively interested in Social Works, either professionally or as volunteers, it is possible to see the result of their training in measurable service to the community. On different occasions the work of the students has been warmly praised by representatives of the hospitals, charitable institutions, government and municipal bureaux, special committees of citizens, large corporations as well as the clergy and the press. In every important group or movement working for social welfare one or more of the students may be found giving valuable assistance and bringing credit on the School. They do this in a great variety of ways, such as organizing Tag-Days and other campaigns, conducting meetings, giving lectures, preparing statistical charts, visiting the poor and sick, giving aid to travelers and placing helpless persons in homes, seeing to the supervision of prisoners on parole, and the deportation of undesirables, and other forms of service.

During the year just closed the total number of lectures given was 126. Of seventeen students registered, ten completed the course and took the examinations. Five will receive diplomas, as follows: Gladys Fox, Gilberte Carrière, Ida

Durocher, Catherine McNeil, Muriel Shaw. First year certificates will be awarded to: Miss B. Doheney, Bernadette Galarneau, Joseph McElhaw, Mary Wall, Annie Shaw. The total number of attendances was 1,446, and the average attendance at each lecture 10.5. The perseverance of the students in following the lectures throughout the winter season gave great pleasure to the professors who often commented on it, especially when forbidding weather conditions had to be faced and long distances covered at the end of an already strenuous day's work. This was only one proof of the intense earnestness with which the courses were followed and of the value which the students attached to them.

Practical work in the field included service at the Central bureau of the Catholic Social Service Guild, making and distributing garments for poor children, visits to the sick and to convalescents with gifts of delicacies and clothing, arrangements for the placing of incurable invalids, mental cases, homeless indigent persons, unmarried mothers or orphans, with instruction in the preparation of records, reports, statistics, publicity and other details of case work.

The Loyola School of Sociology as it looks backward upon its four years of existence can feel proud of the work it has accomplished even though it is yet in its extreme youth. Its graduates are one and all devoted to the cause for which they took their somewhat arduous training and have all made their mark in some sphere. The training they received has helped them to receive such different appointments as Workers in a Child Welfare Bureau, Director of the Catholic Social Service Guild, Head worker in the same organization, Organizer of a Chapter of the I. O. D. E., and Lecturer in English in the School itself. These achievements by some of the past students are eloquent of the results to be obtained by those who loyally follow the courses set.

The courses will be resumed in October; any person requiring more detailed information about the School may apply to the Registrar, 22, Drummond Street, Montreal, at any time either personally or by letter.

LILY E. F. BARRY,
Registrar.



The Seniors

As Seen by the Juniors



JULES ARCHAMBAULT — Upholder of the fine arts, admirer of the aesthetic, reader of character, and collector of late fines. The above is truly characteristic of our Jules. Whether he is listening to the opera, harmo-

nizing on his violin, or admiring the beauties of a masterpiece, or demanding of his classmates that they pay their fines, Jules always acts with that innate grace which is the heritage of his nationality. Jules has the very interesting physical property of being easily seen among a crowd and of possessing hair that will not stay put.

* * *



NEIL FEENEY has spent six years at Loyola, coming to us from Montreal College. His record here is an enviable one, marked as it is by uninterrupted success in his studies; not a year has passed without his

taking Honors in Exams. His modest and unassuming character is enlivened by a cheerfulness and a readiness to help in any way the general good that have made him universally popular. For two years he has been Prefect of the non-resident Students' Sodality, no mean recommendation. This year he specialized in analysis (quantitative no less than qualitative) and his success was marvellous—to judge by the pungent odors he disseminated so liberally through the College classrooms. Invaluable for the deeds he performed to help his fellows, he was no less valuable for his constant example of a severe student and yet a kindly gentleman. These have won him a special place in the hearts of all. And while he advances in the road to a noteworthy medical career, we shall

watch him with great interest, nor shall we be proven false in prophesying for him the greatest success.

* * *



PAUL BAILLARGEON — has very few vices except a very strong partiality for the works of certain modern Philosophers. He can proudly boast of being always first—in getting here for the morning lec-

tures. Some of his co-laborers in the field of Physics lay on him the blame for the sudden disappearance of the "equivalent weights" and the "complex ions." It is also darkly rumored that he possesses a secret process for synthesizing gold and for manufacturing "sparklers." His success in the lecture hall is surpassed only by his achievements in the field of muscular prowess. In his departure from our midst, the College loses a good student and we a worthy classmate; but our loss is the world's gain.

* * *



FRANCIS MCCRORY — "Mack" has been with us too long to require a lengthy introduction. Of a rather industrious disposition, and "Ergo" consistently prominent in all scholastic pursuits, he is also

possessed of a cheery optimism. He may be found any morning before Lectures with his familiar curved pipe. He is another of the old friends we hate to see leave us; but there is no doubt in our minds of his future success.



GERALD BRAY—is a soul of varied achievements; dabbles in Literature, Boxing and Music. He, like many of his fellows, has philosophical leanings, and writes essays on Kant when bored. One very

seldom sees him without a smile on his ruddy face; and if you address him, you always win a witty remark for your pains. He is especially fond of having his picture taken.

His is a well-known figure on the track; his specialty is the 220. This star tackler will cause many a sigh of regret, when Dr. Donnelly is seeking for material next fall.

Finally, he is fond of full holidays and is a firm believer in woman's right to the suffrage. "Jerry" or "Jer," as he is known by the old guard, leaves behind him a host of friends who will watch with interest a career that already promises so much.

* * *



JAMES G. HEARN—Jim has seen nine years' service here at Loyola (we speak of service because of Jim's enthusiasm for C. O. T. C.) and is undoubtedly one of the Old Guard. During this extended sojourn, he

has developed a weakness for the Saturday Evening Post and all other things philosophical. This weakness makes him find extreme delight in demonstrating recondite propositions to admiring circles of seekers after light. It also causes him to be absorbed in solving all sorts of odd puzzles, and in attempting others; he still hopes to trisect a given angle. His favorite bud is the species Cowan's of the genus maple. Of a rather quiet disposition, he loves his pipe "o'er all other friends," and with it will engage contentedly in the composition of the Flat's "Log-Book." In brief, Jim is a thinker; and we have no more doubt of the success awaiting him when he passes triumphantly from College than we have of our reluctance at his going.



THADDEUS KELLY—Tad has been with us for only two years, but in that short time he has endeared himself to all the students. Tad is a man of many interests both scholastic and athletic. His theories as to

the creation of the world are interesting, if not dogmatic. He is the senior member of the now famous combine of Kelly and Beaubien. As Captain of the Eureka Hockey team he led his team to the Intermediate Championship of the Province of Quebec. His presence can always be detected by the sweet sounds of harmonious words, describing his latest poetical effusion, or propounding some new and interesting thesis.

* * *



ANDREW BEAUBIEN—The second member of the Kelly - Beaubien Combine. Andrew arrived here the same time as Tad and has not been separated from him since. Andrew like Tad is a champion in his class,

although his activities are in the roped circle and not on the hockey ice. Chiefly noted for being the collaborator of Mr. Kelly in many pseudo-scientific treatises, for his interest in the Army, and his amazing knowledge of the general sciences. It is almost impossible to treat Andrew and Tad separately; although they belong to distinctly different families they have so many traits in common that Menelejeff would have undoubtedly constituted them as a sub-group.

* * *



ALPHONSE PATENAUDE—Veni, Vidi, Vici, is especially appropriate of Pat. For he came among us, we saw him, and immediately he had us conquered. But unlike Caesar he conquered not by force, or by reason of greater

strength, but by reason of a cheerful disposition, a quiet manner, and an ability to play hockey, and to understand the difficulties and intricacies of Scholastic Philosophy. Pat is an ideal student and athlete. Clean, square, resourceful, and efficient.

* * *



WILLIAM CARRICK — "Bill," as he is known in the precincts of the "Flat," or Mr. Carrick as our less fortunate undergrads call him, came to Loyola two years ago for Philosophy. He struggles along

through "essence and being" and over "matter and form" with the rest of us. Not much is seen of him on the "Flat" because of his exacting duties elsewhere; but when we do meet, all like his quiet and unobtrusive ways, and his unfailing good nature when asked to help out in any way. We shall all miss "Bill" very much; and all wish him a generous measure of success in whatever field he chooses for his labor.

* * *



ANTOINE WENDLING—A studious youth rather inclined to athletics. Despite his close attention to books, he has found time to win the broad jump, hundred yard dash, etc., and is besides an excellent half-back

and no mean baseball player. In the summer months, you may find him rowing in the Brockville "Four." He is an eloquent and fiery orator, always ready and eager to enter an argumentative combat. Prefers cigars, but will smoke a pipe. "Wendy" is always up in his class, and is specializing in Physics and Analytical Geometry. We wish him all success.



WILLIAM McVEY— "Willie," alias "Sam," alias "Bill" is so well-known and has had his praises sounded so often that nothing new can be said of him, except that his favorite boutonniere is the moss-rose.

He casts a wicked shadow of six feet at 9 a.m. He is one of those very steady and consistent fellows who never rise before 6.30; as a consequence, his favorite morning ejaculation is, "Has the last bell gone yet, Jim?" And even if it has, Sam often doesn't care. He is essentially a man of business, and always takes a leading part in all College activities, athletic, financial, social and what-not. As soloist, whether in Chapel or Club-room, Sam is prominent with his clear tenor. His passing from our midst will be like "the tolling of a bell at midnight," marking the term of an old and much-honored institution. But we shall feel that he enters another sphere, where as at College he will be ever climbing the ladder.

* * *



JOHN MALLOY— Jack came to us from McGill two years ago. His unfailing cheerfulness soon won the regard and affection of all. Though of a usually quiet temperament, Jack has a deep and subtle sense of humor,

which often delights as much as it surprises us. But there is one incomprehensible habit which two years of our example has not overcome—that of getting up in the early morning of chill December as eagerly as in mid-May. Most probably he gets up early to break the monotony of routine. He has blue eyes, silken hair, an abundance of common sense and is, moreover, President of the Snow-shoe Club, 1921-1922. With these qualities and prerogatives, we have no fears for his future, though they make us all the more sorry to see him depart.



JACQUES HEBERT
—Into our midst one sweet September morn four years ago wandered Jack to swell the ranks of the Elect. During the interval he has proven his worth and won the esteem of all. He is

a confirmed evolutionist; one would judge, from his zeal for Chemical Lab., that he places in his work in that department all his hopes of bridging the evolutionary gap. He has often been elected to various committees with inevitable success to the enterprise. In bidding him farewell, we extend heartiest wishes for success.

* * *

The Juniors Through Senior Eyes

GERALD F. ANGLIN, known to us as "Jerry," hails from Toronto. His career at College is well known. To get under "Jerry's" bucks in a football game has sent a cold shudder through many an opponent. Not only on the gridiron has Jerry gained fame, but in every College activity his popularity and cheerful demeanor have brought him to the front.

ALBERT BARKER—This "rangy" son of Verdun is a student of no mean repute, and an athlete of Titan proportions. He has a most ingratiating smile and dispenses it liberally.

FRANCIS BOYLE—We have rounded well into the second lustrum since the day "Ham" (as he is affectionately if somewhat familiarly called) first trotted his smiling being across Loyola's threshold. His name spells speed, courage and battle. He proved an invincible master of strategy when he led his Rumpus team to triumph.

JEAN CASGRAIN has well deserved the fame he has reaped through his untiring efforts in his studies. There can be no doubt that Jean will one day be a leading physician, when we see the clever manner in which he manipulates the various chemical and biological formulae and performs his experiments. In athletics Jean has likewise lent a helping hand in bringing glory to his class.

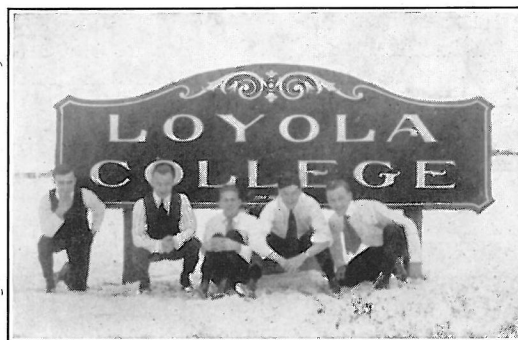
MICHAEL COLLINS lives up to his name; and in oratory at least, "Mike" takes after the great Irish leader. His

special hobby is chemistry and he well deserves the name of Avogadro which he was given by his class-mates. We all wish "Mike" well and hope that his hopes of leading his race to final success and happiness may be realized.

HECTOR DECARY has a taste for lollipops which he frequently indulged during the spring season. He is often seen in his Hail Columbia around the vicinity of Lachine, from which thriving city it is rumored he gets about ten letters a week. Hector is also prominent as a member of the Flat Band and as an impersonator of Hebrew characters. He is a splendid goaler in hockey and has helped the Junior team to secure a city championship, as well as the Philosophers' team to emerge victorious in the past winter's intramural series.

ANTHONY DESLAURIERS. "Della", as he is more popularly known, has won for himself an enviable place in the hearts of all. Though of a retiring disposition he is ever ready to help out in any way he can and has always a ready answer or remark to fit the occasion. His two constant occupations are his appointing of servers for late masses on Sunday morning, and the keeping track of his roommate's person and belongings.

GEORGE DONOHUE—hails from Quebec and spends a great deal of his time deploring the contrast between life at the College and at the Chateau. He manages, however, to have a great deal of fun although it is never by any chance connected with his philosophy notes. George takes his studies seriously, but he never makes the mistake of mixing business with pleasure; and philosophy is classed by him strictly as business. His favorite diversions are playing tennis and writing numerous voluminous letters, both of which he appears to do well.



MARC GIRARD is a newcomer to the College from God's country, as some humourist called the United States. He has brought with him all the latest jazz-steps and a clarinet upon which he certainly does warble a wicked tongue. Marc has a very charming personality and is popular with the fellows. He has no other diversions except a bad habit of secreting the Cyanide radical and the equivalent weights in his locker where Tad Kelly has great difficulty in finding them. He has an unquenchable smile and is an authority on all things chemical and tonsorial.

CHARLES GIROUX—Charley is the fashion plate of the Flat and a firm believer in "Brilliantine." He is the very essence of punctuality, especially around the Tea Hour. It is said that if he returns to College next year a petition will be signed to install a phone for his private use. We wonder why? The capping feature of his personality is his joyous if raucous laughter.

GERALD GLEESON—a man of many talents and many pursuits. His hobby is trying to isolate the missing elements in Periodic Law Table; his chief occupation is answering the frequent calls of transient students at the class-room door, and making out the absentee list. His good nature is his predominant note, while his faithful attention to bodily needs at lunch-hour is to be commended highly.

EDWARD KELLEY. Ed. is an ardent supporter of the sport of the ancients; and so, delights in exposing the intricacies of such minds as Plato and Aristotle. Of an ever happy disposition, he radiates an atmosphere of good cheer and "Old Chum."

PAUL LAPLANTE—To Paul we apply the utterance of the ancient sage, "Still waters run deep." He himself has composed a musical masterpiece anent these words and on solemn occasions renders it on his violin to his amazed classmates. On the morning of the C.O.T.C. inspection, sauntered into our midst one in lieutenant's uniform; all would have taken him for the Minister of Militia had we not recognized Paul by the French novel tucked under his arm.

D'ARCY LEAMY; though small in stature, his reputation in College sports is one to be proud of. For three years D'Arcy has been the mainstay of the Junior Hockey team, and his stick handling and clever display of hockey brains have brought Loyola many victories. During D'Arcy's leisure moments his charac-

teristic pastime is showing his classmates how tall he is. At philosophy, D'Arcy shines, especially in determining the whereabouts of the "Possibles."

DAVID MACDONALD—The timid, gentle boy who, five years ago, travelled from Point St. Charles to Loyola has blossomed out into a great student and all-round good fellow. His record in all branches is an enviable one.

ROGER McMAHON—Of Roger more can be said than this world wots of; we shall therefore stand for the most part in silent wonder. In the chemical lab., robed in the toga which he solemnly consecrated to that purpose, with his critical eye directed on some reaction, you would say Sir Humphrey Davy was come among us! His good nature, spontaneous wit and ever-ready comment on all topics are constantly wooing us to mirth.

HECTOR PRINCE, though only with us a short time has gained many friends. Hector's bass voice may be heard any time thundering through The Flat, chiefly when it is time for "Tea." Many a dull evening has been made cheerful by the soft touch at the piano of this fair-haired youth from Saskatchewan; and his helping hand at various College concerts has been very much appreciated.

LESTER SHIELS—"All aboard for Wolfe Island!" and here comes Lester Shiels with his broad and jolly smile prepared to paint the big town red. Lester had a peculiar accident happen to him on his return to College after the Christmas holidays. The ice gave way, and a sleigh-load of passengers plunged into the water. Lester was delayed twenty-four hours, although he had crossed the lake on the trip before the accident! We often wonder what Lester did with Hector Decary's alarm clock on the eve of April 1st.

THOMAS WALSH—Tom or "Daddy" as he is affectionately called by his roommates of "The Flat" has for years been the winner of all "Good Conduct Prizes." President of the Boarders' Sodality and "Chargé d'affaires" of all movements of any consequence in College life, he has endeared himself in particular to the members of the football team, as he was responsible for their annual trip to Sherbrooke. A debater of great force and logic, he was one of the College representatives in this year's Inter-University debate. Noted for his genial spirit and ever helping hand, he is easily recognizable by

his manly stride and the somewhat pungent odor of his favorite tobacco, which is imported from Joliette.

RAYMOND WAYLAND. Though Ray signed his name on the roll but last September, he has in this short space of time

become a welcome addition to the "clan." A valuable defence man on this year's Junior Hockey Team, he is also a member of that most élite triumvirate, "The Traymore Trio." He is also a past master of chemistry and mechanics.



Back Row: T. McCarthy, M. Kielly,
J. O'Connor, D. MacArthur.

Front Row: A. McDonald, J. Mackey, W. Wickham.



Back Row: G. Rainville, F. Milloy,
J. Vanier, R. Laurier.

Front Row: J. Hearn, T. McCarthy,
J. Kieley.



Fourth Year High

“COBBLER, stick to thy last!”—And here I am, trying my hand at a class chronicle! But cheer up, glum reader, I think it will be *my* last. So if your patience last till I reach the end, and if my truth-loving soul does not wither under the scorching heat of the white lies which I am striving to varnish with the amber tints of guilelessness—, then at long last let's get started.

The King of Octojumboree adjusted to his royal ears the radio-phone he had had installed six weeks before. In his lonely isle in the Pacific, he often took refuge from his thousand wives, rowing off in the early dawn to this lighthouse, whenever he saw a storm approaching. And for the two weeks that the storm lasted, he would sit in grinning content listening to what the wild (wireless) waves were saying.

This morning he “caught up” waves that started eight thousand miles away, on the outskirts of Montreal, in a class-room over whose appalling portal hung the words, “Fourth Year High.” He understood nothing of what he heard; but the dulcet sounds had a strange attraction for him, and each time he heard some prominent words repeated—“you, Joe!” “permutations of 20 things 6 at a time,” “wrong, Dent!” “Anabasis, chapter eleven.”—he grew more eager to know their meaning.

He began therefore to rub the brass ring that hung from his nose, and then sneezed three times. Straightway, before him towered the Genius of the Nose-Ring. When Octojumboree questioned him, he patiently sighed and began,—

“Dent is a youth from one of the inhabited parts of Sudbury. Joe is famous on the ski-ing grounds of Montreal; in fact he broke so many records that he determined to become a boarder. Anabasis is—to quote Bill Brennan—a jumble of words,

full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.”

Other sounds had meanwhile come through the air; as the king looked more puzzled than ever, the Genius of the Nose-Ring continued:—“Hockey is a game they play on the outside surface of frozen water. “Speedy” Benliza timekeeper simply means that he keeps time. The swift defence-man Gorozpé falls with the snow-flakes. Malloy and Brennan manage the Junior team and share the profits; this year they will divide equally between them the sum of no dollars and no cents.”

Here the king broke in, “You forgot ‘permutations.’” —“Oh, yes; that means that the Mitchell brothers have changed class twice in one term, jumping from Second to Fourth High. It also means a game of chance; Mulvena thought it would win for him a trip to Sherbrooke, but he couldn't catch the mumps. Frégeau is a big man—Cadet-Major, C.O.T.C. bugler, orator, singer, usher, conductor of orchestra and glees; he once owned a goat. He often goes to town—for a music lesson. They speak metonomously of Escandon as ninety-five per cent, Handfield as eloquence, Jim Carroll as ping-pong, MacDonald as dictionary, and Bourgeois as ‘subscription to the Review.’ Suinaga is the Old Man of the Sea, troubled with gout and a love of Cicero; he is a marvel in football. Walsh is the Class-Athlete, while O'Cain has red hair. Beau Brummel Harwood is always telling Daly to be more sedate. Story and Manley, I regret to say . . .”

Just then a terrible commotion took place. Fifty of the wives of Octojumboree had rowed out to the lighthouse and, as the king had never learned to swim, he was at their mercy. They broke up his radio set, boxed his ears (the Genius of the Nose-Ring had vanished at the first cry of battle) and led him home. So he never heard the marvellous virtues of the other members of H. S. '22.

A Professor's Morning Trials

Friday, Whatember 13, 1921.

"Father, why do the bees cover their homes with branches?"

"To keep their homes warm, Dent."

"Why do they want to keep their homes warm, Father?"

Half-hour later.

"Father, why does $a + a = 2a$, or the square of 5 = 25?"

No answer.

"What makes the day warm, Father? Why do fish swim? and what makes clouds look so black at times?—O Father, why is a circle round? Does it always have to be round?"

"Father, can parallel lines ever meet?"

No, Dent. "Not even if they went all around the earth?" No, Dent dear. "But suppose they weren't exactly parallel!"

The class, "Oh-h-h, Dent!"

In despair, the Professor appointed Martin Story and Beaudoin Handfield to collect funds to buy the "Book of Knowledge" for Dent.—After the presentation of a de luxe edition,

"Father, why did you get me the Book of Knowledge?"

GEORGE MITCHELL, H.S., '22.

* * *

Third Year High

THIS year's class of Third High differs very little from its predecessors, except that it is more numerous,—in fact it has the proud distinction of being the largest class in Loyola. As almost every member presents distinctive traits of a type, it would be very difficult in the short space allotted to mention all the good qualities and even a few of the defects of each one. So we think that even in a Class Chronicle the golden rule of silence has its advantages!

Good work has been done in the classroom as well as on the Campus. Cyrus of Persia and Caesar of Imperial Rome have had their share of home runs and dribbles down the field. To avoid arousing jealousy and to check the over-ambitious, we purposely refrain from mentioning names; for our motto has ever been,—*"Equality for all, indulgence for none."* This may smack of the Socialist; we cannot help that. But after all, are we not the most light-hearted, jolly good fellows in the whole College?

It would be hazardous to venture even a guess, much more a solemn prophecy concerning the future activity of many of our

number. Judging from the variety of talent, there are some for every walk and profession of life, from the wearing of the ermine to the ringing of a bell. There are artists and artisans, preachers and teachers; doctors, and lawyers among them; and not a few still remain to be classified. To find a position to please—and fit—every one, we should be obliged to leave this little earth and soar aloft to some dreamland or some Utopia of the sky.

We do not think that we are to be complimented upon our exact observance of discipline, punctuality and regularity; but there is one bell that every boys hears and is sure to be on time for:—the bell that sounds the end of class.

We have leaders in thought, in debate, and in style. All the powers and qualities of description, concerning which we learned so much this year, would be exhausted in an effort to describe some of our latest and nobbiest cuts in fashion. A quiet observer was overheard remarking that our class-room at times looks very much like a boudoir,—in fact all that is needed is a mirror in place of the black-board. But of course such a change could never be effected while some of our men could still raise their voices to tell their greater love for Hall and Knight's Algebra or for dear old Euclid.

During the year a class Reform Club was inaugurated, having for its object the development of class-spirit. One of the first by-laws enthusiastically as well as unanimously passed was to forbid any boy's studying seven hours in any one day, apart from class hours. A heavy fine was to be imposed for any the least infraction of this fundamental ruling; it is eloquent commentary on our law-abiding spirit to proudly state that very, very few fines had to be imposed. Another equally prudent regulation ordered that no student should carry to class more than one book, and if the book chosen were particularly heavy, then he might carry it only part of the way or all the way but in pieces. Under the pro-have deserted the ranks of the Cadets and enlisted as light-armed soldiers; since which time they engage in daily combats, at times mere skirmishes with Caesar and Cyrus.

Many other reforms were successfully introduced by this self-constituted Club for the betterment of the student-body, all of them based on that Magna Charta of British fair-play,—*"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."*

VERCINGETORIX.

First High A.

DIGGING deep below the foundations of the ancient Temple of Karnak, the *LATE* Prof. Stephen McGuinness, Lit., Lib., Conf., D.Sch., came upon a musty volume, many of whose pages were missing. It proved to be the diary of a member of the crew of a stout ship that had plied the Mediterranean for many a year, and, according to History, had, at Neco's command, made the journey around Africa in the year 600 B.C.

The Diary:

- 22th day out.—Leaving the Red Sea. An ardent Milesian, Kilcullen, attempts to swallow a collar-button. Efforts fruitless. Two Saylor's rescue the c.—b. Mt. Sinai in the distance. Dr. Gomez, N.E.X., describes at its base a suitable spot for a ball-field and a cemetery.
- 43rd day out.—A curious flat and oblong object picked up. Brunelle adjusts his monocle and deciphers the title "First Year Latin"—Gauthier faints—McDougal goes into hysterics—Daunt gurgles knowingly—Tymon and Munich make off with it.
- 49th day out.—Passing between large island and mainland an ebony individual paddles by. Chisholm yells out, "O you rube!" Individual collapses, then gently subsides beneath the blue waters. Canoe picked up—contains a recipe for parting the hair. Hanley claims it.—Rounding Cape of Good Hope. Donnelly, Gill, McGowan, and Moore fall overboard, and are drowned in the sea of Knowledge.
- 67th day out.—Burns lectures to the marines on Geography. Snow seen for the first time—a stowaway in the refrigerator.
- 93rd day out.—Perego takes up collection to aid the strangled orphans of Madagascar. Flood, the "Boy Orator," presents to the crew autographed copies of "Memoirs of an Over-Worked Boy." N.B.—Gauthier drops around occasionally to see how the boys are getting along.
- 127th day out.—Burke and Pigeon, the light weight checker player, develop "Drillitis," a disease rampant among bipeds, causing acute suffering about 2.15 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays. Dooling automatically and unanimously elected Infirmarian.
- 134th day out.—Coulson, Currie, and Lonergan go over the side to welcome a delegation of Mumps. Talley and McNamara go over the other side to

Don Influenza. Bray and Imbleau get shore leave. Bray raids a peanut orchard, while Imbleau is chased by a mosquito.

146th day out.—Cuggy, locally known as "Cujus," announces the glad tidings to all (especially to the inseparable trio, Desbarats, Hanley, and Martyn) of a week's furlough in honor of his mascot "Ahura Mazda."

153rd day out.—Heavy storm. Donnelly (alter) and Cherry rig up a pump from an old sewing machine, said machine having been the property of the Egyptian Queen Makara-Ha-t-shop, wife of Amenophis, who was drowned in the Red Sea. Gagné, Captain of the Marines, kicks for more pay.

After this follows oblivion; no more of the papyrus remains.

JOHNNY THUTMOSIS.

* * *

First High B.

FIRST High B jumped into the spotlight during the mid-term examinations for the second time in two consecutive years, when Jack Owen, by winning First Class honors, left us for Second Year High. We are very proud of him, as he was the only one to obtain First Class honors in High School.

In sports, too, we were not completely unknown. Our hockey team was very successful in the first half of the season, being tied for first place with Second High A, but we dropped out of the running owing to the withdrawal of one of our star players (Cecil Daly). Finally we had our last game with Second Year High A and they won.

First High B defeated First High A in a Latin Specimen by a score of 32 to 30 on Friday, March 3rd, 1922.

William Goldsmith excels very much in English of any sort. Luis Aspe is the heavyweight of the class. He sits in the back of the class and never gives any trouble. We also have John Beale, the best class porter the College has ever produced; looks after his duties faithfully and studies when he has to. Dick Benziger is short and plump and very good on compositions, telling of his different adventures in Japan. Robert Chillias, is bound to become a travelling salesman for some book company. Every day he has a new stock of books, principally detective stories. Luke Stone is full of good resolutions; why, only this morning he said to me: "By gosh! I'm going to study hard! Just you watch and see!" Next come the

Smiths, Realto and Frank; not brothers by any means because Realto has red hair and is tall, while Frank has dark hair and is small. LeBoutillier sits in class without making a sound. When he is asked his lesson he assumes an expression of nervousness. "Why?" you ask—because he often does not know what to say. We are grateful to Second Year High for sending us "Benny" Meschio. He is a very good athlete, boxer, hockey and baseball player. Gorman Kennedy, Esq., stands at the door before every class session with all the promptness and stateliness that becomes him. John Nelson is a lad who laughs when he is asked his Latin and who sometimes forgets it in his confusion. We have three representatives of St. Gabriel's Parish: James Hogan, whose sole ambition is to beat Paddock's record for the hundred yards dash. James McDonagh "the wild Irishman from the Point" always asks you to start something. Alexander Paquette is sometimes asked a question during the Latin lesson. He once thought he knew it so he threw back his head and said it—wrong! We also have four men from the North (St. Michael's): Cecil Daly, a good hockey player and also good at Algebra—now and again. Earle Daly, brother of Cecil, claims he is a good hurdler. Johnnie Altimas is a new arrival. He gave us a surprise the other day when he did an Algebra sum that had been puzzling us. Gerald Britt keeps up the old tradition of the North end by coming out well in his exams. "Shag" Shaughnessy and Lucien Clement represent Montreal West. "Shag" is a hockey *fan*, and Lucien is a hockey *player*; quite a difference. John McCrory upholds in a becoming manner the honor of his Oriental Domain. He is a shining light in Algebra and Latin. Rudolph Timmins deserves to be especially mentioned for his remarkable abilities in hockey and studies. James Gallery is still a mystery to me; he is the "quiet man" of the class. He never says a word until he is called upon to give his memory, and then he doesn't say much. John Hearn, better known as "Hoinery" came to us during the Annual Retreat. I thought he was going to be pious but I was slightly mistaken. "Red" O'Connor is the manager of our class. When you say to him "Hello Red!" all you receive is a grin. Henry Labelle comes all the way from Michigan, a would-be hockey player and a race-horse enthusiast. Paul Lemieux comes from the Ancient Capital, Quebec, and is well known for his artistic fancies. John McAsey is a tall, lanky youth. He has long, curly hair and is one

of the class "stars;" an exceptionally smart boy, if it was not for his being absent at intervals. Arthur McCabe is called "Shorty", a name which by no means becomes him; for "Shorty" is tall, thin, wears glasses and hails from the Pacific Coast. Hugh McDougall is our sole representative from Scotland. There is a deep rivalry between Hughie and Frankie Smith to see who is the smarter. Charles Williams is the orator of the Class. When he is called upon to give one of his orations during elocution hour, he



Rev. MARTIN FOX, S.J.

seems to forget it; then suddenly he remembers it and starts to speak out in volumes of words which we can hardly understand. The other day as I came into the Class after a book I had left behind, I came upon the Gloutney brothers Herbie and Doug, engaging in a violent rough and tumble argument; fearing that one of them would get hurt, I stopped the bout. Now my dear readers I have said all there is to say about the class except that I bid you a fond farewell with great expectations that my classmates and I will find ourselves in Second Year High next year.

FREDERICK ELLIOT, H. S., '25.

Page From A Day Boy's Diary.

A THIRD time the voice thundered in my ear, to wake the dead:—"Up, up, lazy bones; it's twenty to eight!" (By this I knew mother to mean twenty past seven.) Well, I was the interested party, so I decided to rest my weary limbs a short while longer; but dad's heavy step on the stairs sort of made the aches disappear. It was mighty cold in the room, so I ran to close the window. Raining! great luck, just when we are going to play St. Leo's.—One trouble after another,—"dress faster, my boy! or you get no breakfast."—When I rushed downstairs, the clock had leaped forward to 8.05, so that I could no more than taste

never rains but it pours; so paddle along.) When I asked the Prefect for a late note, he too gave me the impression of having rolled out the wrong side of the bed; anyway, I got an hour's jug. (I forgot that it was April Fool's day, and when he said I had been late too often lately, I said it was the first time this month; he thought I was fooling him, hence one hour). Then I returned to class, was called on to recite, and balled things up prettily.

After break, I was caught doing last night's Latin home-work; once more I jogged off to the Prefect; result—6 on each and more jug.—After dinner I knew my Catechism because I wasn't asked.



Left to right: D. O'Boyle,
C. Logue, H. Magann,
———, R. Ryan, To-
bin, R. Martin, A.
Price, C. Dowling, B.
Macdonald, A. Magann,
H. de Varennes, H.
Panet.

breakfast; then laying on me the heavy load of books, I ran with a shiver into the rain.—Long wait for a car; when it came, it was crowded with grouchy people, who argued and got hot. I accidentally stepped on a man's foot; he clouted me over the ear, with the remark that his feet were not a door mat.

Missed the early transfer at Windsor. The car seemed merely to crawl, and I got to class late. Trying to sneak into class, I was caught by the teacher and knew, from the manner of his speech, that we were in for a tough day of it. (It

Then came French with all its verbs.—After that, Elocution. I was asked several times to read, couldn't find the place, and so once more spoiled the harmony of the afternoon. Class ended at length; but I had then to move on to jug, and tarry there for one hour and a half.

Out again in the rain, waiting for a car. Home safe, and in rather good spirits despite my doleful day, for to-morrow is Wednesday and the monthly holiday.—It doesn't rain every day, and I DO know my lessons sometimes.

BERNARD HAYNES, H.S. '25. (I High C)



GAIN



GÉNEREUX



TOBIN



MAHER



McDONALD



FÉGEAU



ANGLIN



McCARTHY



WAYLAND



MILL



ALTINAS

Jan. 7
Loyola 5
St. Gabriels 1
Jan. 14
Loyola 3
Nationals 2
(protested)
Jan. 21
Loyola 9
Westmount 0
Feb 1
Loyola 4
Nationals 2
Feb 4
Loyola 3
Wellington 2
Feb 11
Loyola 1
McGill 1
Feb. 18
Loyola 2
M.A.A.A. 1
March 1
Loyola 5
Victoria 1
Semi-Finals
March 4
Loyola 2
St Gabriels 1
Finals
March 6
Loyola 3
McGill 4
(overtime)

Junior
Team

1921-22

LEAMY
capt.

At the beginning of the hockey season we were fortunate to have a goodly number of fine hockey players eligible for the Junior Team. Coach Donald Smith took charge of the men and soon had them in the best of shape.

They went through their schedule without a defeat, won the semi-finals and were defeated only in over-time play by one goal, when the poor condition of the ice prevented their using their greater speed to effect.



PLAYER'S

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20 " 35¢



And in tins
of 50 & 100



*Superb Quality
Finest Workmanship
Greatest Value
in the World*



Fifteenth Annual Field Day Results

Event	First	Second	Third	Time, Height, Distance	Record
OPEN TO COLLEGE					
100 yds. dash....	A. Wendling...	F. Boyle.....	W. O'Connor...	10 4-5 sec....	10 1-5 sec.... { J. Gallery, 1915 P. Murphy, 1912
220 yds. dash....	A. Wendling...	W. O'Connor...	F. Boyle.....	24 4-5 sec....	23 sec..... J. Gallery, 1915
120 yds. hurdles..	G. Altimas....	J. Casgrain....	F. Villela....	18 2-5 sec....	16 2-5 sec.... { A. F. Ray, 1898 R. Martin, 1913
880 yds.	A. Lavery....	G. Altimas....	W. O'Connor...	2 26 2-5....	
440 yds. dash....	W. O'Connor...	G. Altimas....	D. Walsh....	57 2-5 sec....	57 1-5 sec.... J. King, 1912
High Jump.....	R. McMahon...	D. Walsh....	C. Carroll....	5 ft.	5 ft. 7 in.... J. McGarry, 1920
Broad Jump....	R. McMahon...	A. Wendling...	M. Bannon....	18 ft. 10½ in..	20 ft. 11 in.. J. Gallery, 1915
Pole Vault.....	D. Walsh....	L. Foy.....	R. McMahon...	8 ft. 8 in....	8 ft. 8 in.... D. Walsh, 1921
Putting Shot....	G. Gleeson....	A. Wendling...	R. McMahon...	42 ft. 11 in..	44 ft. 9 in.... E. Delisle, 1919
One Mile.....	G. Mill.....	W. Montabone.	A. Cunningham	5 min. 20 sec.	5 min. 5 sec.. F. S. Shallow, 1905
UNDER 16 YEARS					
100 yds. dash....	M. Bannon....	E. Cannon....	H. Pangman...	11 1-5 sec....	11 sec..... A. Wendling, 1917
220 yds. dash....	M. Bannon....	H. Pangman...	E. Cannon....	25 4-5 sec....	25 1-5 sec.... A. Lavery, 1920
440 yds. dash....	M. Bannon....	H. Pangman...	L. Foy.....	61 1-5 sec.	
High Jump.....	F. Manley....	L. Foy.....	M. Bannon....	4 ft. 9 in.	
Broad Jump....	W. Leacy....	L. Foy.....	A. Meschio....	17 ft. 3 in....	18 ft. 6½ in.. A. Wendling, 1917
UNDER 14 YEARS					
100 yds. dash....	E. Foy.....	G. Tynan....	D. Coulson....	12 4-5 sec....	12 4-5 sec.... E. Foy, 1921
440 yds. dash....	E. Foy.....	G. Tynan....	C. Stuart.....	1 min. 4 4-5 sec....	1 min. 4 4-5 sec. E. Foy, 1921
UNDER 12 YEARS					
60 yds. dash....	F. Hogan....	H. Burns....	O. Cherry....	10 sec.....	9 sec..... D. Coulson, 1919
100 yds. dash....	F. Hogan....	G. Lampon....	H. Burns....	13 2-5 sec.	
RELAY RACE					
High School	3rd High.....	4th High.....	1st High.....	5 min. 6 4-5 sec....	4 min. 5 sec... 4th High, 1918
RELAY RACE					
Prep.	1st Prep. B....	1st Prep. A.			
OLD BOYS' RACE					
100 yds. dash....	P. Masse....	McGarr.....	Trihey.....	13 sec.	



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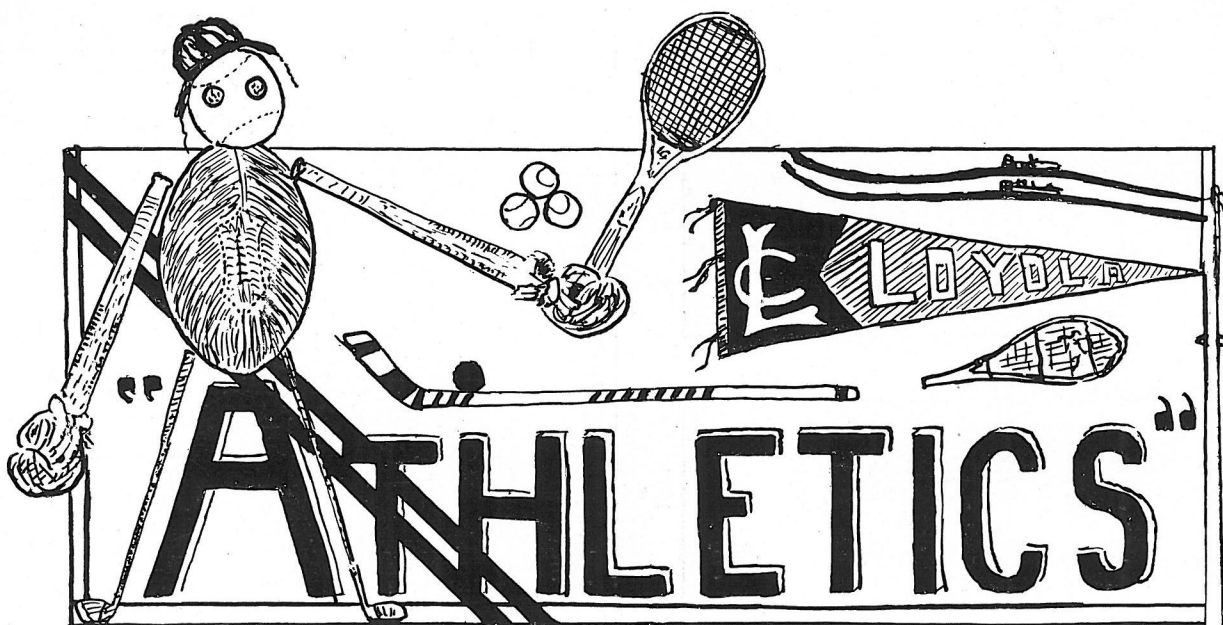
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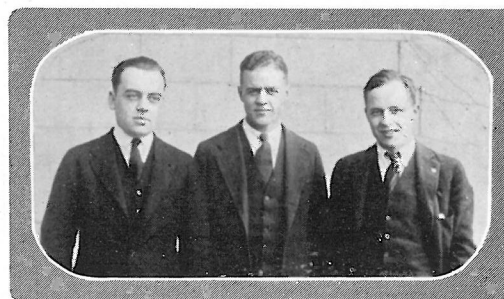
THIS year has brought back to Loyola a game which was well known to the past generation; but, sad to say, many of the present students are quite unacquainted with it. Lacrosse is not a new game at Loyola. It was played in the old days when the College used the M.A.A.A. campus as its training grounds; indeed Loyola at that time could boast of having turned out several excellent players who gained renown with the famous old Shamrock team.

Just why the students did not keep up the game we cannot say; perhaps it was due to the fact that the game almost met a natural death—but the game has come back. It has had a rebirth—a second spring—Lacrosse was, Lacrosse was not, Lacrosse is once again.

We may say the resurrection of this good old-time sport at Loyola is due to two reasons—first the fact that there was one in our midst who could not bear to see Canada's National Sport go out of existence—"Bill" Power—and secondly because of the prominence which was given the game in Montreal this season, when the Oxford-Cambridge team played the University of Montreal.

The L.C.A.A.A. appointed a committee on the first of May to promote among the students a love and appreciation of Lacrosse—our National Game. The following is the committee: W. G. Power, Chairman; T. J. Walsh, E. A. Anglin.

Just what success the committee will meet with we cannot say; but the enthusiasm which the students have shown so far should be a good indication that the game will be as popular as in the past.



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Football Season, 1921-22

WHETHER success be measured in games won or in the brand of football displayed, the senior team achieved it under the capable coaching of Dr. Donnely. Out of seven games played, it won five; two from Macdonald, two from Lennoxville, one from M.A.A.A., and lost two to McGill.

Loyola at McGill.

Our football season was ushered in on October 5th, by a defeat from McGill upon their grounds. Bad weather which gave the advantage to the heavier team, probably had much to do with the outcome but the college team played badly and deserved the defeat. McGill started out in characteristic fashion, and when the whistle blew for halftime had put in three touches, Loyola had an edge in the final period but could not overcome the lead. Score: McGill, 15; Loyola, 5.

Loyola at Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

Loyola played the second scheduled Junior league game at Macdonald on October 8th, and came away with the long end of a 27-3 score. With the backfield, line, and wings working to perfection, Loyola bucked

through continually for large gains and had the score 26-3 at half-time. The spares were given a game in the final session and added another tally to the total. In a game where all starred it is hard to single out individual merit. However for the backs, Altimas and Suinaga, for the line, Magann, Brennan, and Wendling showed up well.

McGill at Loyola.

On October 14th, McGill emerged the victor in what proved to be the pick of the scheduled games, a hard tussle and a test of speed and stamina. McGill scored first,



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making a touch on a pretty play. Loyola came back strong, hammered their way to the ten yard line and bucked Brennan through for a touch. Before half-time, Leamy scored another five points for Loyola. The next session proved the deciding one. McGill added two touches, two converts, and a rouge to their total. McCarthy made a spectacular run of fifty yards and planted the ball between the posts. The game ended with both teams in midfield. Altimas and Beaubien starred for the College. Score, McGill, 18; Loyola, 15.

Macdonald at Loyola.

Playing against a vastly improved team, Loyola had hard work in capturing a victory from Macdonald at their own grounds on October 19. With a strong wind blowing, the game for the first three quarters settled into a punting duel, and the two teams changed ends for the fourth quarter on even terms, with the score 5-5. Loyola returned to the game with new vigor. They bucked continually at the Macdonald line, using Brennan with telling effect and making big gains. With forty yards to go, Wendling carried the ball the whole distance and set it between the enemy posts. With the wind behind them, they

kicked and a fumbled ball gave them possession on the ten yard line. Anglin then tore through for the remaining distance and a touch. Score, Loyola, 15; Macdonald, 5.

Loyola at Lennoxville.

On October 26, Loyola defeated Bishop's College University on the latter's grounds in a most gruelling and exciting contest. Loyola played a nice combination game, many times gaining yards on long passes and splendid punts by Suinaga, which were well followed by Magann and Bray. At half-time the score stood 7-6 in favor of the College, due to a kick to the death-line, and a touch by McCarthy. In the last period the play was about even, with Loyola showing up well in the third quarter when they tallied for three points, and Bishop's pressing hard at the finish. Score, Loyola, 10; Bishop's, 6.

Loyola versus M.A.A.A.

In a very ragged game in which both teams played mediocre football Loyola defeated M.A.A.A. upon their own grounds. Suinaga proved the star of the game, kicking and catching well, and making several spectacular runs in the first half. Suinaga kicked over the line for a rouge and Leamy went through for a touch. In



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM 1921

Back Row: T. Walsh, Scott, Wendling Kelly, Leamy, Dr. Donnelly (Hon. Coach), D. Walsh, Suinaga, Altimas, Des Lauriers.
Front Row: Magann, McCarthy, Talley, Beaubien, Brennan, Anglin, Bray.



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the final session M.A.A.A. managed to kick to the deadline. Score, Loyola, 6; M.A.A.A., 1.

Bishop's at Loyola.

Loyola played the return game with Bishop's on November 7, on the Campus covered with snow, but managed nevertheless to carry off a victory. The condition of the field prevented any spectacular running and both teams depended on kicking and bucks. All the scores were made on kicks. Magann, Bray and Suinaga, starred for the College. Score, Loyola, 7; Bishop's, 3.

THE INTERMEDIATE TEAM.

The second squad as the season progressed, developed into a splendid team, and great regret was felt that there was no league in which it could play. Playing their first game as an unorganized team, with some of their best players out of commission, and with little practice, they were soundly trounced by Westmount High to the tune of 23-5, at Westmount grounds. Anglin's playing as quarterback for Loyola was one of the features of the game and he went across for Loyola's only touch.

A vastly improved team, however, met the Westmount squad for the return game at the Loyola grounds, and defeated them by the score of 11-7. The line worked well at all times and kept the visiting backs bottled up. The backs kicked and ran well, Walsh especially excelling in this division. Phelan bucked across the line for both touches and Walsh's kicking netted them another point. Throughout the season several games were played with the senior squad in which the intermediates showed up well.

Besides the two above mentioned senior and junior squads, there were a number of other teams flourishing in the College. They played games with other schools and managed to uphold the standard of football and show that the athletes are by no means all confined to the Seniors. Several of the younger boys sized up well and promise great things in the future. The Juniors played two games with Westmount High Juniors, drawing one 2 all, and winning the other by 11-6. The Juveniles played all their games without losing one. St. Leo's school was their most serious opponent; them they defeated by scores of 8-1 and 10-0.



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The Game of 1922—A Prophecy

(With profound apologies to Robert Southey.)

It was a summer evening,
Old Charlie's work was done;
And he before the bunk-house door
Was sitting in the sun.
And by him sported on the lawn
His little grandsons, Dick and John.

He saw his little grandsons
Hold something worn and round
Which they beside the campus green
In childish play had found.
They came to ask what it had been,
Though now so flattened out and thin.

Old Charlie took it from the lads
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head
While, with a lingering sigh:—
"It is the pig-skin hoar", quoth he,
"They used in the great victory."

"Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Richard stoutly cried
And little John casts up his face
With wonder-widened eyes;
"Now tell us all about the game,
And how it got such wide-spread
fame."

"It was Loyola," Charlie cried,
"Who put McGill to rout,
"In nineteen twenty two; but how
"I never could make out;
"But all the fellows said," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."

"They kicked, and 'bucked the line' and
scored,
"They *rouged* and dribbled much,—"
"I' faith," quoth Dick, "that cannot be;
" 'Tis only girls do such."—
"Nay, they were giants,—spry and
free
"Who won the famous victory."

"I worked about the College then
"And it was great to see
"The celebrations that took place
"With many a cup of tea.
"But things like that, you know, must
be
"After a famous victory."

"Great praise old Jerry Altimas won
"And our great half-backs twain."—
—"But 'twas a very wicked thing,
"And must have caused much pain."
—"Nay, nay! my little boy," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."

"And never was the team forgot
"Which this great game had won."
—"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth Charlie's wee grandson.
"Why, that I cannot tell," quoth he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

CUTHBERT SCOTT, '25.



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SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM, 1921-1922

Back Row: R. Malloy, T. Shibley, D. Smith (coach), W. King, E. Brady, Bill Kerr (trainer), E. Coughlin.
 Front Row: Valois, Taylor, R. McMahon, Cole, C. McDonald, C. Trihey, J. Sauv  .

Hockey, 1921-1922

WHEN the second rink was completed in January, hockey blossomed forth in all its glory, and promised the greatest year Loyola has seen of the best winter sport of Canada. Two hundred boys (a very large percentage of the enrolment) were grouped in 29 teams and eight leagues; 160 games (of which 140 were intramural) were scheduled, and such excellent weather had we that all these games were played off, as well as about 30 exhibition games. The fine team that represented the College in the Senior City League, under the skilled handling of Coach Donald Smith, reached the semi-finals, and were then beaten because their star centre, King, had to retire with an injured ankle. Our Junior City League team went through the entire schedule of seven

games and the semi-finals without a defeat; and in the finals lost to McGill only in over-time play, and on a sheet of ice that did not permit their exhibiting the brand of hockey that had made their earlier games so brilliant. The younger boys also are developing into star players, and Loyola will surely have excellent teams for many years to come. Three teams battled for the College against outside teams. The Intermediates played a total of five games, three with St. Leo's, one with St. Michael's and one with St. Dominic's, winning all five. The Juveniles won six games against St. Leo's, St. Patrick's, etc., and had a tie game with St. Mary's. The Midgets too won their games. The season ended with an exhibition in which the Senior College team defeated Eurekas, the intermediate champions of Montreal.



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City League

Loyola, 5; National, 4.

Against this speedy team, the College sextet showed to especial advantage, and maintaining a fast clip throughout, they held a one-goal lead that could not be overcome. The forward line showed flashes of speed and clever stick-handling that National defence could not cope with, and it was only the smart goal-keeping of Gervais that stopped a larger score. Our goaler, Cole, a new arrival in City League, saved our goal many a time by very fine work. Penalties on both sides were rather numerous. Sauvé played exceptional hockey; on one occasion, he rushed down alone, baffled the entire National team and netted the winning goal while Loyola were playing two men short.

Loyola, 2; St. Ann's, 4.

A hard fought game, whose issue was in doubt until the last whistle. In the first period, Loyola took the offensive; but poor shooting and Penny's effective goaling prevented their scoring. In the second period, St. Ann batted in a re-bound from Cole's stick; but Sauvé evened up a minute later, cleverly working his way through the opposing team. Just before the period ended, St. Ann's put in a very fine goal. In the last period, the Sullivan-Jupp combination proved too much for us, and they netted two goals in quick succession. Then Loyola rallied and rained shots in on Penny, which he stopped with great skill. Then King scored from a mix-up in front of the goal. This was the last goal we could get in.

Loyola, 6; Shamrocks, 2.

This was an easy victory. Loyola piled up a safe margin in the first period, and were never after in danger. King scored four times and shared the honors of the evening with Trihey.

Loyola, 6; Victorias, 5.

In one of the best games played this year in City League, Loyola won a lucky victory over the fast Victorias. It was a pretty game to watch, being replete with clever stick-handling and skilful combination plays. At first, Victorias scored three goals in quick succession; and the end of the first period found the score, Vics., 4; Loyola, 2. In the second period the fast clip was kept up, and it was nip and tuck all the way. College players, however, showed greater stamina, and before the end Sauvé had scored twice and tied the score. In the final period both forward lines made rush after rush. There was

great excitement when Sauvé finally scored, but three minutes later Victoria again came up even. Only in the last few minutes of play did Sauvé puzzle the Vics by his speed, and score the winning goal. Sauvé was easily the best man on the ice, scoring four of the goals.

Loyola, 9; M.A.A.A., 2.

In this game, Loyola scored almost at will and swamped their rather inferior opponents. King and Trihey starred, the former scoring three times and the latter four times.

Westmount, 7; Loyola, 4.

Our men were surely off-color, and their listless and uninteresting playing led to an easy victory for Westmount, who surprised everybody by their fine playing. The College was handicapped by the absence of "Clem" Trihey; but not one of the other forwards showed anything like the good form that usually stamps their work.

U.A.A.A., 8; Loyola, 6.

College showed a complete reversal of form, and were defeated by a team that was far from the standard of City League, but quite good enough to defeat us. In the first period, we got a lead of four goals, but were soon overtaken and passed.



SEMI-FINALS.

St. Ann's, 3; Loyola, 1.

In a remarkably fine game of hockey, we were defeated by the League Champions. The play was exceedingly fast, and rush followed close upon rush until the neat combination-play of both sides would be broken up by the stalwart defence men.

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* * *

Intra-Mural Hockey

Senior Section.

Three teams composed this League:—High School, I and II Arts, III and IV Arts. Games played—9. The Philosophers won 4, tied 1 and lost 1 game, and were thus Champions of Senior League. The team was composed of: Kelly, Prince, Decary, Leamy, McMahon, Malloy, Wayland and Anglin.

Intermediate League.

Three teams: High School, I and II Arts, III and IV Arts. Games played—12. Third and Fourth Arts won the first half and High School the second. In the play-off, High School won the Championship, 2-1. In all they won 6, lost 2, scoring 29 goals to 10. The team: Manley, H. McCarrey, O'Cain, Cloran, Richardson, W. Britt, C. Mill, Moore, F. McDonald.

Junior League.

Six High School Teams: Fourth High, Third, Second A, Second B, First A, First C. Games played—31. First High A won both rounds, scoring a total of 32 goals to 17 in 7 games won and 3 tied. The team:

Gauthier, Burke, Chisholm, McNamara, N. Sailor, Perego, Gomez, R. Gagné, Daunt, Coulson.

Juvenile League.

Six High School Teams: II A, II B, I A, I B, I C, and Prep. Games played—33. Second A won the first half, Second B the second. In the final, Second A won 3-2. In all they won 6, lost 2 and tied 2, scoring 21 goals to 7. The team: Farrel, L. Phelan, Stuart, Weir, P. Gagné, Donohue.

Midget League.

Four High School Teams: First High Boarders, First High Day Boys, Prep. Boarders, Prep. Day Boys. Games played—26. Prep. Boarders were returned Champions. The team: Williams, Brady, Doorly, A. Bradley, Rinfret, Blagdon, Power, Benziger, Kimlin.

Oddfellows League.

Five teams of bigger boys who had little skill but much good will. They provided the greatest amusement of the year, reflecting great credit on their namesakes: Canadiens, Ottawas, Hamilton, St. Patricks and Wanderers. Games played—26. Wanderers won 6 and lost 2, scoring 13 goals to 12. In the finals, they defeated Hamilton, 4-2. The team: J. McCrea, Aspe, Gorozpe, C. Carroll, Lynch, Suinaga, Hénault, H. Phelan.

* * *

Baseball

A SUMMARY of last year's baseball activity was published in the 1921 Review. This departure from custom became possible through the delay in issuing the Review.

As we go to press, the 1922 Season is still young. For only three weeks have the boys been able to use the Campus, though for a month before that on every dry spot about the grounds you could see them trying out their pitching arm or adjusting their batting eye. And when, after the rainy season, they did get onto the diamond, they were almost in mid-season form.

Many an exciting game has been played in the numerous leagues, but no team yet stands out so far above the rest as to make prophecies safe. Next year's Review will contain full reports. It is unfortunate that the date of issue of the Review is so fixed that we are unable to give this great sport the importance due to it. We have wonderful players among the students, and baseball yields neither to football or hockey in the esteem of the students.

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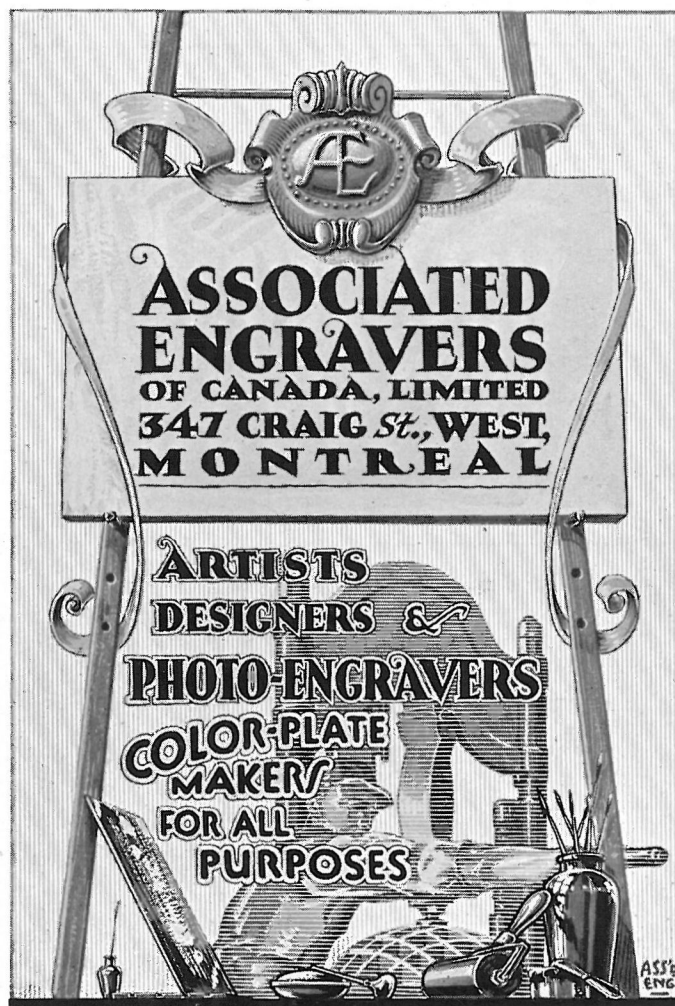
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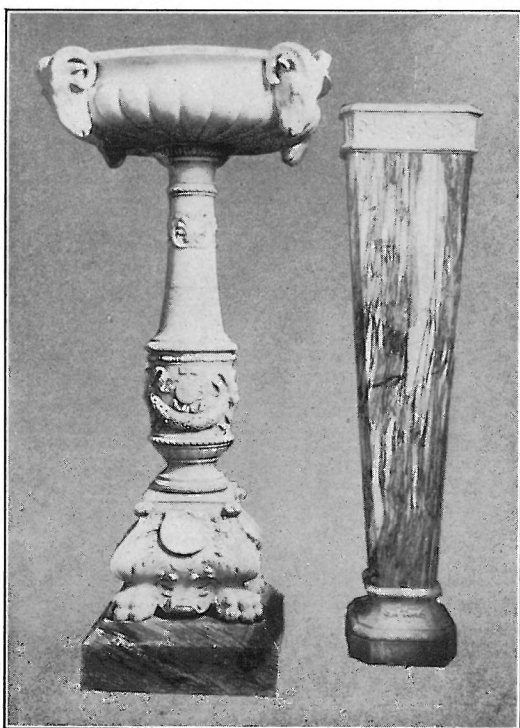
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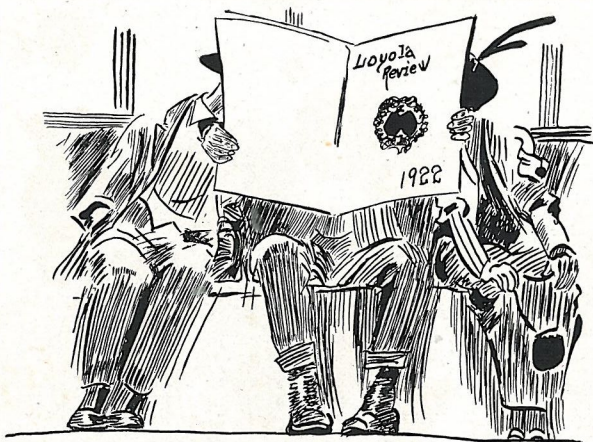


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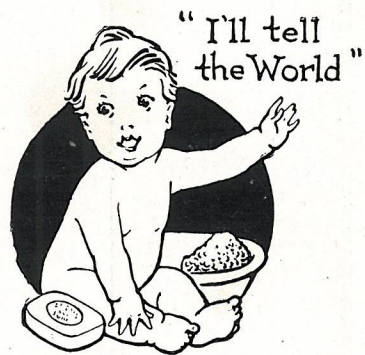
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